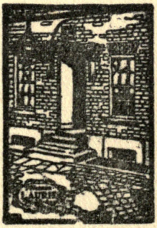
A MODERN COLUMBUS

HIS VOYAGES, HIS TRAVELS,
HIS DISCOVERIES, BEING THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
R. G. KNOWLES WRITTEN
BY HIMSELF

A MODERN COLUMBUS



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R. G. Knowles

A
MODERN COLUMBUS

BY

R. G. KNOWLES

HIS VOYAGES
HIS TRAVELS
HIS DISCOVERIES

ILLUSTRATED

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A MODERN COLUMBUS

CHAPTER I

Richard is born, but is not too pleased with life and seeks to change its system; with what success will be seen.

WHILE "a rolling stone gathers no moss" is, to the majority of people, an elementary precept with a decided copy-book flavour, to me it is a confession, having "looped the loop" of the universe on several separate and distinct occasions. If, therefore, these chronicles are to be stamped with the veracity with which I have praiseworthily endeavoured through life to associate myself, I must, without the least reserve, confess to a perfect harmony of opinion with the originator of the proverb. On the other hand, although not possessing the natural adhesive qualities for the gathering of "moss," my "rolling-stone" propensity has materially assisted in the accumulation of a wealth of experience, a store of knowledge (superficial perhaps), and a fund of anecdote culled from the four quarters of the globe and the seven seas.

Through the medium of this book, which I am sending adrift, fervently hoping it will float upon the tide of public favour, I may—one never knows—gather the "moss" which, throughout my career, has attached itself to me in anything but a tenacious manner. . . . Like many other children, I was born very early in life, and my first days were spent in the companionship of my mother, who seemed to think as much of me as if I were her own child. Ah, those were happy days! . . . Of an inquiring turn of mind, I commenced life by combating every view expressed, with a lofty disregard of time or person. (Some of my acquaintance—with no niceties of perception—insinuate that the habit still clings to me. I deplore this circumstance, but bear with it uncomplainingly.)

My mother in particular resented the argumentative trait in my character, and our discussions, commencing though they did with every outward appearance of friendliness, frequently terminated in a manner at once distressing and disconcerting. My maternal parent declared that both the start and the finish pained her; and this may have been true, but my view-point was again different. Whereas I was invariably delighted at the beginning, I would be, as a rule, most painfully impressed and hurt at the finish. Mother was a firm believer in the adage—singularly distasteful to the juvenile mind—" Spare the rod and spoil the child," which apparently actuated her in all transactions with my unhappy self; and if I was a spoilt child, the rod could certainly not be blamed on that account, for it had done its best, and best, as everyone knows, can do no more.

My father died when I was ten months old, having come to the conclusion that this world was not large enough for both of us, and deciding to retire from rather than share it with me. Anyhow, that was the opinion of the neighbours, who (like all other neighbours) were on closer terms of intimacy with *our* affairs than we ourselves were.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

After a heroic struggle, heartburnings, and the joys and sorrows (measles included) which are childhood's inheritance, I reached the ninth anniversary of my birth; and that was a red-letter day in my existence, for my mother very graciously presented me with a stepfather as a token of esteem and regard. This I did not hesitate to look upon as a flagrant breach of contract, having hoped to acquire a popgun or a catapult. Even "something useful" would have been more acceptable.

Under these circumstances, the addition to the family "circle" created anything but a favourable impression upon the previous arrival, and arguments became more frequent and acrimonious in character, being conducted upon a triangular basis, of which triangle I was certainly not the apex.

Some people lie for fun or from force of habit, while others adhere to the truth with laudable perseverance but lamentable aggression. I have every reason to believe that I came under the latter category, although the introduction of this theme was an immediate signal for a conflict of opinion. My mother would announce that I could tell a lie so cleverly as to make everyone believe it to be the truth; but her husband differed with her, adding the statement that I could distort the truth to such an extent as thoroughly to convince all listeners of my undoubted capacity for lying—an unfortunate tendency which, he assured me, would be the subject of open criticism in after life. I disagreed with him; and despite my philosophic and logical reasoning, was peremptorily cut short, and again became the victim of oppression.

The name I bear is very common in Yorkshire, and the earlier of my father's ancestors were originally located in that county; but being firm adherents to the profitable cause of Oliver Cromwell, they joined him in one of his many excursions, which landed them in Ireland. There are various stories (in the family archives) detailing their endeavours in the Emerald Isle; but as they seem to have been a somewhat disreputable set of people, I will not dilate upon them but leave them to the seclusion they do not—to be strictly impartial—deserve, and go no further back in my genealogy than my grandsire in the male line. That gentleman emigrated to America, and after tumbling in and out of numberless situations, finally tumbled headlong into matrimony; and that happy state claiming him for its own, the birth of my progenitor resulted. Reaching man's estate, he did as his father had done before him, and—as a natural sequence—I made my entrance upon the stage of life.

My mother's forbears were Scotch, hailing from Aberdeen; and her father was constantly reminding me (though for what reason is a mystery to this day) that I was a bad boy, and impressing upon me that it would have been far more advantageous for all parties concerned had I been born in *his* town. I endeavoured, by a process of analogy, to follow this line of argument, but without success; coming to the conclusion that the people of Aberdeen showed a serious lack of discrimination in allowing their offspring to roam at large for no other ostensible purpose than to annoy inoffensive people. He was a curious old gentleman with a complex character, uncompromising, enormously self-satisfied, proud of his religious prejudices, and sure of a position in some future state, which, by the way, he knew so well he might have designed it himself.

Rudely and violently teetotal for a period of perhaps three months, he would suddenly grow tired of this régime and furnish himself with an excellent excuse to be frantically temperate for another quarter. By systematically carrying out this programme, he became alternately the temperance advocate and the "terrible example." When in the latter capacity, he became almost human, and developed a strain of generosity which was not overlooked by his dutiful grandson. Of course, there was a great deal of good in the old gentleman; but it was deep down in him, and only came to the top quarterly, to avoid being drowned. His metamorphosis from the abstainer to the bacchanal was marked by his return to the domestic hearth in company with a finnan-haddock or some smoked herrings; and when the odour of fish assailed my nostrils, with an easy conscience I took advantage of the change recorded by the clerk of the weather, and proceeded to open negotiations for a small loan—and I am bound to admit that it was, generally speaking, a successful flotation.

He died, I am sorry to say, at an early age—at least, an early age for members of *our* family; his memorial-stone registering seventy-four years. His epitaph makes known to the world so much that was good in his nature, that I regret now I did not know him better.

My grandmother, his relic, was equally religious, but, unlike her spouse, very lovable and intensely human. Possessing these undeniable attributes, she was very fond of me, and I was her favourite grandchild. She granted me many requests, and extended innumerable loving favours, in return exacting only one promise, the substance of which was that I should never gamble; and as far as betting and cards are concerned, I have fulfilled that undertaking, but—and there is a big " but "—I have made many good investments that have turned out to be bad speculations, consequently I consider myself entitled to little or no credit.

I established a precedent in early life, to indite one letter every week to her; and scrupulously pursued this course until her death. In fact, I even went beyond that, for one letter was dispatched after her demise. She attained a ripe old age, being on the wrong side of ninety when the fatal illness overtook her; and in due course she was assured by the family physician that the end was ominously near. She gazed at him with sincere pity and—as he told me afterwards—her reply completely staggered him, for she retorted contemptuously, " Don't be a fool, doctor, I am going to live until Monday "—then two days distant. The medico tried to reason with her upon the advisability of more expeditious methods, but she was not to be put off in this manner. She was of opinion that delays (in cases of this kind) were *not* dangerous, and moreover—as a sufficient excuse for the postponement of the sad event—she expected a letter from her grandson (myself), and firmly announced that no amount of persuasion would permit her to consider the question until she had received and read the looked-for epistle. The doctor left the house in a dazed and bewildered condition, but nevertheless convinced that he would hear of her death on or about the time he had predicted.

No report to this effect reaching him, he paid an anxious visit the following morning, only to find the venerable lady very much alive and quite conscious. Monday arrived, and with it the postman; but—there was no letter from abroad. Questioned as to the arrival of the boat, he informed his questioners that the mail had been sorted, but it contained no letter for my grandmother. The medical gentleman communicated this intelligence to his patient, adding, "What are you going to do now, Mrs Laird?" "I shall wait for the next mail," replied the old lady spiritedly—which she did, despite the doctor's prognostications; and managing to sustain exhausted Nature, received two letters instead of one, asked for her spectacles, calmly and punctiliously read every word, sent for the different members of the family, bade them "Good-bye," and smiling gently but slyly at the doctor, turned her face to the wall and passed peacefully away. . . .

This unfortunate loss occurred at a much later period than the happenings to which I have previously referred, so it behoves me to hark back to when, at the age of twelve and some odd months, I commenced the serious side of life in earnest, securing a position (upon the bottom rung of the ladder) in what was then styled a "General Store." This emporium was a species of miniature Harrod's, and my duties were as numerous and varied as the wares exposed for sale.

At seven-thirty a.m. I removed the shutters, polished the brass signs, swept out the shop, dusted the counter, detached the curtains from the shelves, etc., so that when the salesmen arrived later everything was in readiness for their day's work—and mine, as—up to that moment—I had done nothing worth mentioning. At a little before nine o'clock I employed my faculties tying up parcels and delivering them at the addresses of the purchasers. Upon my return to headquarters (at a pace not calculated to gain me a reputation as a sprinter) work of some sort always awaited me, such as reducing tea and sugar to pound packets, and generally clearing up the unfinished tasks, which—to my youthful mind—everybody else seemed to have deliberately left lying around for that purpose.

For this expenditure of energy I was generously rewarded each week with two dollars; one of which my mother received for board, while the other was saved for raiment and the foundation of the fortune that has not yet manifested itself.

The proprietor of the establishment, Henderson by name, was of the same nationality as my vacillating grandsire, but of a kindly disposition and inclined to be my friend. On the first day he invited me into his office and said, "Richard, eat all you can, but carry nothing away in your pockets."

I took this admonition so completely to heart as to cause his repentance of its utterance, for my palate was tickled to a greater degree by the delicacies at the store than had ever been the case at home—the cakes, jam, and biscuits owned by Mr Henderson suffering in consequence. He saw and realised what was happening, but (with the perversity of human nature) thought I would tire. Ah, little did he know my staying powers!

On one occasion he privately read me a newspaper article having reference to a boy who had consumed a pound of raisins and died immediately afterwards.

An opportunity occurring a few minutes later, I retired behind the counter, weighed a pound of raisins, added a pound of nuts, and ate the lot, just to prove that evil results were the exception and not the rule. He was so exquisitely amused by the demonstration, that I took this as a guidance for my future behaviour, and when the stock of sweetmeats arrived for the Christmas season I at once attacked and carried on a raiding campaign so successfully as to preclude the remotest possibility of candy being offered for sale to the public. Mr Henderson sent for me and I was arraigned before him. "Richard," he said gravely, "your appetite is larger than my income, I am afraid. Here is your money"—handing me the stipulated two dollars; "good-bye." I left, and later he went into bankruptcy; but which of us was responsible for that misfortune I do not know.

A strenuous period followed prior to my securing another situation, for it was one long argument between my stepfather and myself; the nearest approach of perpetual motion I ever encountered. It came, however, to an abrupt termination one day when that gentleman was cutting firewood. Something I inadvertently said roused his temper (which was as fiery as his hair), and grasping a piece of wood he struck me with such force as to knock the breath out of my body and—incidentally—finish all arguments. If that was his intention, he succeeded admirably, for we never spoke to each other again.

I carefully treasured that piece of wood, and with malice aforethought, drove a stake into the ground, measured off a certain (and safe) distance, and devoted one hour each day to practice. This self-imposed duty gained me considerable muscle, and an unholy joy which grew day by day as I developed sufficient skill to ensure my hitting the stake five times out of every six attempts. Becoming thoroughly proficient, I made my final preparations, and with exemplary patience waited until my stepfather was next manipulating the saw. That favourable moment arriving, I took up a position at the required spot, and gracefully urged the timber missile in the direction of the oppressor with all the force at my disposal. It was a beautiful shot and went straight to its goal, landing—as I had intended—upon his ribs. He gave one look and started in my direction, but almost before the look reached me I was climbing the fence (having no desire for an obviously unequal combat), and waving an ironical adieu, dropped down on the other side. I had burnt my bridges behind me, and there could be no turning back. The world was before me, so I started then and there to face it and commence operations as a rolling stone.

My first revolution in that capacity carried me into Chicago, and as it was absolutely essential that I should obtain employment, I at once (having no mean or petty ambitions) made for the largest of the department stores, Messrs Field & Leiter's, names that have since become famous in every land, although modesty compels me to admit that *I* was not one of the direct causes of their universal success. Inquiring for Mr Leiter, I was very naturally asked to explain the nature of my business; but in order not to risk a refusal, I informed my questioner that it was a private matter and could only be settled by Mr Leiter. Without further parley, I was ushered into the presence of the proprietor. I shall never forget how he swung away from his desk and faced me, in a revolving chair. Looking me straight in the eyes he said, "Well, sir, what do you want?"

My reply was monosyllabic, and to the point. "Work."

"Ah!" said Mr Leiter. "And what can you do?"

"Anything that requires doing," I retorted aptly.

My interlocutor laughed amusedly and rejoined, "You are the sort of person we want. Come along!" he continued, leading me to a counter and commencing a series of questions, to which my answers were (as events proved) satisfactory. He wished to know if I was familiar with the different makes of laces, together with their various uses and values; and I evidently scored, as his attitude towards me was that of a man who had been favourably impressed. Suddenly he turned to a salesman and requested him to hand down a box from one of the shelves. As it was placed upon the counter, Mr Leiter took hold of the lid to raise it, but hesitated for a moment, saying, as though to mystify me, "Now what would *you* do?"

Without entirely grasping his meaning, I surveyed the box and then, a sudden idea striking me, I placed one hand upon the lid and with the index finger of the other wrote thereon "Dust it."

He gazed at the lid, turned to me, and smiling broadly said, "When can you go to work?"

"Now," I answered.

"Take off your hat," he returned with equal brevity, "and go behind the counter."

I complied, and the next thing I did was to dust the lid of that box.

Before many weeks had passed I was promoted, and later on found myself a window-dresser commanding a weekly salary of thirty dollars. This, to me, was a princely sum, and I was contented and happy for a long time, until I discovered that my weight was beginning to decrease, instead of increase, with age. My appetite (previously one of great promise) waned, and I came to the conclusion that I had better see a doctor, which I did; and after the formal examination he advised me to consult a specialist. I followed his advice without even remotely suspecting the surprise I was to receive. After the expert had thoroughly overhauled me and put many questions, his manner became so serious as to cause me the direst forebodings.

"Well, tell me what it is," I demanded tersely.

He studiously refrained from a direct answer, and persisted in a number of (as it seemed to me) irrelevant questions, concluding with "Yes, it *is* serious."

I wished to know *how* serious, and he grimly informed me that I had about six months to live. . . .

I was stunned, and have but a vague recollection of what followed, until I found myself seated at the accustomed dinner-table in the boarding-house where I resided, gazing at my plate in a dazed manner, and wondering what it was for. I forced myself to eat a little, but in my mental agony the food seemed so dry that it only irritated the sides of my throat until the pain was unbearable. The meal over, I took a seat alone in an obscure corner, and somehow it did not seem to be me but someone else, and I found myself feeling quite sorry for him in his sufferings. . . . With no thoughts other than those of intense anguish, I imagined that I was quite alone and unobserved; but I had miscalculated, for an old gentleman (a fellow-boarder), who had never previously indicated a friendly disposition, approached me, and placing his arm with almost womanly tenderness around my shoulders, said:

"Now come and tell me all about it."

"About what?" I asked dully.

"Come, come," he went on, "you're in some sort of trouble, so just tell me what it is and it'll chase itself away. Let us go upstairs and thrash the matter out together, and then you'll feel better. Remember," he continued as he observed signs of my yielding to his friendly advances, "nothing is ever so bad but that it might not be a lot worse, and nothing is ever so good that it might not be a deal better"; and with this philosophy he helped me to my feet and led me to the stairs. Under his influence I had no will of my own, and submitted resignedly to his gentle, compelling mastery.

Reaching his room, he ensconced me in an easy-chair, bustled smilingly around the apartment, and made me as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Seating himself upon the arm of my chair, he reopened the conversation by saying, "Now, out with it and get it off your chest!"

Notwithstanding the suspended sword, a tendency to joke about the matter was strong within me, and I returned, "That's *it*, but—they don't seem to think I can do it"—this with a sickly smile, a suitable companion to the poor sally.

He glanced at me gravely, and with intaking breath said, "So that's it, is it?" and (for there is the thinnest of lines between comedy and tragedy) I broke down; my head went between my arms, and with my face upon the table I am afraid my story was not of the most lucid description, owing to the sobs with which it was punctuated.

He sat quite still until the sorry little storm had passed and the tidal wave of tears had ebbed and flowed; then, taking hold of my hand and gripping that member firmly, he smote me heartily upon the shoulder and vociferated, " That doctor is a liar, and in a year from now we two will just go to his consulting-room and tell him so. . . ."

I became imbued with this idea, which presented itself to me in the light of a colossal achievement, and one for many reasons (my desire for life being not among the least) well worth accomplishing. There was fight left in me yet, and I determined that the world should know about it, no matter whether the world liked it or not.

I had risen to my feet as this passed through my mind, but my newly-found friend pushed me back into the chair and observed, " Now we will first cuss the doctor and then dis-cuss the ways and means whereby he may be defeated " (as though the doctor had desired my death and would consider himself personally affronted if I continued to exist). " Let us begin at the beginning. How are you placed financially? "

He asked this bluntly yet delicately, and without reserve I informed him that my assets amounted to not more than three hundred dollars, but my liabilities were fortunately *nil*.

He cogitated a moment, as though figuring out some arithmetical problem, and then, slowly shaking his head, said, " Not enough, my boy, not half enough. . . . Now listen to me," he continued, noting my disconsolate expression. " I am an old man, but my wants are few, and although I am not rich I have more money than I need, and I am going to bet that doctor of yours five hundred dollars that you live longer than he does. You are going to hold the stakes, so that if you win through you can repay me when you are able to do so. If you lose, *I* lose and we will both be sorry; but if you win *I* win and we will enjoy the triumph, and the only one who will feel blue will be that fool doctor who charges good prices for bad guesswork. You take it from me, there are some nice men who are indifferent doctors, and some indifferent men who are nice doctors; but *your* man may belong to the class that is neither," he concluded laughingly; and I laughed with him at this optimistic view of the case, and the outlook became brighter as he commenced to relate the following story:

" Do you know, I once visited a doctor and was shown into a waiting-room where I found an undertaker seated as though in attendance. I gave him a significant glance and smiled. He returned both the glance and the smile, but with greater significance. 'Are you in partnership with the doctor?' I inquired jocularly. 'Oh yes,' he replied, 'I carry his work home when it is finished. . . .' "

Light-heartedly we settled down to draw up plans for the health-restoring campaign, and he was the commandant issuing orders while I was the private who had to obey them. Our time over these details was so taken up, and so absorbing did it become, that I actually lost sight of the fact that my life was hanging in the balance.

CHAPTER II

Richard leaves a friend and undertakes a journey; buys a new friend and settles down—for a while; recovery.

It was a very trying moment to me as we parted at the station. I had found a real friend and was losing him before I could fully realise the strong bond of sympathy that bound us.

Two days upon a slow train, and I arrived at the little Colorado village, the neighbourhood of which had been chosen as a suitable spot for the routing of the dread disease germs I had contracted, and I lost no time in commencing the battle for the recovery of the banner of health, so that I might return, covered with the spoils of victory, join forces once more with the "General," attack the doctor, and put him ignominiously to flight.

I had first (for reasons hereafter explained) to purchase a donkey, and finding one to my taste, became his immediate owner and rechristened him "Bolivar." I say "*re*christened" advisedly, as I have no doubt he had been known by a variety of names in his time, and those, perhaps, of anything but a complimentary nature, as is often the unfortunate lot of donkeys in general. However, he seemed pleased enough with his new name, and after a few days would answer to it with alacrity, being possibly under the impression that it was an entirely new and original swear word. It is true, that in order to make his response a certainty, I agreed to carry an apple in my pocket with which he was rewarded for ready obedience, so that may have been the reason.

Cooking utensils and other articles had next to be procured, but my stock of these I reduced to a minimum, as the principal of the culinary necessities was easily convertible with the aid of a little ingenuity. I was surprised to find how many things could be cooked in—or with—a frying-pan. Mine was a deep one, and I succeeded—after many amateurish attempts—in cooking a boiled dinner to my satisfaction. By fastening wires over the top it instantly became a gridiron when inverted.

Matches were the next essential (having no inclination to imitate the primitive methods of aboriginals by producing fire from the frictional contact of two pieces of wood), a tin of paraffin, a lamp, two woollen blankets, and food supplies, and my preparations were complete. The commissariat embraced pickled pork, beans, flour, and coffee. One of my blankets was of Indian manufacture and design, and contained as much material heat as it embodied warmth of colouring.

Armed with these sinews of war, the journey was continued to the mountains, and Bolivar, loaded with the equipment, started bravely, although seriously handicapped. I was in similar straits myself owing to the heavy pair of boots I had had the foresight to provide myself with for negotiating the rough mountain paths; and now for the first time in my life I was alone and had to depend solely upon myself and my own endeavours. But I was not depressed, and my spirits rose, laughing aloud as my four-footed companion brayed his appreciation of the arrangements, as though the whole affair had been organised for his express delectation.

I gazed at the mountain-peaks clearly silhouetted against the clear sky, and murmured, " There lies the fountain of health; I must hurry on." And we marched until we were tired, resting a while, but never for long, such was my impatience, the miles between us and the foothills gradually shortening. New beauties sprang up on every side, and as I became imbued with a sense of Nature's grandeur and wild magnificence, the vista of a new life opened up before me and imparted a feeling of joyous ecstasy to my weary, jaded body. The ass became an intimate friend rather than a beast of burden; the flowers, growing in gorgeous profusion upon the hill-sides, conveyed a different meaning to me than when I had seen them in shop windows; the air was breathable and life-giving, exhilarating and full of promise. Here was a land worth living in. Glorious, untrammelled beauty, and life to see it —God's own transcendent gift.

Enjoying these new sensations as I did, the journey was (or seemed) shorter than it would otherwise have been, and when the patient Bolivar and I arrived at our first halting-place, although tired and dusty, we were nevertheless triumphant. Releasing my faithful friend from his burden, I gave him a drink and a rub down, and proceeded to cook the inaugural meal. My skill in the culinary art would not have secured me a position at the " Ritz " as a *chef*; but as I was caterer and consumer combined, my partiality forbade complaints, and I appreciated it to the full. The meal and the attendant clearing and washing-up concluded, I was just tired enough to roll myself in the blankets and woo the drowsy god.

With the open-air life and so much that was new and wholly absorbing, I discovered in a few days that I had forgotten how to cough; and having no desire to practise, I remained as quiet as possible, and, revolving matters over in my mind, resolved to fight to the end in a systematic manner. I made up my mind to be orderly and busy for the purpose of directing my thoughts into other channels, and so become oblivious of the reason of my being there.

We continued our pilgrimage the next morning after breakfast, which meal comprised such toothsome edibles as fried pork and a species of battercake. The latter was a little heavy, perhaps, but very palatable when anointed with gravy from the meat, in which some flour had been well mixed. This meal, although not exactly epicurean, was, as a prospector once said, "good eating."

I was always hungry, and this being an excellent excuse for constant practice, became more expert with each succeeding meal, and occasionally broke away from the established rules, developing, in consequence, a touch of originality which added a little novelty to the proceedings and considerable flavour to the food.

Reaching the foothills, I was faced by a steep acclivity, and progress was slow and would have been tedious but that there was now no need for hurry; every day that dawned disclosed new scenes, and the constant change fascinated and thrilled me. Making my way onward and upwards, I came upon an ideal spot in a little clearing between the trees, where was situated a roughly built house of logs which some former pioneer had hastily thrown together. It certainly looked good, and was as palatial for my requirements as need be; so I took immediate possession of my fortunate find, and settled down as a landed proprietor without the drawbacks of rates and taxes. There was grass in abundance for Bolivar, and within a hundred feet of the "house" a delicious spring of water gushed forth from the rocks and gurgled down over the stones into a pool, widening out to a miniature lake ere it rushed headlong to the side of a precipice, hurled itself in a mad torrent over the cliff, and was lost to the eye through a ravine, leaping, splashing, and foaming as it hurried on to join forces with the broad river flowing placidly beyond to the distant sea.

On the opposite side of the gorge the rocks rose like a palisade, terminating abruptly in something very similar to a shelf, which formed a pathway all along the summit. I never explored the territory on that side, as it would have meant too long an excursion, and I preferred to sleep at home. The hill receded from the path, and was composed of bare rock, smooth and shiny, and at such an angle that the rain had apparently washed away the original layer of earth, leaving it so slippery that no new deposit could obtain a foothold. Upon this girdle of rock, and rising above for hundreds of feet, a belt of timber went round this sugar-loaf mountain, shaping itself like a Welsh hat, and tapering away

A ROCKY BANK WASHED BY A TURBULENT RIVER. COLORADO.

ONE SIDE OF THE CANYON. COLORADO.

to a bald pate of great boulders, which were balanced so delicately one upon the other that they rocked in the wind.

The moment Bolivar saw the place he decided that this was the haven of rest, and although it was not the usual hour for relaxation, he placed his head between his knees, and emitted a couple of grunts (in a manner peculiarly his own), tantamount to the announcement that he wished to be relieved of his load. This request complied with, he galloped all over the open space, rolled on the ground, and then, tiring of this exertion, walked with stately dignity to the pool and drank deeply. Refreshed by the draught, he once more rolled upon the sward, and then turned his attention to the rich grass and herbage, with tail, ears, and jaws excitedly working, all expressive of the liveliest satisfaction. At intervals he would return and inspect the new domicile, and direct comprehensive glances at the cooking utensils with which it was decorated.

There was no window in the "house," but perfect ventilation was effected by the "ever open door"; and if there *were* any wild animals in the vicinity, they were never seen in *my* neighbourhood. Probably I was so attenuated that they could afford to ignore me. There was a bunk within the house, and after gathering a number of shrubs I sewed one blanket up in the form of a bag, stuffed it with the shrubs, and provided myself with a luxurious "spring mattress." . . .

It was a beautiful, free, unfettered existence, and the silence was one of its most attractive features. An eloquent, communicative silence; and out of it would come strange sounds, magnified by the imagination until they were at once mysterious and yet—such was the subtle influence—understandable. When the wind stirred, the trees whispered to one another; a dry leaf would softly murmur its story as it turned over and over, gently propelled by the breeze. The long grass nodded a mute welcome and invited companionship. The rabbits were not afraid, and became constant visitors; but the squirrels eyed me suspiciously from the roof of the hut, and screamed defiance—the one discordant note. The birds sang and flattered my cuisine by picking up every crumb I threw to them.

There came one day a change over the picturesque scene. I was seated upon what might have been the doorstep—had there been a door—the sun was shining, and there was not a cloud in the sky. Suddenly, as I gazed at the far-distant horizon, the blue turned to a threatening grey, and a great and ominous stillness grew up around me. The very trees ceased their gentle swaying, and remained transfixed as though spellbound. Bolivar stood with statue-like rigidity, all eyes, while his ears were extended at an acute listening angle. After a moment's deliberation he turned abruptly, and, pushing by me unceremoniously, entered the house. Reversing himself when inside, he took up a position in the rear, and with his head over my shoulder followed the direction of my gaze. . . .

Clouds raced across the sky in turbulent masses, with angry-looking edges, and in an instant all turned black as night. The air became oppressive and difficult to inhale. A vivid flash of lightning seared its way through the darkness, leaving, momentarily, a trail to mark its blazing course. And then

—the crash came! It seemed as though the mountains had been torn asunder, and the end of all things was perilously near. A few drops of rain, a silent lull, and then the wind. First in little gusts, as if in warning, louder and louder they grew, but still only gusts. These subsiding, they were followed in turn by a weird groaning, gradually rising with increasing fury to a malevolent scream, and merging into a sound as of an army beating its way through a dense wood and firing as it came. The gale was upon me!

It was a fortunate and providential choice that had caused me to settle on this side of the canyon and not the other. There the trees were swaying to and fro, some even remaining bowed in submission to the all-powerful blast, without the strength to force their way back. Ever and anon one cracked and fell with an echoing crash. The stones upon the mountain-peak commenced to rock and gyrate; their speed quickened, transforming them into gigantic spinning-tops. Suddenly the largest piece tore itself away from its companion, and leaped viciously into the air. With one bound it cleared the open space, and crashing into the forest, tore great trees out by the roots and snapped others like pipe stems; but far from these obstacles impeding its progress, they seemed, on the contrary, to impart added strength and speed to the huge boulder as it cleared a zigzag path down through the timber. Reaching the bare spot of shiny rock, it scraped its way for about thirty yards, producing a sound like a shriek of terror heralding some great disaster; then lifting into the air, shot straight into space and disappeared from view.

I stared vacantly and waited for the final crash. After what seemed an age it came. I sighed with relief and began to notice the smaller things. In the wake of the large rock came innumerable small stones, and as each had a sound of its own, the general effect was very striking. Accompanied by the moaning of broken trees and the swish of tortured branches, the trickling streams of earth died away, and I looked up. The clouds had gone; the wind had ceased; the sun was once more shining brightly. I turned my head, and Bolivar looked me straight between the eyes with a glance which plainly said, " Well, can you beat that? " I couldn't, so I got up and went into the house. My four-footed friend went out and things settled down to the normal. This scene was repeated, with variations, upon many occasions, but never again did it impress me as at first. . . .

Each day I gained in strength and appetite, the latter particularly, as my cooking (Heaven be thanked!) improved, and in time I managed to cook pickled pork in such a fashion as to convince myself it was chicken—and good chicken at that. I varied the monotony by catching fish, and within half an hour of their capture they were cleaned, cooked, and eaten. One day I tried a new pool and was terribly disappointed; not the angler's usual disappointment, for I caught half a dozen fine specimens, but upon examination I discovered a number of highly coloured spots along the sides of every fish. This created suspicion within me, and I came to the conclusion that they were diseased; so I buried them at the side of the pool.

Relating this experience to a prospector who chanced my way a little later, he said I had handed him the laugh of his life; in which auspicious mirth I joined when he explained that I had actually buried delicious brook trout by the bank, when millions of human tombs were just aching to receive those spotted beauties. Needless to say, I afterwards viewed no spots, however highly coloured, with misgiving.

Visitors were scarce, and chiefly of the hunting, fishing, and prospecting class. One or another of these would, at odd times, become my guest; and by exercising such hospitality as I could offer, I renewed, by proxy, acquaintanceship with the outside world. Some of these men were very companionable, and each contributed knowledge of a practical and useful nature. It seems strange to me now, but although I welcomed their coming and enjoyed their company, I did not feel at all lonely when they had departed.

When I ran out of supplies I paid a visit to the nearest mining camp or town, and replenished the larder, slept in the little settlement overnight, and started upon my return journey the following day; and I can truly say that I was always glad to be back at the spot which was "home" to me. Bolivar enjoyed the trip immensely—when outward bound, but coming back he entertained an entirely different opinion, owing possibly to his increased burden, and the road, which was uphill all the way. He argued about this circumstance in no undecided manner, and was not to be mollified by cajolery. His compensation came when at the journey's end, and he was relieved of his burden, appreciating my action by rearing, kicking, and braying; of a sudden stopping dead and listening to the echo of his calls from the hills.

One day I was perched high upon a stone that jutted out of the mountain-side, and became attracted by a number of men who were working with picks and shovels far below me. This they continued for several days, and then I missed them. I watched for their advent for some time, and seeing no further sign of them, concluded that they had given up the gold-seeking pursuit and gone elsewhere.

I had forgotten all about the incident, and was again occupying my coign of vantage when, to my astonishment, I observed strange little grey groups of men straggling along, mounted and afoot, in wagons and guiding pack mules, all converging upon one spot, and that the previous centre of attraction. The vanguard of the cavalcade halted, and the rest, hurrying up from the rear, ran around like an army of ants in a frenzy of energy. Tents appeared like magic, and a real white city presented itself to my wondering gaze.

I watched it curiously for weeks before the idea took possession of me to visit the city I had literally seen rise from the earth; so I made my preparations, and one day Bolivar and I sallied forth on our journey to the new Eldorado, and after two days' easy progress found ourselves at the "gates." Upon inquiry I discovered that this settlement was no other than Silver City, commonly known, by those who had created it, as Leadville. It was populous, and each day brought in its train additional prosperity, and, as is always the case in such places, a wider population.

I was singularly impressed by the spectacle, as it was my first experience of a " boom " town. There were, on every hand, hotels, boarding-houses, saloons, variety theatres, and blacksmiths' shops, all shouldering one another in competitive effort. The saloons were more numerous than other establishments; but gambling held the palm. There were houses solely for that purpose, but they did not " corner the market," inasmuch as gambling was going on everywhere no matter whether in hotel, variety hall or general store.

At this time the whole town was under canvas, the " streets " being formed by the lines of tents; and these avenues were peopled by the strangest of humanity. Miners from California and Australia, adventurers from any and everywhere, with a collection of beards and whiskers in such infinite variety and growth that, in most cases, the only features to be seen were pairs of eyes gazing through tangled shrubbery. They resembled pirates, dressed like desperadoes, and cursed like troopers; but the most formidable of them (in appearance) were generally possessed of tender hearts and mild dispositions.

The best known and most striking of this motley throng was a Cockney, who was never tired of reminding those within hearing, that he had been born within the sound of Bow Bells. What particular virtue was hinted at by the constant reiteration of this statement was not clear, but those who were familiar with its utterance (without the slightest conception of its meaning) would remark, in the vernacular, that it " listened well," and this established for Mr William Nuttall (the proprietor of the Bow Bells inheritance) an indelible hall mark and an evergreen popularity. This gentleman was the owner of an hotel, gambling-saloon, and variety theatre all rolled into one, and possessed, in addition to these worldly goods, a peculiar disposition and the richest vocabulary of oaths I have ever heard. He had spent a portion of his life in Australia, and had roamed through America; but in his early days (as will be gathered by the Bow Bells information) had lived in London.

After an introduction to Mr Nuttall's plain and fancy profanity, I formed the opinion that there must have been colleges somewhere in the world for the purpose of training (one could hardly say "educating") students in that particular art, and that he (William) had passed with high honours (?) and was fully qualified to occupy a chair in the parent university, retaining, as he did, the choice vulgarity of Cockney oaths as well as the rich expressiveness of the American. Mr Nuttall could use either with marvellous fluency, and blend them with delightful ease of manner. When engrossed with the former, his accent was perfect and his choice of epithets brilliantly Billingsgate; and as he drifted into the American method it came from him with a volubility which, to strangers, would have stamped him as a citizen of the United States. When his vituperative partook of both it lost no force, but, on the contrary, all would stand and listen in appreciative silence and without one dissenting voice.

I applied to him one day for an opportunity to appear at his variety theatre. . . . He looked at me for a moment, speechless at my temerity, and then, recovering the faculty he could use so well, poured upon my devoted head such a torrent of abuse that I stood aghast. As he proceeded, his expressions became so quaint that my shocked amazement turned to amusement, and, unable to restrain my mirth, I laughed in his face.

He grinned in concert, and, placing his hand on my shoulder, said, " Why —— you are so —— thin that I don't know how you can —— well eat, let alone sing and dance; and another —— thing, I don't want my —— theatre turned into a morgue. Anyhow, if you promise not to die in front of the people, I'll give you a —— chance."

I gladly gave him the required assurance, and in return he agreed to give me a trial.

I managed to amuse the audience in a mild way, and at the end of the week Mr Nuttall handed me twenty-five dollars—this in addition to the money which had been thrown upon the stage to me at each performance—so for that week's work I received in all over fifty dollars. . . . I started for home and had quite a send-off from the miners. . . . Just before leaving, Mr William Nuttall gave me his benediction, which was, of course, beautifully interlarded with wicked words, and closed by saying, " Well, boy, if you live long enough to climb that hill and you ever want to come back here, why then, just roll down an' I'll give you a job."

Knowing the invitation to be thoroughly sincere, I " rolled down " to Leadville on several occasions, and each time was received with a volley of international oaths (which, however, possessed the novelty of being kindly meant) and a hearty grip of the hand. Before starting work, I had first to eat with my friend Nuttall, who (while he was certainly the most vulgar and profane of men) was the biggest-hearted human I have ever met.

Just about this period my health began to return more rapidly than it had departed, and I became strong enough seriously to consider an early return to Chicago. . . . Running, purposely, out of supplies, I packed up a few necessaries (leaving other articles of my former equipment in the hut in case anyone else should come along in need of encouragement upon the highway of health which I had travelled so successfully), and Bolivar and I started on the back trail.

CHAPTER III

The return journey; Richard loses the second friend, but rejoins the first; a new vocation and a successful one.

BEING in no particular hurry, we just sauntered along and took things leisurely. To tell the truth, I was rather worried about Bolivar, as I could not take him to Chicago with me, and, at the same time, I did not care to leave him behind and possibly encounter ill-treatment; but events shaped themselves in a satisfactory manner, as will be seen.

We stayed one night at a farm-house, and during the first few hours were made so much of and treated with such kindly consideration that I was easily persuaded to stay over for the week.

Included in the family circle was a boy of eight years, a bright, cheerful little fellow with whom Bolivar became exceedingly friendly, and they used to play together for hours. With the small boy upon his back, my four-footed retainer enjoyed himself immensely.

When leaving, I presented him to the youngster, who was so elated with the gift that he could scarcely contain himself for joy. His father, the good farmer, drove me to the nearest station under the escort of Bolivar and his new owner, where I bade good-bye to all; the intelligent animal's ears working in wonder as the train, bearing me upon it, disappeared from view.

I did not loiter on the way, but went straight through to Chicago, and drove to the old familiar boarding-house. I arrived just before dinner, and was seated at the accustomed table when my old friend and benefactor entered the room. I rose from my chair and started forward to meet him, his eyes glistening as mine filled with tears. I did not feel at all embarrassed when he put both arms round me and enveloped me in a regular bear hug, or when he held me away from him and shouted " Hooray! " . . .

We had a great deal to talk about, as may be imagined, for he was naturally interested to know of my late adventures, quite willing, nay, eager to discuss the future, and decidedly anxious about the present. . . . At that moment I had something over three hundred dollars in my possession, and lost no time in wiping out my financial obligations; but I could not and would not obliterate the memory of his great and unselfish generosity. He had proved my friend in the past, and wished to continue in that capacity, and—" Barkis was willin'." He asked me what designs I had for the future, and was by no means displeased when I informed him that I wished to be a professional story-teller; but laughed heartily and said, " Well, my boy, there is room for a good story-teller, so if *you* want to be what the world wants to have, just keep on wanting to be and trying to be at the same time, and the world will want you to be, just because *you* want to be; and remember that you have got to keep on *thinking* you want to be." This form of reasoning may sound at first a little complicated and involved, but its foundation of good common sense is obvious.

Anticipation is the greatest pleasure in life, some-body once said somewhere. Well, whoever said it and wherever it was said doesn't alter the truth of the statement. If we could afford to buy any number of things that took our fancy, we wouldn't want them. Still, it's a comforting feeling to know that you *can* buy them if you wish to do so, therefore I am not sure but what I would rather have the means and do without the anticipation; which last remark proves that nobody in this world is ever satisfied.

Many years have passed, and I have told a great many stories in a number of countries, but whether the world wanted those stories or not I can't truly say; but I can honestly state that the world paid handsomely for them. The problem that faced me then was not "Where can I get stories?" but "Where can I get the opportunity to tell them?" . . . I tried again and again, and my patience was eventually rewarded as a virtue should be, for I was finally engaged by the proprietor of a little concert-hall, to appear twice daily for an indefinite period, at the handsome remuneration of nine dollars per week. "Twice daily" I discovered to be a gross misrepresentation, for there are six working days in each week and twice that number of hours (working also in this case) each day. We (the company) started at two o'clock in the afternoon and finished at midnight, all of us taking turns at this truly continuous performance. It was hard, but preparatory work, and laid the foundation for the success that was to come. I entered into the spirit of the thing, and gradually became more adaptable and conversant with the requirements of the stage.

From that little concert-hall emanated a number of performers who afterwards were stars in the variety firmament of America, and among them were John W. Kelly and Ben Collins, both of whom rose to fame but died at a comparatively early age. Frank Kennedy is another, but he is still alive and well known as an author and producer. We were all students, and although the work was hard, there were compensations. We were, for instance, permitted to accept outside engagements when offered, and, in consequence, there were frequent excursions to the smaller cities in the vicinity, where, by the way, we were always paid larger salaries; and we could, when these engagements terminated, return to the Chicago concert-hall without notice and resume work.

In my own line of business I succeeded beyond my wildest hopes, which prompted me to invent a novel method of attack. I was appearing in Peoria, Illinois, and was much more successful than I had ever been or hoped to have been; in fact, I had registered my first real success, and by a prank of Fate, Mr William Mitchell, who owned a circuit of variety theatres, witnessed the epoch-making performance and engaged me to appear at the Olympic Theatre, Chicago, then the foremost variety hall of that city. How I thrilled at the offer!—and—how gladly I accepted it! Then, the first transports over, came the dread thought—"Supposing I should not succeed!" and the intervening time was spent in alternate hopes and fears.

I remained away from Chicago until the eventful day arrived, and after passing through all the tortures imaginable, night came, and with it the scheduled time for my appearance. I walked on to the stage and rapidly commenced to demonstrate my cherished theory. I told a joke, and if the audience laughed at it, I ridiculed them for being entertained with such consummate ease. If they did not laugh, I jeered at their lack of appreciation and inability to observe real humour. When their mirth was not spontaneous, I feigned anger at their dilatoriness. Did they anticipate me, I was equally annoyed because they were too quick. Summing up, I pointed out, that if they did not laugh, well, they were losing money; on the other hand, if they indulged too hilariously, they were getting more than they were entitled to get, so I invited them to go to the box-office and pay the difference.

My audience grasped the humorous side of my peroration, and encouraged me to further efforts, apparently delighted with my satirical abuse, and screaming at each sally. The only person unfavourably impressed was the stage-manager; and the last shreds of his temper vanishing, he strode on to the stage, glared at me, scowled at the audience, and taking my unwilling ear in one hand led me with ignominy from the platform, snarling, "If you haven't had enough of this, *we have*. . . ." The surprise was so great as to leave me speechless, and the audience, under the impression that this was the pre-arranged finish of the act, applauded vociferously and with commendable perseverance.

The curtain was lowered; but as they continued their plaudits, I observed to the stage-manager "Hadn't I better go out?" (meaning, on the stage). He returned sardonically, "Yes, go out—of the back door—and keep *on* going, for if that audience ever catches up with you, they'll tear you to pieces. . . ."

I went, and stood not upon the order of my going;

in fact, I "got a gait on." Regretfully I packed my bag and left the theatre; but I did not return to the concert-hall, I hadn't the courage to face my companions after such a fiasco.

I continued to work in the smaller places, and one day I met Mr Mitchell by accident. He was, apparently, glad to see me, and in the course of conversation I learnt that the whole affair was a mistake on his part. He had been called away, and had omitted to leave the stage-manager instructions as to my particular methods; and a rule of his theatre being that no artiste should, in a personal manner, address the audience, the stage-manager had, after all, only *observed* that rule, whereas *I* had broken it on my very first appearance. In parenthesis, I have broken that same rule ever since, and what was a new path at that time, has now become a well-travelled and much-worn road. . . . Mr Mitchell was highly amused in recollecting the incident, and presented me with another contract, but for double the salary that I had accepted on that first and most memorable occasion. He had seven theatres, and I appeared in all, never once going back from that time; but whenever I returned to Chicago I always called in to see the proprietor of the little concert-hall and those members of his company with whom I had first made my appearance in that city.

As Father Time lopped off the days with his inexorable scythe, I (like the lift) had my ups and downs, and did not care to stay long in one place. I wanted to travel and try my hand at everything connected with the profession I had adopted. In short, I wanted to do so much that I became dissatisfied with everything. Purely by chance, I met with an old English comedian (who rejoiced in the name of Harry Lindley), as he was touring through Canada with a dramatic and farcical repertoire company. The principal comedian (one George W. Hunter, a humorist of considerable ability who had become very popular in America) was about to return to England, and I was offered his place. I accepted, and engaged to play parts in all the dramas and the various farces which were occasionally introduced to vary the monotony. I would also have to sing and dance and tell stories, for which multitudinous duties I was to receive twenty-five dollars per week, with railway fares and board. . . . I went through this routine, and by it I gained a lot of experience, a knowledge of the Canadian scenic beauties, and the privilege of appearing before His Excellency Lord Dufferin, who at that time filled the post of Governor-General.

In this company there was no regular pay-day; nor do I ever remember being in receipt of a full week's salary. When the "ghost" walked[1] in *my* direction he always fell lame and didn't reach me, and as he was a "person" of a singularly retiring disposition, I was never fortunate enough to gain an interview. . . . I saw so much of Canada and so little of its current coinage that I developed symptoms of scenic indigestion, so I terminated my engagement with Mr Lindley and joined Miss Charlotte M. Stanley, appearing in a play called "Too Late"—a most significant title, and lived up to in many ways. The individual members of the company were late for rehearsals, later for "cues," and frequently too late for trains; but they were never late for meals, and were always ahead for their salaries.

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[1] "When does the ghost walk?" is a theatrical term signifying "When is salary paid?"

Well, the manager was never behind, thank goodness! so we thrived. . . . Season followed season, without any appreciable advance in either salary or reputation; but I was rich, for I had amassed a thousand dollars, and upon the strength of this made up my mind to carry the war into New York. I converted all my available cash into money orders, payable to myself in that city, and started with just enough ready money to carry me through.

The greater part of my experience had been acquired in the smaller towns, and I had lived modestly, as became my environments. My feelings will be the better imagined, therefore, when the reader is informed that the journey to New York was delayed for twelve hours owing to a railway accident, and that I arrived at my destination at nine o'clock in the evening when I should have been there at a similar hour the same morning. All my ready I had been obliged to part with owing to the expenses arising out of the enforced delay, and my entrance into the great city was not what one might call of a conspicuously financial nature, the actual sum of money in my pocket amounting to no more than ten cents (fivepence), although I had orders in my possession for one thousand dollars; but these were not convertible except at the General Post Office, and that was closed for the night.

What to do I didn't know, and I was frightened. Worse, I was scared stiff! If such a thing occurred to me at the present time I would simply drive to an hotel, explain matters, and allow them to pay my carriage hire without any fuss whatever; but at that time I was not so well versed in transactions of the kind, and was afraid to ask questions, so I decided to ramble through the city and wait for the morning hour, when I could go to the post office and once more take command of my own property, which was to help me fight for the recognition I hoped to gain.

New York was not absolutely strange to me, as I had read everything I could lay my hands on appertaining to it, and had also studied maps whereby I might locate the principal public buildings. There being no time like the present, I commenced to explore, and the first place I recognised was Delmonico's Restaurant. No hidden meaning is contained in this statement, so please do not misunderstand me. I did not go there to eat (ten cents hardly guaranteeing me an entrance), but only to look and feast my eyes, if nothing else. After this ocular repletion, I wandered east and came upon the Bowery, which was yawning in anticipation of a fresh prey for its capacious maw; and what was my surprise (after the ill reports I had received of that unsavoury neighbourhood) to find it just like any other street, with the sole exception that it was wider than any thoroughfare I had yet beheld. There were four lines of tramrails and two elevated railways—one on either side of the road. Many of the shops were still open: tailors, jewellers, pawnbrokers, grocers, a number of saloons, and quite a few theatres. It was not as lengthy a street as I had expected to find, and I negotiated it in less than an hour, the major portion of that time being spent in a wondering survey of its marvels.

From the Bowery, I followed the columns of the overhead track, and passing through Chatham Street, reached City Hall Park and beheld, facing me, the General Post Office. The City Hall (from whence the adjacent park derives its name) was here also, a very handsome structure, nestling close to the ground and gazing timidly up at the giant edifices which were looking down tolerantly upon this architectural pigmy, a model of elegance and symmetry.

Retracing my steps I arrived on Broadway, which lordly thoroughfare did not impress me as favourably as the Bowery had done. . . . One o'clock boomed through the city, and I found myself in Union Square in a very tired and hungry condition, so I entered a saloon and bought a glass of ginger-ale, which swallowed up one half of my cash capital. I sat down wearily at a table, the better to enjoy my refreshment, when a waiter passed me a plate and a sandwich. I took them mechanically, and with a mental calculation as to the probable cost and whether the remaining five cents would cover it. Tentatively I asked "How much?" but was surprised (and gratified) to learn that this was a gift from the proprietor. It was my first introduction to what is known as the "free lunch," and I found it as welcome as it was novel.

Refreshed by that frugal meal, I started out once more and faced (I cannot say the darkness, for even at that period the streets of New York were well lighted) the night. . . . It was early summer, and the heat of the previous day still clung to the pavement and continued to do so almost until dawn. A neighbouring clock announcing that one-thirty was the hour (or rather the *half* hour) the little park in Union Square became the scene—the stage set with a wooden bench under a leafy canopy of trees and a fountain splashing musically in the foreground; while I, upon the rustic seat, gradually drifted into seraphic slumber.

It only needed the stealthy entrance of a tall, dark, immaculately clad stranger ornamented with a villainous whisker, accompanied by a slim, fair, and virtuous girl in a sunbonnet and holding a handful of hollyhocks (why a sunbonnet and hollyhocks at one-thirty a.m.?) to whom the whisker would make violent amatory advances, only to be scornfully repulsed; and he, becoming frenzied with passion, would try to drown the slim, fair, and virtuous girl (hollyhocks and all) in six inches of fountain water. But *I*, dashing to the rescue, would turn the tables, and tearing off the stranger's whisker (which, under the circumstances, would be a painful necessity), disclose him as a notorious scoundrel (as of course he would be), throw the fair but indiscreet maiden over my shoulder, and bear her off to her father, who would naturally turn out to be a millionaire; and he, rewarding me with his daughter's hand (which I should have no use for), and a million dollars (which I *should*), the whole matter would be settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, except the gentleman denuded of his whisker, who would be languishing in jail.

However, nothing of this kind disturbed me, but a policeman did; and when I rubbed my sleepy eyes in an endeavour to discover my whereabouts, and the reason why I had been awakened, it will be easily imagined how quickly I recovered myself, and the terror that took possession of me, when I beheld the uniformed custodian of the peace. He opened the conversation by saying, "You mustn't sleep here, you know," which remark I supplemented by the information that I had not intended to do so, but was tired and had fallen asleep without knowing it.

"Isn't that generally the way we go to sleep?" he grinned.

At this amiable view of the case, I grinned in unison, and my fears vanished.

Matters now being established upon a friendly basis, he began to take an interest in my affairs, and said, "Well, tell me how it all happened."

Nothing loath, I supplied him with a perfectly truthful account of the whole circumstances leading to my present predicament; and at the end of the recital he advised me to walk as far as Madison Square (situated a few streets above), rest there a while, and—as he put it—"when they get tired of your company, come back here and I'll be your landlord again for a bit."

I followed his instructions implicitly, found Madison Square, entered, and once more lost myself in Dreamland. I was awakened a second time, as had been predicted, by a smiling Irish policeman (although neither the smile nor the Hibernian nationality had been included in the prophecy) who said genially, "Sure, an' it's a hard bed you have there. The only soft part about it is the knot hole."

I entered into the spirit of the thing, and pointing to the sky, rejoined, "Yes, but I have a beautiful counterpane," and at that moment a couple of stars shot across the sky, so I concluded, "only it's falling to pieces."

He laughed good-humouredly and I sent him a passing shot over my shoulder as I moved away—

"Perhaps a policeman ordered them to move on. . . ."

There were several trips that night (or morning) between the two squares, and my feet grew heavier with each successive shift; but I awoke from my final slumber without municipal aid, and beheld my friend, the police-officer, watching the birds around the fountain. I walked over and assisted him.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye," he said, turning to me; "an' your feet are tired, sure. I'll lay a wager you don't feel like makin' another contract with your tootsies to carry ye down to Union Square, do you? Never mind, me bhoy, it'll soon be time for ye to go to the post office"; and this allusion to the first essential part of the day's business removing (metaphorically) the clay from my feet, I dipped a handkerchief in the fountain, and after bathing my face, started slowly for the repository of my worldly all.

The city had thrown off its night clothes, and its busy children were early astir. I was deeply interested in this scene of activity, and drifting into the current, became part and parcel of it, all sense of loneliness disappearing. There were few vehicles to be seen, and those principally omnibuses. . . . The post office presently loomed up before me, and the last trace of fatigue vanishing, I entered and ascended to the money-order department two steps at a time, cashed my vouchers, descended with conscious dignity, as became one of my assured financial position, and once more faced Broadway.

CHAPTER IV

Richard once more " holds his own "; a partnership, a warning, and a blessing in disguise; a cool visitor to Halifax; lobsters!

WITH the natural perversity of human nature, I avoided the restaurants in that vicinity and walked all the way back to Madison Square, and entering a little eating-house ordered my breakfast of sausage, a fresh roll, wheat cakes with maple syrup, and a cup of coffee; which meal tasted good to me, and I did ample justice to it. In fancy, I have repeated the foregoing scene many times during the intervening years, for whenever a man in misfortune tells me that he has no place in which to sleep, imagination starts my feet going again on that endless journey between the two squares, and although I know, instinctively, that I am being imposed upon, I submit rather than make a mistake.

The summer of that year was an eventful one, and I devoted much time to the cultivation of acquaintanceship with agents and managers (who were then more easily approached than they are now); but that was as far as I got, for none were anxious to engage me. I was in a certain office, however, one morning—paying my usual duty call—and a company in course of formation for a holiday tour being disappointed by their comedian, who had been suddenly taken ill, I—as the only one on the spot—was offered the engagement, which I speedily accepted, signed the contract, and fulfilled it. As I pleased the manager (and the public) he recommended me to the agents, who very kindly took an interest in me—one in particular, Mr Richard Fitzgerald, who advised me to secure a partner and perpetrate a cross-talk act, working in dramas as well.

I did as he suggested, forming a business partnership with Charles Turner, and we were engaged to appear in an effusion detailing the experiences, trials, troubles, and tribulations of "Two Doctors," which was its title. In addition to this, Turner enacted the part of Mulcahey, while I assumed the identity of Muldoon, in a very popular Irish farce known as "Muldoon's Picnic," which (considering the amount of work entailed) was anything *but* a picnic. We began our tour in Montreal, Canada, and were fortunate enough to score a big success. Quebec—where we played to a huge "house"—rebuked us for introducing too much fun; in fact, they laughed until they could laugh no more, and then reproached us for offering the inducement.

Our tour carried us into the Eastern Provinces, and one town in New Brunswick will remain for ever imprinted upon my memory. We arrived very early in the morning at Londonderry (the town to which I am referring), and put up at the only hotel in the vicinity of the railway station, which latter (for some reason unknown) had been placed in such a position as to avoid the town to which it really belonged by nearly two miles. . . . The hirsute growth upon my chin and face (incurred by the long journey) necessitated the immediate attentions of a tonsorial artiste, so I persevered until I discovered the gentleman, who revealed himself to be a loquacious German. . . . Tucking me in a chair, he adjusted the towels, screwed the seat up to the required angle, washed out the soap-dish, turned on the tap, filled his mug (the porcelain one) with hot water, and worked his brush around inside it to coax a lather, scrutinising me intently the while from head to foot with the curiosity of one who has inadvertently come upon a striking specimen of some hitherto undiscovered species. He took a deep respiration and opened the conversation, remarking in broken English, "You're with der Pignig comp'ny, ain't it?"

I nodded, being accustomed to public recognition.

"Well," he continued, "id ain't my business, but —you're as goot as dead. . . ."

My tongue (owing to the surprise attendant upon this grisly declaration) refused its customary office, but my expression must have interpreted the thoughts within me, for he shook his head in the ominous manner of one who is confident of his facts and is not to be moved.

"Well," I ventured, with an assumption of ease, "if that is the case, perhaps I had better postpone the shave?"

"Id's no joge," he returned mournfully. "Loog ad der pigdures you put on der wall; der beeble 'ave thrown mud ad dem" (later I discovered the truth of this statement), "and ride alongside you will see der pigdures of Jerry Cohan with 'is six Irish colleens and dey loog as goot as dey did five weegs ago. . . ." (Jerry Cohan, by the way, is still living, and is the father of George M. Cohan, the well-known American actor, playwright, and producer.

He contributed in no mean fashion to my London success, for he was the author and composer of "Girly Girly," which I sang in the metropolis for a continuous run of eighteen months. The Anglicised version of the song was written by Richard Moreton; but, I digress. . . .)

After the laceration (that Teuton was a bad barber) I returned to the hotel, and with the other members of the company, who had each encountered pessimism, exchanged experiences. The people of the town, it appeared, had taken exception to the posters of "Muldoon's Picnic," and exhibited strong disapproval, combined with excellent marksmanship, blotting out the faces originally depicted with handfuls of mud unerringly aimed.

It was a dusty road leading from the station, and, just as it neared the town, resembled a rocky pass; great stones lining the sides, where they had evidently been pushed by some internal disturbance, and becoming divided during the cooling process, thus formed a natural gate to the town. Piles of loose stones ornamented the top, and as we looked up at them, the same thought struck each of us. How handy that pile of stones would be if an angry mob wished to wreak its vengeance upon us! And each one figured out what a poor chance of escape there was. The rocks were sixty feet in height, and as we passed through the gorge we started—in imagination—to dodge the missiles with which, by Nature, it was provided. Emerging from the danger zone, we found ourselves upon the only street, and facing St Bridget's—an edifice which was used as a church on the Sabbath, but was converted into a school for the rest of the week, and, on rare occasions, utilised as a theatre by misguided and marauding bands of Thespians.

A solitary group of three inhabitants imparted to the street what little life it possessed, and this truculent trio glared menacingly at us and altered not the direction of their gaze. When abreast of them, I ventured, as the spokesman of our party, to say "Good morning," and each of the mysterious three nodded, but no word of greeting was spoken; the silence was thick enough to intimate that no welcome was to be expected from that triumvirate. At last, after an awkward pause, one third of the group detached itself from the main body, and advancing upon us with chin belligerently outstretched, said, "You belong to the troupe, don't you?" We silently acquiesced. "Well," he continued impressively, "then listen to me. We are here to warn you. Let your conduct to-night be guided by a true appreciation of the Irish, or be prepared to take the consequences."

We were speechless, and amidst the silence—which was so eloquent that it could actually be felt—they vanished into a neighbouring tenement. . . .

A harrowing day followed for every member of the company, except a small boy of fifteen who travelled with us and made himself useful by taking care of the little donkey which we used in the second act of the play. It was also his duty to drive this donkey through the streets of the town at midday as an advertisement—and an excellent one it had always proved to be, though in this particular case it was nearly our undoing.

That evening the sun set in a flaming sky, and left us without appetites for dinner and with no great longing for the performance. Mechanically we prepared, and each for a time kept his or her thoughts, misgivings, and fears secret. There were two dressing-rooms, one of which was devoted to the use of the ladies, while the men occupied the other. The janitor was a long, lean, and cadaverous round-shouldered Irishman, who walked with a stoop aimlessly to and fro, and wore his hands clasped behind his back. The creak of his shoes got on my nerves to such an extent that I yearned to take him by the scruff of the neck and push him out into the wilderness which faced the back-door of the dressing-room; but instead of committing this indiscretion, I compromised with myself, and asked him if they (the theatre's patrons) liked entertainments dealing with Irish life.

As a preliminary, he removed a small portion of clay pipe from a large opening in his face, expectorated in a contemplative manner, and replied guardedly, "Well, Jerry Cohan had fine houses, and he certainly pleased everyone; but" (and his voice was filled with menace) "if you do or say anything to degrade the Irish character, I wouldn't give ten cents for your lives"; and almost white with ill-concealed rage he went out into the night and took his chagrin with him.

Immediately upon his exit, we held a council of war, and decided that as we had fallen amongst foes, we should each write notes to our respective friends and relations, and that those (of us) who escaped should see that these missives were posted, so that the world might learn the sad fate which had overtaken the victims. We were quite serious about the matter, and resolved that "Muldoon" and

" Mulcahey " should discard whiskers and comedy " make up," in their stead donning evening clothes, and with " clean " faces appeal to the audience's sense of refinement. Turner satirically remarked that only outwardly would we be refined by wearing dress-suits, and I remember retorting that perhaps a little more night school and less evening clothes would yield a still better result.

Our amiable friend, the janitor, returned at this moment, and shut the door so quietly that it not only disturbed us but put an end to the discussion.

The overture was finished and the curtain had risen, so we listened at the foot of the steps leading from the dressing-room to the stage, with strained, anxious faces—an interval of dread which changed to relief as a great roar of laughter greeted the sallies of the comedian who worked in the opening act. It was only an ordinary " nigger " show, but how soothing it was to hear that audience laugh! The curtain fell amidst a tumultuous burst of enthusiasm, mingled with hearty laughter, and as " turn " followed " turn " in rapid succession, we were pleased to observe that, instead of their appreciation waning, it grew in volume until we tore up all the notes, discarded the idea of evening clothes, and played the first act in the usual manner, without omitting a single word, line, or gesture; and never before had it been received with such a whirlwind of applause. The curtain fell and the audience expressed their satisfaction in every possible way; the janitor so far forgetting his high position as to ask for a copy of one of the songs sung in the piece.

We were so elated over things in general that we were totally unprepared for the bad news of which the boy was messenger. He had forgotten to bring the donkey and, as has been previously mentioned, it was some distance to the hotel, but he was immediately dispatched with strict injunctions to return with all speed—and the donkey.

I then went before the curtain, my appearance calling forth a little buzz of curiosity, and when this had levelled itself down to a subdued murmur, I began to address them: "Ladies and gentlemen, the most disagreeable part in life is to appear as an apologist, but the fact of the matter is, the boy who is in charge of the little donkey used in the play, very carelessly forgot to ride him over here this evening——"

I got no further—a howl of execration went up all over the house, and at the same moment *every head in the gallery disappeared.* Cries of "Fraud," "Swindlers," etc., came from above and below; but as a row of heads in the gallery returned to their normal positions, one voice rang out clear and strong above the rest: "Give him a chance! Give him a chance!"

In response to this demand, a lull followed and I began again very quietly to explain; this apparently impressed them, for they listened to me attentively. Smilingly, I ventured to assure them that they would be treated fairly, even generously, and, continuing, I told them that the boy was already on his way to the hotel and would return as quickly as possible; and in order that there should be no wait, I intended to sing some songs and tell them stories—here I was interrupted by some friendly applause, and when it had subsided I started in at once to fulfil my agreement, and succeeded in holding their attention until the patter of the donkey's hoofs was heard as he came racing through the rocky pass. I disappeared from view; the curtain rose, and I entered, mounted upon the donkey's back. As he pranced about, dropping foam from his lips, he received an ovation that might have been extended to the battle charger of a famous general, but surely to nothing else in the world!

The finish of the entertainment was more pleasing than its commencement, and before we left the dressing-room to go home, we were waited upon by the same committee of three we had met that morning; they made us an offer to remain another night, guaranteeing (if we accepted) to have two people occupying each seat. We accepted—not believing the statement; but the offer was quite genuine, for when the curtain rose the following evening they were literally seated in each other's laps, men, women, and children—even the German barber was there, alone in the midst of the enemy.

Visiting the theatre the next day, I was curious as to the cause of those disappearing heads, and my curiosity carried me up to the gallery, where I found the floor strewn with tons of iron ore, in small lumps, which would have been very convenient to throw but very inconvenient to dodge. This incident brings to my mind the Jewish comedian who walked on the stage of this same theatre, waved his arms in the accepted manner of Hebrew humorists, and said (for the first and last time in that hall), "I've just escaped from Ireland." In less than one minute he was escaping from Londonderry, pursued by a howling mob and a shower of loose stones, which proves that "all the world's a stage," and all the men and women moving picture actors, but—the camera man is not always on the spot at the proper moment.

Continuing our tour, we arrived in Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, and there played a summer season. In this spot the weather may well be spoken of as "the good old summer time," with warm days and cool nights; it was sublime. One day, however, towards the close of the season we noticed a curious change: the sun was shining with its accustomed brilliancy, but was devoid of heat; and on the shady side of the street it was quite cold. In the houses it was even colder, so everyone sought refuge upon the sunny side; and it was a most unique sight, with men in overcoats and women enveloped in furs and wraps. It all looked out of place, but everyone felt the need of extra clothing. With every minute that followed it grew colder, and questions were asked and jokes bandied about regarding the proximity of the Pole. Finally the tide of travel turned in the direction of the harbour, and here the explanation of the phenomenon was to be found; for an iceberg was entering in a stately and magnificent manner, diffusing an atmosphere created by itself, and standing high out of the water like a crystal cathedral ornamented with innumerable turrets and spires. Suddenly and without the slightest warning, it turned completely over and started a giant wave rolling shorewards. It broke, giving all beholders a splendid imitation of a tidal wave, and then settled down once more into a quiet sea.

We kept our overcoats in active service for the next few days, and the berg provided us with new sensations daily; many people indeed spent the greater part of their time watching and waiting for another and similar visitor.

This incident, by the way, would have been interesting as an object-lesson to the investigating committee on the *Titanic*, could they have beheld it; for who has forgotten the laughter caused by the answer to Senator Smith's question—"What does an iceberg consist of?" The officer to whom this interrogation was put gained himself a reputation for cleverness that to-day stands unequalled, by replying "Ice." In the first place, the question was a sensible one and the answer, instead of being clever, was, in reality, very stupid, as my early experience in Halifax will prove.

When the ice dissolved we saw, disclosed, a great tree over forty feet in height, and we observed also tons of earth clinging to its roots (this tree was afterwards salved by harbour men, brought ashore, and finally cut up and used as firewood); and before the berg entirely disappeared, a stone or boulder almost as large as a pantechnicon van tumbled from its perch into the water, causing something in the way of a slight splash as it did so! Whether the berg succumbed entirely to the sun's rays, or drifted out to sea at night we never knew; but we were glad of the accidental privilege of beholding so quaint and interesting an occurrence.

From Halifax we took ship to Boston via Annapolis, where the highest tide in the world is registered. Annapolis is situated on the Bay of Fundy, and the sea in this quarter is notoriously rough. I experienced great pangs in crossing, and was reminded rather forcibly of my first and only smoke; but we will pass over those trying moments and come to the restorative, which reminded me of "the cure being as bad as the complaint." The sea was rolling and heaving, and I followed suit (except the rolling), gazing disconsolately at the sea as I leaned over the stern of the vessel. Just at that moment, when all interest in life had departed, a strange thing happened. . . .

The cargo consisted of crates of lobsters, packed in seaweed, which stood upon the decks, where the seamen turned the hose regularly upon them, and by this method they (the lobsters) not only arrived in Boston alive, but in excellent condition. By some mischance one of the slats had broken and a particularly vicious crustacean made his escape and crawled down the deck until he reached the spot where I was sprawled out. He started investigating, and finally clutched me by the leg near the calf. I gave one look and supplemented it with a yell that must have reached half-way to Boston, and careered madly up and down the deck attached to what I thought was a sea-serpent. After a few minutes of this amusement, two sailors headed me off, broke the aggressive claw from my assailant, and prised it off my leg. I carried the mark of that adventure for many a day, and it was a singular circumstance that with the closing of this incident by the removal of the claw, all trace of *mal de mer* vanished.

Apropos of the occurrence, I heard a story in which Tom Sharkey, the noted pugilist, figures largely. Being fond of lobsters, he strolled into a restaurant one day, seated himself at a table, and ordered his favourite dish. The waiter departed, and presently returned with the shell fish, which he placed before the hero of a hundred fights. The colour was a brilliant red, and presented an appetising appearance; and Mr Sharkey, being anxious to commence operations, turned the vermilion one over, only to discover that a claw was missing. He glanced reprovingly at the waiter, and said, " Where is the other claw? "

The waiter replied, " Well, you see, Mr Sharkey, the lobsters are brought into New York alive, and on the trip up coast they frequently fight, and evidently this one has had the worst of it."

Sharkey pushed his plate from him and said satirically, " Bring me the winner."

Arriving in Boston, we were officially informed that the resident manager of the theatre could not meet his monetary obligations for the week that had just terminated; and it seemed as if history were about to repeat itself, for I had only two and a half dollars in my pocket, and the fare to New York was just double that amount. I did some considerable thinking, and suddenly remembered that I had a friend in Hartford who managed a theatre. My two and a half dollars more than covered the fare to that town, so I decided to go, feeling sure that my friend would give me work, or failing that, I could explain my predicament and borrow the fare to New York; for Wilson S. Ross was a man who listened to everyone, and I don't think he ever had an enemy or lost a friend.

Without delay, I set out for Hartford; but the unexpected happened, as will be seen, and I did not have to trouble my friend Ross with a personal visit. Arriving in Hartford station, I walked over to the ticket window and asked the young man in charge at what time the next train left for New York. The answer came quickly, accompanied by a ticket, a little over two dollars in change, and the same hand that had passed out these pulled in a five-dollar bill that had been lying unnoticed (by me) on the ledge. I put the aforesaid ticket and change in my pocket and opened up a conversation, during which I asked the young man's name and in return gave him mine. We parted quite amicably, and I took good care to send him five dollars enclosed in an explanatory note the following day. We afterwards became great friends, and I might conclude this episode with the information that he is now occupying a fine position with one of the Western Railways. May he live long and prosper!

CHAPTER V

Optimists and pessimists; unrehearsed effects; chronicles of a wit; his "after dinner" adaptability; "some" speech.

ONCE more I found myself in New York, and once more I found myself (although the discovery was neither a long nor tedious process) out of work; but such is the buoyancy of youth, optimism ran riot within me, without the slightest provocation. I heard a definition of an optimist once that struck me as particularly apt. An optimist is one who, having failed in business, thanks the Lord that he still has his health. If he loses his health only, he congratulates himself that he still has a good business; but should he fail in both, he rises to fame by declaring that one is of no use without the other. The greatest optimist I ever met was a man named Harry Bennett, and at the time I am speaking of, he was slowly dying of consumption; but he was a born comedian—had lived a comedian and died a comedian.

The latter part of his life was devoted to short walks along the Bowery, in which street he was a familiar figure. Next door to the London Theatre (once a splendid variety hall, but now used for the production of Hebrew plays) was situated an undertaker's shop, and one morning two black horses, attached to a hearse outside, were nodding violently and (as it seemed) significantly as Bennett appeared.

That unfortunate gentleman paused, and gazing at the sable pair with a smile said, "Yes, yes, some time soon but—not to-day, thanks."

Meeting a friend on the street, the latter remarked, whilst shaking hands, "You're walking slow, Harry," to which Bennett replied, "Yes, but I'm going fast."

His friends organised a successful benefit for him at the "London," and when a cheque for the proceeds was handed to him in public the same evening, he thanked everyone concerned, and said, "This is the most money I have ever had at any one time in my life, and as I have only one desire, which is to take a long breath (and I will be relieved of that want shortly), it is useless to me, except that it will force me to make a will leaving it to someone else. I'll leave a drink for everyone going to the funeral, and—you had better have it going out, because I won't be with you coming back."

The antithesis of the foregoing became forcibly apparent to me upon a trip to Albany a short time ago. I have a great many friends in that town, and I pleasurably anticipated my arrival amongst them, receiving, in imagination, their congratulations upon my improved appearance; but I was too previous. The very first man of my acquaintance I met dolorously informed me of some harrowing facts concerning his liver, and described the awful symptoms. The second sufferer, it seemed, was enduring indescribable tortures, of which trouble a fractious kidney was the cause. Another momentarily expected dissolution on account of having bade farewell to one of his lungs, and was preparing himself to part with the other. The last one was so worried over a refractory heart as to be on the verge of a collapse. In fact, I came into contact with so many unfortunate people in the space of a few minutes, that I almost felt health returning to me. Of course, my visit was spoiled, for instead of finding a pæan of joy in honour of my advent, the principal feature was an *organ* recital of others.

Several minor engagements came my way during a brief stay in and around New York, for I had made up my mind that if real success manifested itself at all, it would do so in that locality; and subsequent events proved that my judgment was fairly correct. Fortune favoured me: one day, whilst watching a parade, I entered into conversation with an actor named Edward Chrissie, with whom I became quite friendly, especially when he informed me that he was about to commence a tour with a Protean drama entitled "Detected." He made business propositions to me, and I accepted a character comedy part. The tour started, and what was to have been a short season gradually converted itself into a long and successful run; so much so, indeed, that Mr Chrissie added "Rip Van Winkle" to his repertoire, and his reading of the title-rôle was, in itself, such a meritorious performance that Joseph Jefferson (the actor), who was a member of the audience on one occasion, took the trouble to come behind and congratulate Chrissie, remarking at the same time that it was as fine a performance as he (Jefferson) had ever witnessed.

Our season so teemed with incident that it might have truly been described as an *eventful* tour. The first sensation was startlingly sudden. We were travelling on a train called "The Thunderbolt," and, being night-time, the sleeping-cars were packed with passengers, so we were obliged to accept the ordinary first-class accommodation, and we made the most and best of it. The leading lady curled herself up on a seat, and, after removing her dainty slippers, went fast asleep. The low comedian, who played the part of a tramp, removed the lady's footgear and substituted his "hardly hang together" shoes in their stead, which pleasantry caused a titter of laughter to go through the whole car; but little did we think how those shoes were to be used later.

We had to pass through a town called Kent, in the state of Ohio, and through forgetfulness, or negligence of some kind, a switch had been left open and our train left the main line and dashed into a siding, where a few freight cars were waiting to be unloaded. Travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, we crashed into the first truck and literally tore it to pieces. It is needless to remark that the sleeping passengers were rudely awakened, and the leading lady, clutching the comedian's dilapidated shoes, one in each hand, rushed up and down the car moaning and saying softly, between the moans, "Has anyone seen my shoes? Oh, I do hope no one is hurt!" And, miraculous as it may seem, no one was.

The night was even more terrible than the wrecked train, vivid lightning playing in a sky which was black with anger, and I shall never forget the feeling of horror that crept over me as I stepped from the car to the ground. My feet came in contact with some mysterious substance that crushed with a curious sort of resistance, giving one the impression of stepping upon living things. Each step produced a similar sensation, accentuating it to an almost uncanny degree, and then little dull thuds came as something, falling from above, struck the earth or fell upon our hats. . . . In sheer desperation I stooped, and—picked up a handful of raisins! The wrecked car had been filled with them, and the force of the collision had hurled them in every direction, many falling on the tops of our cars. It was with a sigh of relief that we continued our journey up to the engine, where we found both the engineer and fireman philosophically viewing the wreckage, while the conductor swore in an undertone at a poor, white-faced switchman, who trembled to such an extent that he could not hold his lantern steady.

The fitful light of the lanterns around, and the flashes of lightning above, lent a dramatic setting to "The Death of an Engine," for although the latter looked almost unhurt, a careful observer could detect a great struggle going on. The fireman was surreptitiously sucking a bruised thumb and shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, while passengers stood lost in wonderment. A snort of fear came from the smoke stack, and the engine trembled so violently that an axle and two wheels, belonging to the wrecked car, were dislodged from the boiler and toppled over to the ground. Then came a great rush of steam—the driving wheels raced madly for a few moments without effecting a movement either forwards or backwards, the failure of the attempt brought a scream of anger from the whistle, a terrible convulsion followed, and the smoke stack lost its balance and hung over on one side, the picture of despair. The bell (with which all locomotive engines are provided in America) rang twice—once as it fell, and the second and final stroke as it reached solidity. A flash of lightning and a peal of thunder completed Nature's requiem over the catastrophe.

The fireman kicked a stone viciously, and the engineer laughed; the conductor stuck his written report into an inside pocket, buttoned up his coat, and turning to the others, said, "Come on, let's see if we can get a drink; for someone is goin' to get 'hell' for this."

We were happy to find that there were no casualties other than the fireman's crushed thumb.

Our destination was Zanesville (where, in due course, we arrived), and our object was to open a new theatre, the name of which temple of Thespis was "The Bijou." It was up a flight of stairs, and had already lived one life as a hall; and now it was starting a new existence, *we* being chosen to launch it upon what everyone hoped would be a successful career. The owner of this theatre was also the local station-master, and he had appointed, as treasurer of his venture, a man who acted in the capacity of ticket-seller at the station.

It may be interesting to record that that same treasurer (and ticket-vendor) afterwards became famous in America as a comedian. He bore the name of Otis Harlan, and for years he was associated with the late Charles H. Hoyt (of whom more anon). Otis, as he was and is still called by his familiars, was a quaint fellow, and made fun of everything. He sold tickets to the railroad passengers with a joke, and he delighted the theatre's patrons with his witty comments while exchanging the pasteboards for coin of the Republic (I nearly said "Realm");

but it needed the latitude of the stage to bring out the fun that was within him, and since adopting that profession he has gained a large number of admirers, and added to them by his late successful work as a cinema actor.

Another character connected with "The Bijou" was the scene-painter, a native of Cincinnati. When he had fitted out that part of the theatre which came within his province, he accepted a position as property-man, and this not sufficiently occupying his time, he posted bills and distributed lithographs and window-cards. Ultimately he became stage-manager, and deeming the services of an extra man to be rather a nuisance than otherwise, decided to raise and lower the curtain unaided. This feat was accomplished by means of a barrel, with a crank attachment, and the contrivance stood in the first entrance.

The opening night arrived, and, thanks to the good qualities of the Poo Bah mentioned above, everything was in readiness. This, in a certain sense, was a tragedy, as it gave him too much spare time and afforded him an interval, which he utilised as a favourable opportunity to visit friends, the majority of whom were saloon-keepers. During this excursion, he was the recipient of many congratulations, and as each good wish required to be washed down with a different brand of liquor, towards the close he presented an appearance sufficient to warrant him an important position in the "Rake's Progress." Anyhow, it dulled his vision, clouded his brain, and imparted to him a frantic desire for sleep.

Now Mr Chrissie, as author of the piece, manager of the company, producer and stage-director, and the actor of at least five different parts during the play's development, was a versatile man, and when he arrived at the theatre ready for work he met Poo Bah and summed up the situation immediately. Instead of losing his temper, he patiently pointed out to the many-sided stage-manager how it would be possible for him to emerge triumphantly from his awkward predicament. "First of all," he firmly remarked, "sit down on a chair in the first entrance, alongside the barrel, in close proximity to the crank, then go to sleep and sleep soundly until I come and slap you on the shoulder; and then, without asking any questions, just drop the curtain as quickly as you can."

Copran, I mean Poo Bah, with penitent but boozy tears in his eyes, swore to be faithful, and all promised well. The play was running smoothly and every point scored, the audience were in the seventh heaven of delight, when danger appeared in the person of station-master manager, who came through the pass-door connecting stage and auditorium. The restless managerial eye at once detected his factotum wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, and striding over to the backslider, he reached out and smote him heartily with his open hand. At the signal, all came back to the tired and weary one, he grasped the crank and lowered the curtain, just as the scene was working up to a magnificent climax. . . . The "star" leaped to the first entrance breathing soft but deep curses, and clearing every obstruction, he clutched the erring but unwitting one by the throat, declaring war and commencing hostilities at one and the same time. He dragged the offender to the centre of the stage, and there and then began a rough and tumble conflict.

Rising to the occasion, I immediately raised the curtain and disclosed to a delighted audience the raging battle with all its side-issues and attendant trimmings. After a suitable lapse of time, I lowered the curtain; but my action received due recognition, for a notice in the local newspaper said next morning, "There was an unrehearsed effect that should certainly be kept in the piece, as both *it* and the waits between the acts were the features of an otherwise restless evening."

Having referred to Charles H. Hoyt in an earlier chapter, with a promise to return to the subject, I imagine that this is as good a place as any to introduce to the reader's notice a man who started in life as a journalist, from which profession he drifted over to its near relative, the stage, and his third move was to represent his native state in the legislature. Hoyt was best known in London through the medium of "A Trip to China Town"—one of his funniest plays. It had a successful run of four months at Toole's Theatre, from which it was transferred to the "Strand" for a continuation. Miss Alice Atherton was a huge success as "The Widow" and I had the pleasure and gratification of appearing as "Welland Strong," the man of many complaints. The piece is still running, and Mr Hoyt confided to me the fact that he had never drawn anything in the way of royalties from the production. Hoyt was as good at talking as he was at making jokes, and he possessed a charming personality, coupled with a fund of satirical humour.

At a table in the Lamb's Club, New York, one evening, satire and sarcasm became the subjects of severe criticism amongst the assembled wiseacres, and the discussion entailed some heated remarks when Hoyt, leaning over, quietly and unostentatiously drawled out a definition and comparison of both that engendered considerable thinking on the part of his listeners, and ended the argument. "Satire," he said, "is like the prick of a needle, but sarcasm is a blow from the fist." Mr George Marion, my host on that occasion, asked, "Well then, what is wit and humour?" To which Hoyt laughingly replied, "The plaster that heals the wounds caused by the other two."

Writing this book in America, I am continually reminded of various incidents owing to accidental meetings with the principal characters. . . . I was on my way to New Hampshire for the purpose of taking a well-earned rest, and, having a few hours to spend in Boston, was strolling along Tremont Street, when who should swing into view but a friend of bygone days, one Mark Sullivan, a splendid mimic and an excellent character-actor. Yes, friend the reader, I am well aware that you are thinking, "What has this to do with the case?" and I will enlighten you.

I had written the introduction to this chapter in New York, and had intended to proceed with it upon arrival in New Hampshire, but the accidental meeting with Sullivan brought to my mind one of the best of the Hoyt stories. Some time previously, Mark had heard that the part of "Welland Strong" was not filled, and immediately dispatched the following telegram:

"HOYT, Madison Square Theatre, New York.—I have a great desire to play 'Welland Strong'—SULLIVAN, Boston Theatre."

The answer was as brief as the request:

"SULLIVAN, Boston Theatre.—You are alone in your desire—HOYT."

The above is typical of Hoyt's faculty for making a few words go a long way, and he might have adopted as a motto "*Multum in parvo.*"

Charles Hoyt made one trip to Europe, which excursion I was instrumental in bringing about, and he afterwards assured me that his voyage across the Atlantic brought up so many unpleasant thoughts as to make him feel that he could never like me again.

Previous to the holding of the World's Fair in Chicago, Hoyt was a member of the State Legislature in New Hampshire, and although he was a strong democrat in a province where the majority was overwhelmingly republican, so popular was he, that his political opponents elected him chairman of the World's Fair Committee, and then immediately, and with one accord, refused to grant him the appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars he required to ensure an adequate exhibit at Chicago, and, instead, offered him one-tenth of that amount. Hoyt angrily refused this handsome offer, declaring that it should be one hundred thousand or nothing; and the meeting broke up, with a storm brewing and black looks on the horizon.

Later on, when the bill came up for decision, a long, lean New Hampshire farmer rose to his feet and addressed the assembly. "Mr Speaker and Gentlemen," he commenced ambiguously, "I personally take it upon myself to pro—test against this state granting one hundred thousand dollars to the honourable member for any purpose whatever. This is a farming state, and that amount of money would buy a large number of farms. An' a—nother thing. May I ask who *is* this man Hoyt? Ah! you don't know, therefore it be—hooves me to in—form you that he is a writer of plays, a pro—doocer of plays, a manager of the—at—rical companies, and an owner of the—at—ers, an' I ob—ject to the money of the pee—ple of this state bein' used to further the ends or for ad—ver—tising the business of any the—at—er manager or writer of plays."

As he concluded this edifying speech and resumed his seat, a wave of indignant remonstrance swept over the meeting, and every eye was turned upon Mr Hoyt. He rose very calmly, and in quiet, gentle tones said winningly, " I will allow the votes of the honourable members to answer the attack of my worthy friend."

The pointedness of this reply had the desired effect, and the bill was passed with only one dissenting voice. Hoyt was congratulated on every hand, and the discontented gentleman faded away unnoticed.

A little later, as Hoyt was leaving the Capitol, an intimate friend hurried up to him, and, shaking hands, said heatedly, " Charley, what are you going to do to that fellow? "

" I don't know I'm sure. What would you do? " laughed the other.

" Well, I'll tell you what I'd do," rejoined his well-wisher. " I'd go over to the hotel and hit him so hard that he'd never forget it."

Hoyt chuckled gleefully and replied, " No, no! I couldn't do that very well. You see, I wrote that speech and paid him a hundred dollars to make it."

Charles was a great favourite at dinners, and was always called upon to say the usual "few words"; but it never seemed to worry him as it did the majority of after-dinner speakers. Starting in a rambling fashion, he would flounder about, searching for a word to rest his weary tongue upon, and when it came (in apparent unwillingness) it just managed to save him at the proper moment and in a most amusing manner. He was epigrammatic in his utterances, and no matter what he chose, or lacked, as a subject, he invariably scored.

Once at a dinner he commenced his speech by saying, "Never put off till to-morrow the disagreeable things you can say to-day. And now, to start, there are men at this table who are too proud to beg and too honest to steal, so they get trusted; and yet a man may be rich to-day and only wealthy to-morrow. The climate changes everything. Someone said, 'You can't eat your cakes and have them too'—but—you can take your drinks and have them—and have them *bad*. A man once asked me to lend him a hundred dollars, and I wanted to know why I should. He told me that he was head over ears in debt, so I ventured to remark that if he paid his debts to others he would owe it to me and still be in debt. His reply was unique: 'I don't want to get out of debt, I want to get out of the town.' Man is a coward; he claims that woman first tempted him to eat. Possibly; but we took to drink on our own account. Now you can't fool me on music; I know every bar from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to the Plaza. Adam was smart, for he was not only the first man, but he also discovered love, only he didn't copyright it; and now everybody uses it. There is flirtation; that is *at*tention without *in*tention, but love is different. It is a tickling sensation of the heart that will not bear scratching. It is also a tonic, and the ingredients are —a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a lot of buying.

" Marriage is all buying. My marriage brought me a good wife and a bad mother-in-law. She kept up a continual complaint that I never took her to the cemetery. I told her I'd gladly take her when she was ready to go, and then she lost her temper and wouldn't speak to me at all; so you see, there is always some sort of compensation. But there is not much difference between us when we are dead. For the good—bliss; for the bad—blister. Now if this wealth of witty wisdom I have let loose this evening does not prove of real value to you, then it is useless for me to proceed, and I do not propose to waste any more of my time blowing holes in the atmosphere, but will occupy the chair that—while not an ornament to the room—has proven useful to one who—when seated—at least ceases to be a burden to himself. . . ."

CHAPTER VI

Twice nightly and *ad lib.*; a palatial pioneer; dissertation; Richard has a pitched battle; the fruits of victory; the chance!

In returning to my own troubles and resuming *my* burden, I disclose the fact that my good ship Fortune was afloat upon a sea of trouble, driven hither and thither by the winds of adversity, but battling bravely although handicapped by unfavourable conditions; and the thought that we might founder presented itself to me more than once in the liveliest colours. I was often forced to make for shelter in any of the minor ports or harbours, and was thankful for the mercy of calm waters of bays and rivers, until I finally came to anchor in a haven of rest known as Bridgeport, a city situated in the state of Connecticut, facing Long Island Sound, and famous for its various and varied industries. A monument to the memory of Benjamin Howe stands as evidence that Bridgeport gave the sewing-machine to the world, and (apropos of the prevailing subject of conversation) much of the ammunition furnished by America to the Allies emanates from the same city.

A dainty little theatre, with a daintier name (the "Parlour Opera House" to wit), was to be found there at the time of which I am speaking—owned by Mr Charles Cole, an intimate associate of P. T. Barnum, the world-famous circus proprietor.

As has been mentioned, the opera house was small, and its seating capacity of about three hundred and fifty was generally taxed to the utmost twice nightly. This system started in America about the year 1880, but whether it originated there or in Great Britain, where it is so popular at the present writing, I am not prepared to state; but it has not become so popular there as here. I was engaged as stage-manager for the season at a small, a very small, salary, but existing conditions, or rather the conditions necessary for existence, magnified it in my eyes until it assumed ample proportions. While the salary required enlarging (even if only by the imagination), the duties incumbent upon it wanted pruning rather than otherwise, inasmuch as they commenced in the morning at eleven o'clock, when I visited the theatre and went through the day's mail, consulted with Mr Cole as to future engagements, made out contracts, saw that his signature was appended to these documents, answered all the letters, and made out the bills for the coming week; after which I went home and had the afternoon to myself, except on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, when we gave *matinées* for which we received nothing extra. Every Monday—the morning being given up to rehearsals—we attended to the letters in the afternoon, so, at any rate, I had *two* afternoons each week that I could safely call my own. . . .

When evening came, six o'clock found me at the theatre superintending the one stage hand and the property-man in the performance of their duties. Up to this part of the day's programme I had, of course, been merely playing, but now the real work began. The curtain rose on a little first part with the entire company of seven assembled upon the stage, and each one contributed an item of some description, with myself officiating either as interlocutor or end man; after which I had to change and appear in a single act. The concluding piece was generally a sketch, and the services of every member were again requisitioned, each appearing, more or less, to advantage. After a short interval, this routine was duplicated, and considerable energy expended thereby. . . . The company then went home. The manager went home, but *I* went into the office and wrote notices of the performance for three different newspapers, and, after locking up the place, wandered over to the editorial offices, spent a quarter of an hour in each with the press men, listened to and told a few stories, and then went home delightfully tired; had my supper, went to bed, and slept the sleep of the just—or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say—I just slept.

I do not know with whom the saying " A stitch in time saves nine " originated, but my " stitch " in Bridgeport saved nine hundred dollars, and that little hoard proved extremely useful.

I frequently came into contact with Mr Barnum, and I am firmly convinced that no kindlier man than he ever existed. Easily approached, he was generous to a fault, and so lovable that little children just doted on him. I have often seen him surrounded with laughing and screaming infants, his round face radiating and reflecting mutual joy. Whenever a new school was needed in the city, " P. T." (as he was familiarly known) always donated a handsome amount to the municipal authorities in order that the work might be started without delay, and the educational advantages of Bridgeport owe much to his philanthropic foresight and fostering care.

In common fairness to Mr Cole, I feel it imperative to say, that although he paid me a very small salary during the season, at the end of that time he gave me a week's benefit, paying all salaries in full, my own included, settling the accounts for printing, and then turning over the entire takings. It was this benefit that was responsible for the greater part of my nine hundred dollars; the public loyally attending, and so crowding the little bandbox that my first season closed with a joy feast.

Not wishing to lie idle, I contracted for a few special weeks in Boston, New York, and adjoining towns before returning to take up my duties under the Cole banner, where I had been re-engaged for a second season; and there I broke a record for the first time in my theatrical career. My time was filled, with the exception of two weeks, and I started at the Bijou Theatre, Boston, where during that time I first encountered Mr B. F. Keith, who was just commencing his great effort which year by year gained in force; so much so, indeed, that he has since left his name to future generations as the master-mind responsible for the evolution of what was commonly called "low variety" into what is now advertised as "Supreme Vaudeville," which latter attracts the public audiences to enjoy and applaud.

Mr Keith was the first of the managers who declared that there was no price too high and nothing too good for Vaudeville entertainment. He was also the first man to pick the great "stars" from the legitimate stage, and at his theatre there appeared in rapid succession the premier artistes of all countries, representing every branch of the theatrical profession; and from his fertile mind emanated the catch line that deserves to remain —" the show that a girl can take her mother to see."

Not only did B. F. Keith present the public with their money's worth, but he gave them wonderful theatres, with every convenience for their comfort. Programmes were free, also cloak-room service, and trained nurses were on the premises in case of illness or accident; while a play-room, filled with toys, was set apart for the children of the theatre's patrons, who were carefully guarded whilst their parents enjoyed the entertainment. Telephone service and stationary were also included in the price of admittance.

Although Mr Keith made a careful study of his patron's comfort, his consideration went beyond that, and he carried his luxurious ideas to the professional part of the theatre, even to the smallest dressing-room. There were bathrooms, decorations and countless other comforts to the mind and body never before experienced by artistes, and, above all, there was cleanliness.

Mr Keith surrounded himself with a group of able men, and as he gained in strength so they became greater. E. F. Alber stands to-day as one of the heads of this enterprise, and rigidly carries out the Keith line of campaign, the motto remaining, " Nothing too good, and nothing too high in price for the Keith houses. . . ."

The founder of palatial Vaudeville died worth millions, all amassed by the consummation of his pet scheme, and his son, Paul Keith, not only inherited his father's wealth but his broad mind, good qualities, and the natural instinct for catering to the wants of an amusement-loving public. It is a case of " The King is dead—Long live the King."

Keith's Boston theatre was the first one built, and was so beautiful an edifice that it became one of the great show places in that city, and a visitors' book was kept; which volume contains the personal opinions of noted people from all parts of the world. It is one of the Keith treasures, and I think it is safe to say that no finer autograph album is to be found on earth. . . .

One of the greatest regrets I ever experienced was Mr Keith's failure to build upon the site of the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, London. I was instrumental in bringing this proposition to the notice of B. F. Keith, and while looking over the deeds, many pleasant hours were spent with Paul, and on 4th July everything was arranged and a cheque for the full amount handed to the solicitors, much to the latter's surprise. They argued against doing business in that way, but Paul insisted that it *had* to be done *that* way or, as an alternative, nothing would come of it, so they finally consented to separate him from his money.

A great deal of quiet laughter swept over financial London at the foolishness of the American who was reckless enough to come in and fight established customs in the West End of that city; but had Mr Keith built, I am positive that all London would have flocked to see his show. Many ideas (which originally were his) have drifted in, been highly praised, and the credit, as is usual in such cases, given to others; but there is only one manager in London who has catered on such a lordly scale, and that one is—well, perhaps I had better not mention his name as "the least said is soonest mended."

Year after year the project of the Princess's Theatre lingered and languished and finally died altogether. There were many set-backs, the first being a complaint from the proprietor of a popular restaurant who used the cellars of the theatre for storing wines. He felt that he should have a huge sum to induce him to move, so Mr Keith offered him a handsome one in cash, as well as better cellars below the Apollo Theatre. The offer was scornfully refused and died a lingering but painless death.

Mr Keith knew the value of his lease, and his judgment was correct, for he sold it (his lease—not his judgment) at something over double the amount it had cost him; and he insisted upon the selling being conducted upon the same principle as the buying, so he was paid in full and in cash, therefore what everyone had previously fancied would be a losing speculation, turned out to be a better investment than the shares in many of London's amusement palaces. The site I still consider as the ideal spot of the metropolis, and I am sure a Keith entertainment in that city would not only add to its gaiety, but also add to the bank balance of its controller.

Now to return to my tour; and, like the moving pictures, we must go forward and backward without any apparent motive; but if it furnishes the reader with interest or amusement then the book has served its purpose, and there will be no complaints from either side.

My last week before returning to Bridgeport was to be spent in Hoboken, N.J., at a Summer Garden owned and conducted by Siegfried Croneheim, a German American who had evidently made up his mind that I would postpone my engagement, and duly informed me of it by postal card. I answered, by letter, that it was my only open week, and that it would, therefore, be impossible for me to postpone same. The reply came by a second post card, in which he cancelled my engagement. Per registered letter, I assured him he could not legally cancel it, and suggested that it took two to make and no less to break a contract. Back came the usual post card, and inscribed largely thereon was the information that he had made the engagement and would now break it by the same rule, and defied me to come there. I notified him by telegram that I would be at Hoboken, bright and early, for rehearsal. He had, apparently, one more post card left, and I got it —"You have my ultimatum; don't come." I came down to his level, purchased a post card, and wrote—"Your kind invitation to appear for one week at your theatre has been accepted, and will, in due course, be recorded as a gigantic success," signed my name, posted it, and received no more cards in return.

The day of my opening in Hoboken eventually dawned, and at the proper moment I showed up ready for rehearsal, gave my music to the orchestra, found out that the conductor and several of the instrumentalists were old friends, and laughingly told them the history of the correspondence. They assured me that it would afford them the utmost pleasure to witness something exciting, so everything promised well for the opening of hostilities.

Having concluded rehearsal, I met the stage-manager (another old friend), explained the case, and he told me to be over early in the evening, when he would help all he could. At that moment the redoubtable Croneheim appeared and remarked truculently, "You cannot rehearse here."

I replied: "I do not want to rehearse here."

This angered him the more.

"Why?" he snapped.

"Because," I returned suavely, "I have already rehearsed."

"Well, that will make no difference, for I will not let you appear on the stage."

"Oh yes you will."

"Well, maybe I will; but if I do, you won't get any money for it."

"Mr Croneheim," I responded with mock courtesy, "you will be so pleased with my performance that you will carry my money in on a tray when Saturday night arrives."

He left me then, and went to the front of the house, while I took possession of a dressing-room and arranged my wardrobe for the performance.

Early in the evening I was on hand, and going to my dressing-room, I made up and was down on the stage before the orchestra was rung in. I secured a programme, and discovered that my name was not mentioned upon it; so I informed Mr Hammond, the stage-manager, of the omission.

"What am I to do?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, with decision, "you tell Mr Croneheim that I am here ready to go on, and if he doesn't want a riot, he'd better let me know when and where my place on the programme is to be."

The stage-manager accordingly went to the front of the house, and returning, informed me that Mr Croneheim had said I was to go on after the overture; and he also added that the audience, coming in at that time, would have the effect of distracting my attention, and the result would be failure, thus enabling him to hand me my notice of dismissal.

I laughed upon receiving this kind of message, and told Hammond to inform Mr Croneheim that I would be such a success there that the rest of the entertainment would look like a disaster.

He departed with this, and again returned with the latest development of the managerial mind, which was to the effect that I should follow a three-act drama just before the Austin Sisters (the advertised attraction), who did a wonderful trapeze act which they terminated by walking on the ceiling of the theatre with heads hanging downwards; and Hammond told me that Mr Croneheim was so pleased with this brain wave that he had treated him to a glass of beer and remarked, "You see, the audience will be so anxious to see the Austins that they will pay no attention to his show, and we will get rid of him."

Mr Austin (the proprietor of the sister act) was standing close by as Hammond delivered the foregoing, and he laughed, so I said to the stage-manager, "Go on back, John, and tell Croneheim that when I get on the stage, the audience will forget that the Austin Sisters are on earth or in the air till I get through."

Austin laughed again and said, "Good boy, go after him.

Back came the stage-manager once more with yet another charge, but it turned out to be the last one, and it was lived up to.

Quoth Hammond, " He says you are to go on *after* the Austins, when the show is over; the people will go home, and you can't make the chairs laugh."

I fired my last shot and retorted, "Never mind, I will bring them back from their homes; but no matter what happens, I am going to get my money."

Minutes worked themselves into hours before the Austin Sisters went on; but when they did, they walked upside down as advertised, and the audience enthused. The two ladies bowed several times and finally retired, yet the people retained their seats. (I believed they were curious about the net that was stretched as a safeguard in case of a fall.) They sat still, watching the stage hands as they drew the net to the stage, and Croneheim became anxious. Standing at the back, he shouted, " The show is all over! The show is all over! "

I rushed on and shouted even louder, "No, it is not, it has only commenced"; and addressing the audience, I said, " Ladies and gentlemen, Mr Croneheim has engaged me to appear as a good excuse for you to come back again during the week."

They settled down comfortably into their seats whilst I helped the attendants with the net, then I started on my regular work; and that audience just fell into my hands like a ripe peach from an overloaded tree. They laughed until they were tired, and then laughed to rest themselves. Mr Croneheim laughed in concert, and came down and sat in one of the boxes. I was called and recalled, and finally I made a little speech, in which I thanked them for their attention, saying in conclusion, "There is a man in this house whom I do not like. I will not mention his name, but I will look at him"; and I walked over to the box occupied by Mr Croneheim and looked that gentleman straight in the eyes.

The audience fairly screamed; Croneheim stood up and applauded. I strode off the stage, went upstairs, washed, and the only person to be seen as I left the theatre was the night-watchman.

When I got off the ferry the following evening on my way to work, the first thing that attracted my notice was the announcement that I had been specially engaged and was the laughing "hit" of the season; but the most wonderful thing of all happened on Saturday night. Mr Croneheim came to the dressing-room with a tray, upon which was a glass of wine and an envelope containing my salary. As I consumed the liquor, he grinned and observed, "Whenever you are out of work, just move your trunk into this hall and stop as long as you like."

It was a pleasant termination to a disagreeable incident, but a greater surprise was yet to come; for when I opened the envelope I discovered a five-dollar bill over and above the amount of salary originally agreed upon. At the prospect of returning to Bridgeport, a great sigh crept from somewhere in my system and vanished into thin air; and I can safely say that it was not entirely a sigh of relief. I had been so successful, both from a financial as well as an artistic point of view, that I dreaded a return to the daily grind which I knew awaited me at the Parlour Opera House. I had tasted the "goods the gods provide," and I wanted still more of the "upper tendom" of theatrical life, and less of the "lower five"; but

" needs must when the devil drives," so I buckled on my armour and went forth to vanquish the foe.

"Papa" Cole (as he was affectionately called), noticed the change in me, however, and one day he remarked, " I am afraid you are not satisfied, Richard, and I'm sorry, because it means that you will leave me, and I shall regret losing a friend just as much as I shall regret losing a good stage-manager."

I thanked him, and observed that I saw no prospect of an immediate departure. He laughed and said he felt sure that chance was going to place good fortune in my path. I did not argue with him, but admitted to personal ambition in my profession, and hinted that it aspired to something more than the duties of a stage-manager at Parlour Opera House.

Upon hearing this, he said, " Well, you are right, of course, but remember that everything is overcrowded except the top; and if you ever get there you will find plenty of breathing room, but you may also find it a lonesome place to live in. Anyhow, I will never let our agreement stand between you and success." With that he shook me by the hand.

A few days later a wire came during the progress of the performance, and Mr Cole brought it round to me and said, " This is going to be your chance."

I opened the telegram and found that it contained an offer from Mr Austin to join his company for a season of forty weeks at a weekly salary of fifty dollars, exclusive of railroad fares and hauling of baggage. Silently I handed it to Mr Cole, and after reading he remained seriously contemplating it, while with one hand he reflectively stroked his " billy goat" whisker. "Take it," he said at length, " grab it, clutch it, and when you get a good hold, hang on to it. I wish someone would offer me the same terms, and I would go with you and say 'good-bye' to Bridgeport for ever."

I had to say something, so I blurted out: "You will not be angry?"

"Angry!" he said. "No; why should I be angry to see my friend succeed? I am sorry you are leaving me, but glad for your sake that you are going to do so well. Keep this as a memento of your stay in Bridgeport"; and removing the pin from his scarf, he stuck it in mine, paid me a full week's salary for four nights' work, came to the station to see me off, and it was then I felt that I had made a most unselfish friend, who had given me freely an opportunity to reach the high places in my chosen vocation, for the Austin Australian Novelty Company played every first-class theatre east of the Mississippi River, and I was to be one of a very select band. . . . My heart beat just a little faster.

CHAPTER VII

Richard has risen in the world, and acquits himself satisfactorily; a tough proposition in Chicago; lost and found; the Great Blizzard.

As the sun rose on Wilmington, it seemed to be brighter, the sky looked bluer, and the air felt clearer; and when I put in an appearance for rehearsal Mr Austin greeted me with a pleasant word of welcome, whilst the company declared me in without words or ceremony of any sort, and I immediately felt that I was one of them.

In addition to my individual "turn," I was cast for an eccentric character part in a condensed version of "Pink Dominoes," which was the piece selected to close the entertainment. As a single comedian I was fortunate enough to score, and the newspapers very kindly noticed me as one of the features of an excellent programme. I was also congratulated by the producers of the concluding item (Le Clair and Russell), who played the principal parts in it.

There was an international reputation attached to the company, the Austin Sisters being English girls of great ability who had appeared in Europe, India, and Australia prior to their latest and greatest "hit" in America. Messrs Le Clair and Russell had a good record, and are remembered by some to this day for their excellent work. Ella Wesner (the name alone ought to suffice, for she created a sensation in London at a period when George Leybourne was the Lion Comique) was with us, and she had but lately returned to America after a series of triumphs abroad. In later years, she was duplicated by another wonderful artiste, Miss Vesta Tilley, the Vital Spark. Then we had St George Hussey, who came from Ireland to America via England to sing "The Christening," "The Man that struck O'Hara," and other songs. She filled the ears of the public with lilting melodies, and her own pockets with notes; and as she pleased her admirers and herself at the same time everybody was satisfied.

Remza and Arno came to America from England, and were imported specially for this company. They were drolls of the first class, and dressing as Chinese, did a horizontal bar act; the tricks were excellent and they were genuinely funny. Charles Arno and I became friends from the first day in Wilmington, and many an hour did he keep me awake (when I ought to have been sound asleep) retailing stories of the incidents and events that had taken place in the music-halls (or in connection with them) of Great Britain. Before the season was over, I was familiar with the eccentricities of Paul of Leicester, and the stories concerning "Harwood's" in London and the "Britannia," Glasgow, had been told and retold until I knew them by heart. At the time I had a suspicion that these particular anecdotes were rather highly coloured, but the experience of later years proved the truthfulness of his statements.

Arno roused within me a desire that was not satisfied until I came to London. He was a splendid fellow, a most agreeable companion, full of fun, and as a joker he worked overtime. His face constantly wreathed in smiles, he saw the humorous side of everything, and I shall never forget how, on one occasion, he laughed at his own predicament. He had brought with him, from England, a tin trunk that was bright and shiny—when it reached America, but gradually there appeared upon its surface little dimples, then came wrinkles which, in a short time, developed into cracks. One day some of the other performers jokingly referred to these embellishments, and Charles retorted, " Oh, it's only cracking its sides at my jokes."

My particular story, however, is in reference to the tragic end of that ill-starred trunk. We had finished one week in Cincinnati, and our baggage was in the luggage-room at the railway station, where the trains ran on a low level, although the station itself was high up above, fronting on the street. To transfer the baggage from station to trains, it was necessary to slide each piece down a long chute, and those pieces, during the operation, certainly travelled fast. On this particular day the first trunk to be " shot " was a huge one of American manufacture, and correspondingly heavy. It reached the bottom and presented an iron-bound corner to the article following it, which happened to be Arno's tin box. The latter hit that iron-bound corner with some considerable force, and stuck fast; the third trunk contained the fixtures for the Austins, and descended at the rate of a mile a minute, " torpedoed " Arno's trunk amidships, and closed it up like a concertina. The owner of the wreck collected his scattered belongings, and we each put something away for him until the next town was reached, and he had an opportunity to purchase another trunk. Needless to say, he did not buy a tin canister.

Poor fellow, he is dead now, and with his demise came the turning out of a light that had illuminated many dark places. His mission was to create laughter; that mission fulfilled, he passed away and left many who both mourn and miss him.

Our wanderings finally brought me to Chicago, where we played three consecutive weeks: firstly, at a theatre situated on the south side of the city, the following week at another on the west side, and the third and last we devoted to a north-side theatre, known as the "Casino." The reader is possibly curious as to the reason for not stopping another week at an east-side resort and completing the four points of the compass, but Chicago is only a three-sided city, and Lake Michigan occupies the part that would have been the eastern side; and it is just as well that it is so. The lake is a great boon to Chicago, for it keeps the city from being so infernally hot in the summer.

Our first fortnight brought us audiences packed in so tightly that they almost crushed each other to death as they bubbled over with appreciative delight, and ours was voted the best show of that season; but—when we took possession of the "Casino" we were informed that it had once been a hall other than for theatrical purposes, and the audiences who attended, although large, had never been known to smile; in fact, they were so solemn that they chilled the artistes to the bone, and the efforts of those persevering mortals died a despairing death. Each show made money, but, just as regularly, each performance failed to excite the risible faculties of the patrons.

We travelled gaily to our doom, fondly hoping, after previous successes elsewhere, that we should succeed in convincing them of the existence of something worth laughing at. The opening night arrived, and as "turn" after "turn" came and departed amid a reproving silence, it seemed as though our confidence had been sadly misplaced, and we were to suffer the ignominious failure of our predecessors.

When I walked on to the stage they gazed at me as if in an appeal for mercy. I smiled, but the smile was false, and they saw through it immediately. They frowned, so I commenced operations by observing in my sternest manner, "Now come on, tell me what is the matter with you. Is it because you have had to climb a long flight of stairs that you refuse to laugh—or is it that you are actually devoid of all sense of humour? Or, on the other hand, have we failed to give you the right sort of material? If so, I am willing to meet you half-way, and you can trust me. If you have a laugh in your system, let me have it, and I will promise to cherish that treasure. I will do it up in cotton-wool and camphor, and next year I will return it to you in a perfectly well-preserved condition." Not a sound from anywhere!

"Now," I proceeded, "my business is to tell jokes, consequently I know every joke from the time that Noah went out on his yachting expedition until twenty minutes before I came on this stage, and if you will give me an idea of the type you prefer, I will reach you, even if it kills me." Nothing louder greeted my endeavours than a look of pained surprise, which swept over the sea of faces at my audacity; so I continued:

"You know the joke about the single man having no one to sew buttons on his shirts—and the married man having no shirts? I only tell you these just to find out what you like——" (Nothing doing!) "Now, I think the one about—'Who was Moses' mother?' And the little boy answered, 'Pharaoh's daughter.' 'Oh no,' replied the teacher, 'she found him in the bulrushes.' Then the boy gives the answer, and you laugh. No, you don't laugh. Well, I will try you with one more, and this is a personal experience in your city which I am going to relate. The other day I found myself walking along Illinois Street, and finally I stopped in front of the Court House. A great many of you don't know where the Court House is, but you will before long if you get your deserts. A crowd had assembled, and as they started forward, I joined them and gained a seat in the Criminal Court-room. There I listened to the trial of a man who had committed one of the most dastardly outrages known to modern times. He had actually murdered his wife, seven innocent children, and an aged mother. The jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, without even leaving their seats. The Judge thanked them for their verdict, and turning to the prisoner said, 'Never have I tried such a case. Never have I heard of such a crime. There are no extenuating circumstances connected with it whatever, and no penalty equal to the crime committed. Hanging is not to be considered, so,' he concluded, 'I sentence you to be removed from the Court-room where you now are, and taken to the Casino Theatre, and there be made to perform for seven nights, with the usual *matinées*; and may the Lord have mercy on you. . . ."

This did the trick. The audience looked for a moment, rubbed its eyes, and then began a laugh that grew into a deafening roar. In the midst of it I faded from view; but the audience was wide awake now, and up on its toes, and the rest of the entertainment went with a swing.

Kind friends spread the story, and each night the theatre was packed with crowds of people ready to be amused. When Sunday night arrived Mr Austin and John D. Hopkins did me the honour to congratulate me, and immediately proceeded to fine me ten dollars for breaking the rules of the theatre and disturbing the audience!

March of 1888 introduced us theatrically to Washington, where, after being safely installed, we received a warm welcome and settled down to accept the usual financial returns, and looked forward to an interesting week of sight-seeing; for just about that period Washington was emerging from the chrysalis stage and becoming, gradually, a beautiful city. (On my last visit, I discovered that Washington had "arrived" and is now a real contender for first honours amongst those cities aspiring to be "The City Beautiful.")

Charles Arno formed an alliance with one Barney Fagan, in addition to myself, and we three agreed to "do" the city together. The sights were interesting, and our selected subjects of conversation even more so. One day I inquired of Arno as to my possibilities of professional success in London, and he replied laconically, "Either a 'hit,' or you will go to your own funeral"; by which I justly augured that there would be no medium course. Barney laughed and proposed that we (he and I) should go together, entering into the proposition so far as immediately to prepare several ideas; but that was as far as we got together. Both of us succeeded in reaching London, but at different times. Barney Fagan came over with Henrietta Byron, and presented a most artistic act, in which the lady displayed great ability and introduced many novel ideas. He was the author and composer of that very popular song, "My Gal is a High-Born Lady," which was sung by Eugène Stratton, the famous coon delineator.

The week following our stay in Washington was to have been divided between Norfolk and Richmond, and we were booked to leave the capital at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, being due to arrive in Norfolk the following morning; but—man proposed—the elements imposed—and we were disposed of in a summary manner. We sailed away on a bright and sunny Sunday, and anticipated a lovely trip; but when we awoke the next morning no one seemed to know where we were. The waves dashing against us were supposed to belong to Chesapeake Bay, but they were so unruly in their rage that no self-respecting bay would have owned or claimed them. They seemed more formidable than they really were, owing to other terrors; we could not see our way on account of a severe snowstorm.

Blinded by snow and buffeted by waves, we just ran about aimlessly; ran out of coal, ran out of food, and finally ran out of our course and into a disused pier which jutted out from an unfriendly shore, piled high with the drifting snow. After tying up to the pier, we scoured the shore, but could not make our way through the snow; so we sat around in blankets, ate some candy, and then tightened our belts and prepared for the worst, which was hunger at that time. The Captain informed us that it was better to remain where we were and feel hungry than to drift about in constant danger of a collision and a watery grave, adding that we should be no less hungry afloat than ashore; and as he didn't intend to move anyhow, it did not matter how much we grumbled.

The storm finally blew itself out, and we started to drift away from the pier, an improvised sail accelerating our movements; and after a while we were taken in charge by a tug and dragged into Norfolk about eight o'clock at night, not Monday but Thursday! Large crowds were on the pier, cheering madly as the belated boat hove in sight; but we were not so much interested in the reception as we were in finding a place where we could get something to eat, and as soon as the gangway was down, "all hands" started for the nearest eating-houses. After feeding, newspapers were handed to us in which we read that our ship had foundered and all aboard had perished, so that gave us the pleasing experience of reading our own obituary notices. It was then that we realised why our property-man (who had preceded us on this occasion) stood on the pier with tears streaming down his face which wore a foolish grin, looking at us as we lined the sides of the incoming vessel.

Of course we were too late to play Norfolk, and were only able to devote two nights to Richmond; but they were two wonderful nights, for each member of the company received an enormous ovation because of passing safely through the Great Blizzard of 1888.

Arriving in New York, we were confronted by a wonderful city in white. Tall buildings were completely draped in Nature's wintry mantle, and glistening columns sustained cornices which were weighted down with icy stalactites, forming an ever-changing picture of kaleidoscopic beauty, and a sight that I never expect to see duplicated.

The season closed, and my position was assured. I no longer had to seek work, and among other kind offers received one from Mr R. G. Austin to continue with his company for another season at an increase of salary. But I had other views for my future, immediate and otherwise; and thus terminated one of the happiest chapters of my theatrical existence up to that time.

CHAPTER VIII

A tempting offer and its refusal; a broken compact begets a friend—in this case; a man amongst men.

THE summer of 1888 was a decided novelty to me, for I rested during those months and had ample time to prepare for the autumn and winter campaign. I received so many letters that summer that I had serious thoughts of asking the United States Government for a royalty upon their sale of stamps.

I was reminded rather forcibly of my "concert-hall" days in Chicago, when I had worshipped at the feet of Harry Kernell, a comedian the equal of whom I have never met. He could sing, dance, and tell stories better than anyone I have ever seen; was an excellent mimic; and there was no dialect too difficult for him. . . . When I was informed that he received one hundred and seventy-five dollars for each week's work, I think my heart stopped beating for five seconds, and then raced madly for a full minute to right itself. After becoming acquainted with that disturbing piece of news, I made it my business to walk over to the Academy of Music (which was situated on the west side of the city) and there waited for the talented gentleman to issue after rehearsal. He strolled through the stage door just like an ordinary person, very well dressed but in a quiet and subdued manner, and mingling with the crowd became entirely unnoticed, although he was one amongst thousands. I was upon the opposite side of the street, gazing with wide-open eyes, and wondering if I would ever command such princely terms and, should it be my fortune to do so, if I could manage to take it as quietly as he did.

Such are the thoughts of youth! Time has brought me many larger salaries than that of Kernell's, but not one of them ever produced the feeling of awe in my breast that his one hundred and seventy-five did. The surprise of my life came through this same comedian, for he stopped me on Broadway and, in a friendly fashion, asked what my plans were for the coming season. I told him that I had had offers, but, being in no hurry, had accepted none. "Well," he said, "I will give you one hundred and twenty-five dollars per week to come with me. You shall have railroad fares for forty-five weeks."

For a moment I stood as though rooted to the pavement, and then, thanking him for his offer, which was the best I had yet received, refused it and gave him my reasons for doing so. "I can't afford to take it," I said, "because you are a quick talker, and if you put me early on the programme, everyone will say that you had to do so in order that I might pull through, and if I went on after you, I might fail and that would spell ruin to me." I thanked him again, and we parted friends; he was good enough to say that he thought I would hold my own no matter where he put me.

Kit Clarke was the man with whom I made my next contract. He was the manager of Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels, and we agreed upon a weekly stipend of seventy-five dollars and all expenses, which included first-class hotels and sleeping-cars. This engagement was made possible through the illness of Robert Slavin, one of the three most prominent monologists ever associated with Minstrelsy. The famous trio consisted of George Thatcher, Bob Slavin, and Willis P. Sweatnam. (The latter played the part of the Pullman porter in the play "Excuse Me," which was produced at the Garrick Theatre, London, during the past season.)

As the time drew near for rehearsals, reports began to be circulated that Mr Slavin's health was improving, and I became uneasy; not that I wished to profit by his illness, but because I imagined that if he recovered there would be very little use for me, and they would, consequently, find a way to rid themselves of an incubus. And my prognostications proved correct, for I received notification that on account of Mr Slavin's return to health my services were no longer required.

I immediately signed a contract with Mrs Jennie Kimball to appear as the principal comedian in a musical comedy (originally produced by Miss Minnie Palmer, who played in England under the management of "yours merrily" John R. Rogers) entitled "Fun in a Boarding School." My salary dropped to seventy dollars per week and fares without sleepers; but here an idea obtruded itself upon me that was valuable.

I called upon Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the noted agnostic and certainly one of the finest men, and perhaps the greatest lawyer America ever produced. He received me, and laughed heartily at my proposition, which was, that he should try and recover damages from Messrs Johnson and Slavin, upon the understanding that he should have all he could get while I was to have the privilege of advertising in a theatrical paper that R. G. Knowles was suing Messrs Johnson and Slavin for damages, and was represented by R. G. Ingersoll. When he had finished laughing, he explained why that could not happen, but he gave me a letter to a noted civil lawyer who, upon that recommendation, immediately took up my case, won it for me, and when the damages were paid and I asked what I owed him for his able services, he shook his head and observed, " Not one cent. The letter you brought from Colonel Ingersoll is worth more to me than any fee I have ever received."

With this surprising answer still ringing in my ears, I hurried to Ingersoll's office and thanked him. He chatted with me for a long time, and invited me to visit him whenever I should be in New York. As I departed I noticed a horseshoe hanging, on which was the inscription: " Let no guilty man enter here "; but—let us leave Ingersollian information until later, for I must relate an incident which occurred recently and brought all these happenings vividly back to my mind.

I was walking along Broadway and met Kit Clarke; we had just shaken hands, when who should walk up but Carroll Johnson, the business associate of Slavin. M. B. Leavitt next put in an appearance, and he is connected with the story, for the J. and S. Minstrels played over his circuit of theatres, and he was a fellow-passenger of mine on my first trip to England in the *Alaska*. Harry Braham came along and joined our group. He is one of my oldest friends, and although he belongs to Britain he is much better known in America. Gerald Griffin made another; he had just stepped off the boat fresh from laurels won in England. It was interesting to all, for each knew the others; and there was a tinge of sadness over all, for our meeting had a purpose, and we had been drawn together to pay the last sad tribute to Charles Frohman, a man who had lived honestly and died heroically, an innocent victim of the war of nations.

Having still some time to spare in New York before joining the Kimball Company, I made it my business to call upon Colonel Ingersoll and thank him again for his friendly aid on my behalf. I was obliged to wait for half an hour, and thought of writing and leaving a note saying that I could wait no longer; but how glad I was I did not do that no one knows except myself, for when I was ushered into the presence of six feet of good nature called Bob Ingersoll, I was at once made to feel at home, and spent an enjoyable fifteen minutes. I was told, on parting, that there was no lock on the door which was used against friends, and he added, "Come as often as you like and see how long it will take you to wear out your welcome."

I tried to do so again and again, and each time my reception was warmer than before; and I look back upon those visits, brought about by chance, as a great gift, for I just revelled in the beautiful thoughts he expressed so simply that a child could have understood them. One day he made me a splendid offer to study law and enter his business; but I had already gone too far with my own profession, and could not afford to turn back whilst standing upon the threshold of success.

No man in the world has been less understood and more maligned than Ingersoll. He was simple in his mode of living, and did more good than many noted philanthropists, entirely without ostentation. He walked upon the broad road of humanity, and as he once said to me, "Pave the road that you walk upon with the good deeds of to-day, and it will make the walking much easier to-morrow."

So many stories concerning his death have gone abroad that were distressing to his family, and utterly false, that I feel I am conferring a favour upon all by relating the facts of the case as told to me by Mrs Ingersoll. Bob, as he was familiarly known by friends and admirers, the name of whom was legion, always joked with his wife regarding her desire to cure his many minor complaints with doses of calomel; and on that last sad day, being a little fatigued, he took a nap in the afternoon. Upon rising, Mrs Ingersoll pointed out to her husband that it would be necessary for him, when he had finished his lecture that evening, to take a dose of calomel. Bob commenced to laugh at this announcement, and, now thoroughly tickled, indulged heartily, his wife enjoying the joke also and joining in the laugh. Suddenly she was terrified to remark a strange look appear in his eyes, and immediately ran to secure the medicine which was always at hand and used for the purpose of strengthening his heart. She returned to the bedside, but it was too late to administer the drops. He fell back and, with one look of love and a squeeze of the hand to his devoted comrade, passed into the unknown. Who would wish for a simpler or sweeter end?

Ingersoll might have been President of the United States had he but renounced his ideas concerning orthodox Christianity, but, as he himself said, "If I am not true to myself, how, then, could I be true to the people?" In speaking of Heaven, he had said that there would be three great surprises waiting for those who were fortunate enough to get there. Firstly, they would see and recognise many people whom they were not expecting to encounter there; secondly, they would not observe those whom they had expected to meet; and thirdly, the greatest surprise would be that they were there themselves. Although he barred the guilty from his office, the innocent were always welcome guests, even if they were without funds.

Once, on behalf of a friend, he carried a case to the Supreme Court of the United States at his own expense, and, as his friend was being prosecuted for fraud against the Government, it seemed almost hopeless; but Ingersoll was confident of his client's innocence, and concluded a two days' speech with a simple but telling sentence: "And now, gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the last word in favour of my client that you will hear in this Court-room, until the foreman pronounces two eloquent words"; and extracting a large red apple from his pocket, he sat down and began eating it. The foreman *did* pronounce those two eloquent words. Stephen W. Dorsey broke down and cried, the spectators cheered, and even the Supreme Court judges joined in the applause.

Before concluding, I should like to relate a case that happened which goes far to illustrate the largeness of heart possessed by this giant amongst men. He heard of an instance where a man was on trial for manslaughter, and having made himself master of all the facts, took up the case. It appeared that a man and his wife were walking along the street, and the former, finding himself without a match, walked into a cigar store to obtain a light for his cigar. The wife, who had remained outside, was accosted by a loafer. She turned to enter the store and join her husband, but the interloper seized her by the arm. The lady called to her natural protector, and he, taking in the situation at a glance, shot his fist over her shoulder, and catching the assailant on the point of the jaw, felled him to the ground. He was senseless when picked up, so was removed to the hospital, where he succumbed, and the husband was arrested for manslaughter.

The day of the trial arrived, and the various witnesses gave evidence; but, strange to say, Ingersoll did not cross-examine them, and each was allowed to stand down without having a single question put by him. When it was time for his speech, Ingersoll rose and thanked the witnesses for their testimony, which, he said, was perfectly true, and that he had no complaint of any kind to make regarding it. Continuing, he said, "I am not going to take up the time of this Court, except to tell you a little story. A few days ago I received a letter from the wife of my client, saying that she was in great trouble. I called upon her and found that one of her little children had just died, and that she was also without money. It was then that I did what any other man in this Court-room would have done. I saw that the child had a decent burial. I attended the funeral, and upon returning, endeavoured to comfort the distracted mother as best I could. The remaining child, a little girl of seven years, came over to me, and clasping her little hands on my knee, said, 'Are they going to let papa come home?' That is all. And now, gentlemen of the jury, in the words of that little child, are you going to let papa go home? . . ." The foreman of the jury started to his feet, and with tears streaming down his face, shouted, "By God! you bet we will!"

Oh, it may not have been *law*, but it was Justice; and she had the bandage from off her eyes *that* day if never again.

While crossing the Atlantic on one occasion, I became acquainted with a gentleman who was the business head of a line of steamships plying between Glasgow and the Far East. Naturally he was a Scotsman, and he was also a very fine fellow. During the trip we became quite friendly, and one day he asked for the name of a good hotel to stop at during his stay in New York. I told him where I was going to stop and he said: "Well, that is good enough for me; and if you have no objection, I will join you." Instead of objecting, I was, on the contrary, delighted; and as we arrived on Saturday, we went straight to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

We agreed to take our meals together, and my new friend, Mrs Knowles, and myself were down early on Sunday morning enjoying an excellent breakfast, when we noticed the head waiter pointing our table out to a young man who stood at the dining-room door. The young man came over and said: "Am I rightly informed that this is Mr R. G. Knowles?" I bowed, and he handed me an envelope containing a note from Colonel Ingersoll, as well as two tickets for his lecture, which I saw by the date was to be delivered that same evening at Wallacks Theatre. I expressed my thanks, sent my compliments, and told him to inform the Colonel that I would most certainly waylay him in the lobby of the theatre at the termination of his discourse.

My friend, the Scotsman, looked at the tickets and in a horror-stricken tone asked: "Are you going to hear that awful man?" I quickly replied: "I most certainly am—and I consider the time will be well spent." Upon receiving that statement, he lost all interest in his food, and did not put in an appearance at the table again during the day.

That evening I went to "Wallacks" and listened greedily to the eloquent words which fell from the lips of that wonderful orator, and I must say I have never enjoyed an evening like it either before or since. At the close, I found the Colonel waiting for us in the lobby, and after a few minutes' pleasant conversation he presented copies of his latest works, and then added distinction to us by accepting an invitation to return to the hotel for supper.

I looked all over the hotel hoping to find the Scotsman so that I might introduce him to Ingersoll; but apparently he was otherwise engaged. However, he put in an appearance at breakfast on Monday, and we were scarcely seated when he resumed the subject by asking: "Did you go to hear him?" "Yes, we did," I replied. "Well," he said, "I would just as soon think of jumping out of the window as I would think of going to hear that man."

At lunch he returned to the all-absorbing topic, and we invited him to come up to our rooms. He did so, and there he continued his arguments against —"the awful man." I picked up one of the books, handed it to him, and asked him to open it anywhere. He did so, and I read the page to him; lifted another, and he again opened it, and I again read the contents; still another and another, and I could see my friend's eyes open with wonder. I asked him point-blank: "Now what have you got to say about that awful man?" He did not reply for fully a minute and then his answer was delivered very seriously: "The man who wrote those beautiful lines can't be bad."

Later he asked me where Ingersoll lectured the following Sunday. I told him Pittsburg, and added, "If you want to go, you will have to ride all day to get there in time to hear him—and then you will have to ride all night to get back here." His reply would have pleased Ingersoll, for it was strong and forcible: "I am going to hear that man lecture if I have to chase him to San Francisco."

On the following Sunday I saw him off to Pittsburg, but failed to see him on his return. Years later I met him in Glasgow, where he brought his son to the theatre, and he told me voluntarily that not only was he charmed with the lecture, but he had gone to the trouble to collect Ingersoll's various books; and what was more to the point, he had read every line, and proudly declared that since reading them he was a better and a wiser man, a better Scotsman, and certainly a no worse Presbyterian than he had been before. And that is equal to anything I have heard in praise of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

I cannot close this chapter without referring to Frank Macnaghten, one of my best friends and the possessor of one of the finest Ingersollian libraries on either side of the Atlantic. How I should have enjoyed bringing those two men together.

CHAPTER IX

A short one containing a diversity of incident; Richard receives a momentous communication which alters his arrangements.

For the Kimball season we rehearsed at Philadelphia, and the first few weeks were uneventful. Nothing very exciting occurred until we reached Syracuse, where we found a new experience awaiting us. After a successful opening and everything running smoothly, we left the theatre and went to our various hotels; and I remember being tired and going right to bed, where I dropped into a heavy slumber the moment I touched the pillow. I was awakened in the early hours of the morning by a loud knocking, and reaching a state of consciousness, asked rather testily: "Well, what is the matter?" The voice of our property-man assailed me with: "Are you sure you are awake?" I assured him that if I were not—it was not his fault. Then he said: "You might as well know that the theatre is on fire." I leaped out of bed and started to dress. Hearing my haste, he drawled out: "You needn't hurry, it is too far gone to save anything"—after which he went on his way, and I wondered why he had taken the trouble to wake me up; but I finished dressing and walked over to the burning theatre, arriving just in time to see a pair of trousers I wore as the deaf Professor waving a last fond adieu through a broken window, ere they fell into the all-consuming flames.

A most ludicrous scene occurred at the theatre in Cleveland, during the school scene, when the entire company was on the stage, and the laughter it caused was loud and long. All the boxes were occupied, and the patrons of one in particular were enjoying the show to their hearts' content when an accident happened: a gentleman seated in a box laughed so heartily that he dropped a double set of false teeth (the upper and lower sets were joined together in some way), and as they fell they opened out and alighted on the bald head of the bass fiddle-player. He being a dignified man, paid no attention to it, thinking that someone had dropped a programme. The audience fairly screamed, and all over the house there was a craning of heads to obtain a better view, and louder grew the laughter all the time, until it was impossible for us to proceed.

I walked over to the musician and said to him: "There is a gentleman in the box who is biting you; he has his teeth fastened in the bald part of your head." There was another scream which grew in volume as he mechanically raised his hand to his head and removed the offending molars. He looked at them, gave one gasp, and turned his eyes to the box where the owner was looking over with a face that displayed an ingrowing tendency. The bass-player laughed; the owner of the teeth joined the audience, and so did the company; it was the biggest general laugh I ever heard inside a theatre—in fact, we all laughed so much that there was very little laughter left for the piece. But it furnished a good story, and would have been excellent press material; but press agents were not so prevalent then.

The season grew older, and there was nothing more exciting than salary day to divert us; and that came so regularly as to be almost monotonous, but, needless to say, it was always acceptable. About the middle of the season W. S. Cleveland, business manager of Haverly's Minstrels, made me a very good offer which he wished me to accept at once. I was to be a principal end man, and also do a monologue.

I secured my release from Mrs Kimball, and opened with the Haverly show in Chicago, its birthplace, and where I, too, had made my first appearance. I shall never forget that first night. Charles Mitchell, the English champion, sat in a box with Jake Kilrain, and both enjoyed the show hugely. I remember the conductor of the company was named James Carpenter, an Englishman, and he presided over twenty-five musicians. As I was rehearsing he looked up and said: "Mister, you can't sing, you certainly can *not* sing." I told him I had not come there to sing. He said: "What did you come for?" "To make the people laugh," was my answer.

After the first performance he came into the dressing-room, and looking over at me, said rather quaintly: "Well, mister, you can't sing—but by jingo! you did make them laugh."

As I came upstairs to the dressing-room I overheard one of the members of the company ask a question of the others: "What do you think of Knowles?" The reply came from another: "Oh, he is all right for the big cities, but he will never do for the 'one night stands'" (meaning the smaller towns).

After our week in Chicago we went to Danville, Illinois, a "one night stand," and in my speciality during the performance, one man laughed so heartily that he got up to go out, lost his footing on the stairs, and was taken home with a broken leg. As I came along to my dressing-room that night, one of the critical voices I had heard the week before said: "He makes them laugh in the cities, but in the 'one night stands' he breaks their legs—I think he'll do."

Life with a Minstrel Company was quite different from that with either Dramatic or Variety Companies. In the first place there was a band and a daily parade, and one clause in the contract was lived up to in every detail, and that was, that each performer had to be well dressed and compelled to wear a tall hat on parade. At other periods these hats were consigned to hat-boxes mostly of leather, and as there were fifty-seven members of the company we presented a unique sight as we walked from the railway stations to the hotels. This procession called forth a remark from a resident in one of those famous "one night stands," as he stood leaning over a gate ruminatively gazing after this double line of men. He was rather attenuated, and instead of wearing whiskers that grew from his chin downwards, he had cultivated a new type of whisker; it grew from his chest upwards, and then fell like a waterfall over his collar and down again to his chest. Billy Rice was the other principal, and he and I were walking together at the tail end of the procession (this was compulsory as Billy was fat and had to walk slowly), and just as we were coming abreast of the native, we heard him soliloquising; his remarks were directed at the company. He said: "There they go! There they go! High hats, canes, umbrellas, satchels, and hat-boxes; but I'll bet there ain't a cuss among them got a trade."

Needless to say, it furnished Billy and myself with a hearty laugh; and that is the typical of the view of the Minstrels taken by the puritanical type of Yankee.

One very curious incident took place during the progress of the first part at the Saturday *matinée* one week at Hencks Opera House in Cincinnati. The house was crowded, and seated in the centre of the balcony, front row, were a newly married couple, evidently country people. They gave evidence of a great and ecstatic love, and their actions attracted the attention not only of the people on the stage, but of the balcony patrons around them, who watched every movement and enjoyed the situation, which, of course, was made the most of by the different comedians, each launching forth facetious remarks in succession. The husband was rather stoutly built and ornamented with a head of long, silky, and perfectly straight hair, which clung to his ears with a sadness indescribable, and presented the colour of dry hay; the bride was plump and vivacious. But both were oblivious to their surroundings, and the climax of absurdity was reached when the plump fair one drew his head on to her lap and proceeded to comb his hair with loving care.

The first part of our entertainment was terminated that day in a novel manner by each artiste combing another's hair. . . .

In due course we reached New York, and there encountered a phenomenal success. It was the end of the season, and as all the other large Minstrel Companies had each finished a three weeks' tour, we thought that if we could do the same we would have succeeded admirably; but we were destined to eclipse everything that had preceded us. We played two weeks in the borough of Brooklyn, one at the Grand Opera House, then we moved to the Amphion Academy; and then having stormed Brooklyn we carried our attack over to Manhattan, first appearing at the Windsor Theatre, then we moved to Niblo's Garden Theatre. (Adelina Patti made her first appearance on the stage of this theatre.) Our next move took us to the Grand Opera House, and when we finished up at Wallacks Theatre we were said to have brought Minstrelsy back to its palmiest days.

There were four companies of the highest class that season—Thatcher, Primrose and West; Sweatman, Rice and Fagan; Johnson and Slavin; and the Pioneer, "Mastodon Haverlys." There was also a permanent organisation known as Dockstaders Minstrels, and here let me say that the "Revue," as it is called to-day, originated with Minstrelsy, and is not of French origin.

No Minstrel show from its earliest days was complete without a satirical skit on passing events. A very good story is told of an agreement between two of the earlier companies. Sam Sandford's Minstrels and Skiff and Gaylord's were travelling over the same territory, and the agreement was, that the one which preceded the other should announce to the audience that their friends of the opposition company would soon be there, and say a few words in their favour. In one town Sandford omitted the announcement, and when, later, the two companies met by chance at a railway station, Gaylord said to Sandford, " Sam, you did not announce us to the audience in Altoona," Sam replied, " I couldn't." " Why not? " asked Gaylord. " Because," Sandford replied, " he went out."

The Haverly show was such a success in New York that we were secured for a series of Sunday concerts at Niblo's Garden Theatre. These entertainments consisted of good singing, instrumental music, and monologues.

At the inaugural concert, I was chosen for the first " turn," and after the orchestral selection I walked on just about the same time as the audience was walking in. In fact, they were coming in in droves. I saw there was no chance to do an ordinary turn, so I made a resolution to effect a radical change. I offered myself the position of chief usher, accepted it from myself on the spot, and immediately assumed the duties of the post by walking out over the orchestra and taking up a position in the centre aisle. I directed the seating of the people, gave them greeting with words of welcome and here and there a quip and a jest, commented on what they were going to see and hear, asked some why they were late, told others why they should not have been, and when they were all seated I went back to the stage, thanked them for their orderly conduct under such trying circumstances, told one story, and effaced myself, and was afterwards informed by everyone that I had introduced a novel idea and made a " hit."

During the week I received a letter from Mr

Augustin Daly, who owned a theatre on Broadway (bearing his name) which housed his famous company of players. I say famous advisedly, for they were known and loved on both sides of the Atlantic.

There is still a Daly's Theatre in London, but it was with a pang of regret that I saw Daly's Theatre in New York (which, whilst still bearing the name, is now devoted to a cheap form of entertainment). It is too far down town to attract the better-class audiences of to-day, and that is an example of how Industrial Progress pushes Art into the background, and the only way that Art can keep up is to be in the front always ahead of the band wagon. No matter what your walk in life is, keep up with the procession, because no one notices the stragglers, and you can't advance in this world by looking over your shoulder.

Returning to that momentous letter, I can more adequately explain how I felt by asking, friend the reader, if you ever received a letter that aroused within you the greatest curiosity concerning the contents, and yet you found yourself in no hurry to open it? First you examine the address, and if you are satisfied that it is intended for you, you become interested in the postmark; and, after a careful scrutiny, you examine the flap of the envelope to see that it is properly sealed. Well, I did all these things, and then looked at the corner, where there was a simple line which was in script— " Daly's, Broadway, New York." Finally, after going through all the preliminaries, I decided to open the letter and read its contents. They were brief, and requested me to call at Daly's Theatre at a given hour to meet Mr Augustin Daly.

My mind refused to act, and for the moment I could not imagine what he wanted with me; but I immediately answered the letter, confirming the appointment, and at the stated time I was at the stage door asking for Mr Daly.

The stage-door keeper (as I thought him to be) was remarkably active, wonderfully tall and correspondingly thin, and he was dodging hither and thither in every direction, avoiding falling bricks and giving orders. When I finally secured his attention, he asked my business. I told him my name, and I was surprised when the answer came: "Oh yes, I know you. I saw you at Niblo's Garden Theatre last Sunday evening. I am Mr Daly." Well, that took my breath away and I could not answer. He continued with: "You did a number of things that I liked very much." I recovered quickly and was preparing to place myself on the pedestal he had erected for me when he said: "And you did a great many things I did not like at all."

I fell from a great height, but before I was utterly crushed, he went on and offered me a three years' contract at his theatre, starting at a fair salary for the first year, twenty-five dollars' rise for the second, and the third was to be mutually arranged. I signed the contract and said good-bye to burnt cork and Minstrelsy for ever.

CHAPTER X

Richard dips into romance and finds favour; the new régime; a false accusation; Richard returns to the old love and another; partners; the arrival in London; new sensations.

Now, before taking up my daily duties in Daly's Theatre, I had to face the summer, and although I had no intention of working, work was forced upon me, for who should come along but Mr Croneheim, and he offered me a huge salary (that is, huge for Hoboken) which I accepted, and went over, for rehearsal, to the place that had given me a great start in the theatrical world.

How well I remember being asked what I thought of Cleveland, and I replied: "Well, I found him a splendid fellow to get along with, and I hoped he liked me as well as I did him." A young girl was sitting a few seats away, and as she turned in my direction, I remember part of a banjo case coming into view; but that was a secondary affair to the look on her face. I had spoken so familiarly of a man who had been chosen for the Presidency, that she looked at me with indignant surprise and not a little reproach. You see, we were at cross purposes inasmuch as I was referring to the manager of Haverly's Minstrels and not to his distinguished namesake.

That evening the young lady appeared on the programme, singing, dancing, and playing the banjo.

Her name was Winifred E. Johnson. Apparently we were mutually attracted, for there and then began a courtship that lasted until I induced her to change her name for another; but I will tell you in another chapter how all that happened.

I again went to Boston to play for Mr Keith, and not only did he give me two weeks instead of one, but he also raised my salary to more than double the amount he had given me on my previous visit.

Fortune continued to smile on me, and the press throughout the United States were attentive on account of my prospective Daly engagement. Rehearsals were called at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for " The Golden Widow," which was the title of the comedy chosen for the opening of the season, and I was cast for a beadle; to tell the truth, I did not know what a beadle was, but what did that matter? I did not care.

I went to Philadelphia dreading to meet the other members of the company, but was partly relieved when I found that T. J. Cronin was also engaged. I knew him very well, as he had been connected with the variety theatres and was one of the members of the original " Big Four." We huddled together to avoid the chilly atmosphere that we expected to find surrounding the legitimate actors.

Our expectations were not realised, for everyone was graciousness personified. We were received with open arms and taken right in; and a rare good time we had, for stories of Minstrel and Variety life were greatly in demand, and we had always plenty of listeners. And no more genial people could have been found than Miss Ada Rehan, who, though the head of the company, was always a good comrade;

and dear old Mrs Gilbert, with a smile, a nod, and a word of good advice for everyone. Miss Henrietta Crossman was charmingly clever and cleverly charming. Kitty Cheatham and Isabel Irving, both very young and both very excellent *ingénues*, were filled with ambition, and certainly lacked nothing in vivacity. Such men as John Drew (who was then the best of American light comedians, and still retains that position), James Lewis the low comedian *par excellence*, Charles Le Clercq, William Wheatleigh, and Wilton Lackaye, were all splendid actors and companionable men. The piece was fully rehearsed in Philadelphia, but the season's opening turned out to be a comparative failure; and although it ran for a period, it was not up to the standard of a Daly success.

I happened to do a bit of unrehearsed business with Miss Ada Rehan which secured a hearty response from the audience, and as it pleased Mr Daly, it was kept in during the run. At the same time, I received a caution not to do unrehearsed business, and the reprimand was given in a straightforward way; but it was nevertheless firm, and was obeyed to the letter.

Cronin had made a hit, and he was cast for the second piece; but I was left out, and had to walk around New York with nothing to do except report myself at the stage door each night at seven-thirty, and pay a weekly visit to the manager's office and there draw my salary. Being of an active disposition, this idleness chafed and fretted me, especially as I had several kind offers from other managers. A relief came with the regular Daly Shakespearian production.

This was an annual affair, and was the feature of the season's work, including in the cast every member of the Daly company, which was not the case in any other piece, the players of minor parts being frequently overlooked. The comedy for that season was "As you like it," with Ada Rehan playing "Rosalind," John Drew cast for "Orlando," and James Lewis was "Touchstone." I was cast for a small part that could have been done without; in fact, later, it was done without, for an epidemic of grippe broke out and I was asked to play the wrestler, which had been intended for Mr Hobart Bosworth, but he was one of the first victims of the malady. (Later I met him in Los Angeles, California, where he went for health, found it, and also found a chance to enter the Motion Picture-Play Producing Line, and now the Bosworth Company is one of the great producing firms of America.) I fell into his position, but could not fill his clothes. I had the height, but the costumier had to furnish me with the necessary proportions to create an idea that Charles was powerful.

Charles Le Clercq was the next victim, and for a time I doubled Charles, the wrestler, with the old shepherd. During this period of stress Cronin had made a hit as William.

All those who were acquainted with Augustin Daly and his methods knew that he was a severe stage-manager. He permitted the actor or actress to introduce whatever business they liked, but he always asked why it was done. If you gave a good reason for it he elaborated it; if you could not give a good and sufficient reason, out it came. He was tall, and his body was not as long as it ought to have been, but his legs were longer than they should have been. He frequently left his chair, which was placed near the footlights in the centre of the stage, and took his place well back on the ground-floor of the theatre; and I remember a very funny incident taking place.

It was the scene where Le Beau (played by Sydney Herbert) was describing the achievements of Charles to Rosalind and Celia, and the cheers of the bystanders, who were located off the stage, drowned the voices of those before the public. Mr Daly rose to his full height and charged to the brim with wrath. He did not go out to the aisle and walk down as another might, but he raised one foot after another, and as each one came to the floor again, he was one row of chairs nearer the stage. Everything quietened down, for we instinctively knew when a storm was brewing, and by the time he reached the orchestra rail the wings were crowded with the various members of the company. When angry he emphasised his remarks with a little movement of his head to the right, and before it got too far his head went back and his chin went out. On this particular day he shouted: "Guards! Guards!" The Guards filed on. He looked at them for a moment, then his head moved, and he said: "This is the play. These are the actors," indicating Rosalind, Celia, and Le Beau. "They are the ones we want to hear; you—you are merely the atmosphere"; and I can assure you that that same atmosphere felt very chilly at the moment.

A story is told of May Irwin (an excellent comedy actress), at rehearsal, walking in to secure a broom that had been left in the drawing-room. She was

AN OLD SPANISH MISSION HOUSE. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

See page 119.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT. NEW YORK.

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merely looking for it, she did not know where it was, but, strange to say, she walked straight to the spot and picked it up from behind a sofa. Mr Daly stopped the rehearsal, and asked Miss Irwin if she knew the broom was behind the sofa. She knew trouble was brewing, so she replied: "Oh yes, Mr Daly"; and he satirically asked her to inform him how she knew. In her inimitable manner, she drolly replied: "I saw the property-man put it there." He squirmed with delight, but she did not go to the sofa first at the next rehearsal.

We were rehearsing the piece that was to follow "As you like it" (which ran in New York for ninety-six consecutive performances), and I was cast for a character that had not to put in an appearance until the third act; but, as he dominated the piece from his entrance to the fall of the curtain, which fell on a catch line of his, I just revelled in the thought of the good fortune that had fallen to my share. One day in the greenroom, while we were looking over the illustrated papers which reproduced the scenes from "As you like it," the call came for the first scene, but Sydney Herbert could not find his part. He looked everywhere, but it had mysteriously disappeared. He informed Mr Daly, who severely reprimanded him, and after he had apologised, rehearsal commenced. I told Mr Wheatleigh about it, and he said: "Someone has it in his pocket. Everyone ought to look"; and with that he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the missing part. I laughed loudly, and as I turned, caught a cold look from the managerial eye. I crossed the stage to the spot occupied by Drew and Lewis, and described the situation; they laughed, and of course I joined in. Again the baleful eye and the restless movement of the head, so I dodged behind the wing.

After I had finished my work in "As you like it," the stage-manager handed me an envelope. I opened it, and found an order to report at Mr Daly's private office as quickly as I could dress.

I changed quickly, and the stage trees in the forest of Arden trembled as I knocked at the door. Silently I was motioned to a seat. Silently I took it, and silence held the stage while Mr Daly arranged a lamp so that it illuminated my face. He began: "Now, Mr Knowles, why did you take Mr Herbert's part?" I protested very forcibly that I had not taken it. "Ah, yes, yes," and he became sarcastic, "but I think you did." Then I lost my temper and retorted: "Yes, yes, but because *you* think so does not make it so." "Well I still believe you did, and to punish you, I am going to take away your part in 'The Priceless Paragon.'" "Yes," I said, "but that is not fair." "You will find it is a warning to you," said Mr Daly, and he prepared to rise, signifying the fact that the interview was over.

I went out of the office, went to my dressing-room, and took the part I was to be deprived of, also the parts in "As you like it," tied them neatly together, and went upstairs to the office, knocked, and was requested to enter. I walked in, and handing over my package, said: "Mr Daly, you have taken away one part—I give you the others, and I leave your company to-night." He looked at me in pained surprise as I turned and walked out.

I then went to the office of Richard Dorney, his manager, and demanded four nights' salary. He implored me not to ruin my chances—he told me Mr

Daly liked my work, and that he was only disciplining me. I protested against being called "over the coals" for something I had not done, reiterated my innocence, and demanded my money. He said: "Salary day is Tuesday; you will have to wait." By that time I was less angry, so I said: "Well, Mr Dorney, of course my salary is so large that I suppose you will have to wait till Tuesday before you can take it in."

I returned on Tuesday, and was handed my salary. Mr Dorney shook hands and said: "Oh, you headstrong boy, you are throwing away what many would give years to get."

I had refused an excellent offer to go over to Hyde and Behman's in Brooklyn for a week. It was still open, so I accepted and they billed me largely as coming direct from Daly's Theatre; and I believe that was the first time in Vaudeville a feature was made of the fact that the star came from the leading theatre of America, which position "Daly's" held at that period. The engagement in Brooklyn was for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and it was the first time I had actually received that amount; the engagement was made by James J. Armstrong, who was, at that time, the leading and one of the best agents in America, and one of the fairest men it would be possible to meet anywhere.

After leaving "Daly's" I played a few weeks in Vaudeville, and signed a contract to create a part and appear as joint star with Wm. J. Russell in "A Pair of Jacks." During rehearsals I continued to play, and when everything was ready the information came that we were to go through to the Pacific Coast.

I was overjoyed at the announcement, except for the fact that it took me away from New York, where the Johnson family lived. I had been a constant visitor at the house, and the mother of Winifred had taken quite a fancy to me; but I did not visit the house to see *her*, even though she was always glad to see *me*. The head of the family had died, but as he had been an actor of note, who in his time had played many parts, and was credited with being one of the finest character-actors of his period, there was no opposition to our engagement on account of stage prejudice, so we determined that if the "Pair of Jacks" should prove a success, I should return to New York at once, get married the following day, and then later, when her engagements were finished, she should come along to San Francisco and join me.

We opened in Wilmington, at a Saturday *matinée*, and the piece went with a swing. I did not accept that as a verdict, but waited for the night, and it went so well that I was afraid it might be a flash in the pan. Mr Russell accompanied me to the telegraph office, and as we came in the operator laughed. While I was writing the telegram, he said, "I saw the show to-night"; and I said, "Well, I am in a quandary"—and I told him I wanted to send a message, and if the show was a success, I wanted to leave on the night train for New York. He said, grinning at me, "Write your address and let me send the message." I did as he requested, and he wrote "'Pair of Jacks' a huge success. R. G. Knowles is elected Mayor of Wilmington, and he is coming to New York to-night"—signing it "telegraph operator."

I arrived in New York in the morning, called at the house, took Miss Winifred out to breakfast, and brought Mrs R. G. back to lunch. Next day I rejoined the company, and arranged for Mrs Knowles to meet us at Columbus, Ohio. She came on, and was an extra feature with her speciality. We went to the Pacific coast and played back again; but several changes of cast took place. I rewrote the play, kept it up to date, and finally closed in Pittsburg, where we had a peculiar experience.

We had decided to go to Europe for our honeymoon, but suddenly realised that we had not been as saving as we should have been; and on the last few weeks we resolved to save as much money as we possibly could. We started to retrench on our hotel bills, and went to a cheap hotel, but did not like its appearance, so we tried one just a grade above it. We only stopped one night at the second place, changed again, and did not care for the third; but finally found a resting-place in the Hotel Buchanan. George Booker of Booker and Narbis was a member of the company, and he was stopping in the same place.

All was satisfactory until one night, at the close of the performance, a member of the quartette came in and told us that the hotel was burning. Booker and his wife, together with Mrs Knowles and myself, hurried round, to see the streets lined with police holding the crowds back. I informed a policeman that we were stopping at the hotel and would like to save something if we could, as the fire was at the back. He allowed us to pass through, and we went to our rooms, packing our trunks while the flames were licking the window sashes. After we were packed up, George Booker and I each took hold of an end, and we carried a trunk down to the street, where the ladies sat on it. We returned and got the other one, secured a cab, and when the driver asked "Where shall I drive you?" I recklessly said: "The best hotel in the city." He took us at our word, and instead of saving money, we found it the most expensive week of the whole season.

There were two weeks to be put in before sailing, and Mrs Knowles booked those with Tony Pastor (the best known and the best loved of all the managers who ever visited England), while I went to Boston and played my last two weeks with my friend B. F. Keith. The following Saturday we sailed on the *Alaska*, which was at that time called *The Greyhound of the Atlantic.* Among the passengers were the Cragg family, and on that trip we struck up a friendship that has lasted to this day, and may it continue!

We arrived in Liverpool on 7th June, 1891, and decided to stop in that city for the night, so we went to an hotel; and in the morning I thought the bill was somewhat extravagant, but I paid, and decided to work it out on the way down to London, which everyone said was "up." I remembered having asked the time at the hotel office, but thought no more of the occurrence until I found it facing me as an item on the bill—"For information concerning time, sixpence," and it was then that I made up my mind to read all accounts before paying.

We arrived in London on Monday, 8th June, and went to Gower Street (where we had been advised to stop), secured apartments, and settled down to see, enjoy, and profit as much as we could by our visit.

Our first night we spent in quietly walking about, trying bus rides and hansom cabs. We returned late and slept soundly on our first night in the world's metropolis.

The noise of the traffic caught our ears in the morning, and it was not long before I started out on a voyage of discovery; but before I returned, I had located all the principal points, looked over the West End theatres and music-halls, and called upon Mr Hugh J. Didcott, whose office at that time was situated on York Road, near Waterloo Station. After a short conference, he agreed to take charge of our business, and here I must pay a tribute to the ability of that wonderful man. He knew as well as any man in the world how to arrange a programme, and what he did *not* know concerning the value of a " turn " is not worth much to our present-day agents.

He introduced me to Mr Ben Nathan, his partner, and invited me to bring along Mrs Knowles and have dinner with him that evening, which I did, and met for the first time Miss Roma T. Roma. We enjoyed the dinner, also the society of our two newest friends, who took us first to the " Alhambra," where we saw a few " turns," and then transferred our attention to the " Pavilion," where we saw three " turns." The first was Tom Leamore, who sang a short, quick song entitled " I'm going," and vanished after taking a quick curtain. He was followed by Gus Elen, who appeared as an " extra turn." He burst into song, and informed us, during the course of a long, slow lyric, that he also was going. Then along came Harry Freeman (one of the most charming men one would wish to meet), and the chorus of his song was " I'm not—I'm not—I'm not." As Ben rose to go, not out of disrespect to the performers, but we had laid out a programme which, in fact, resolved itself into doing turns, for we were to visit four halls, I remember saying to Miss Roma: "Well, we are joining the majority." She asked: "How is that?" I replied: "You see, two told us they were going, the third was not."

We saw the greater part of the ballet "Orfeo" at the "Empire," and were delighted beyond expression as it was simply entrancing, and the first we had ever seen; and I think it is a matter of regret that that type of entertainment is lost to the world, for it was not local, it belonged to all nations.

Our last turn was at the "Oxford" which, like the "Pavilion," was an old-fashioned hall instead of the up-to-date palace of amusement it is to-day. We arrived in time to help a large audience extend a greeting to the first comedy favourite of the London halls. And what a comedian! I can see him now as he appeared in his character study of the "Grass Widower," and never shall I forget the joyous tingle that went through my system when he told the audience, in almost tearful tones, that he had just come from the station, where he had been bidding his wife farewell, and was so glad she had gone that he hired two cabs and then ran all the way home between them; and again when he burlesqued the "Shopwalker" I screamed with delight at his climbing imaginary steps to pull out imaginary boxes to show imaginary goods to imaginary people, and made it all appear so real. He is dead now, but during his life he removed the burden of care from the shoulders of so many people that he not only earned a position in this sphere, but ought to be a welcome addition in that better one we have yet to discover.

Tired but happy, we wended our way home, and talked of our future plans; but for the present we had made up our minds to see the sights, and we prepared our itinerary, which included for the following day Westminster Abbey and St Paul's.

In time we found the National Gallery, the Royal Academy, and the Tower of London. These places were all reached by bus, and we thoroughly enjoyed our first week. By this time we were becoming acquainted with the theatres and music-halls at night, and getting in touch with the habits and customs and character of the people. On Friday we were summoned to appear at the Didcott offices, and there received the information that we were to rehearse at the "Trocadero" on Saturday at twelve, and both Mrs Knowles and myself were to appear for one consecutive week at that small but beautifully decorated hall. But we will close now, and later I will describe our opening in the West End of the largest city in the universe.

CHAPTER XI

The Lake District; Nature's best; Richard manipulates an engine, and "damps" his ardour; amateur constructionists; a retrospection.

Now there is no particular reason why I should leap from London to Lake Sunapee, in New Hampshire, in this reckless fashion; but I feel inclined to do so, because my surroundings are proving too much for me. The first excuse is that coincidence has impelled me in that direction; the second is that several of the preceding chapters were written on the shores, in the woods surrounding, and in a canoe floating quietly on the placid bosom of "The Home of the Wild-fowl," for that is what "Sunapee" means in the Algonquin language.

During our stay we were reminded that the 30th May was Decoration Day, and also of the fact that twenty-four years ago that very day we had sailed from New York for Liverpool. And further it reminded me of a Decoration Day that was memorable years before. Perhaps it would be better if I explained here exactly what Decoration Day means. It is a holiday given over to the decorating of the soldiers' graves; a very beautiful custom and admirably carried out. On the particular day that I am speaking of, a great general was lying at death's door, and as a mark of honour and respect, the line of march was turned to pass his house, which was situated just off Fifth Avenue.

In the early hours there came through the open windows the sound of the fife and drum, and at once the old soldier's ear was all attention as he heard the quick but irregular tread of the militia. They reached the house, and the orders were given to halt, turn, and salute; that done, they continued their march, and the general knew that the State regiments had come and gone. In turn they were followed by the "Regulars," at the same speed and with all the aggressiveness, but with the regularity of soldiers who had fought on the field. Commands were issued as before, obeyed in the same manner, and the paid soldiers of Uncle Sam had passed and gone. Then came the weak, faltering tread of the old veterans, and the dying man knew that the men who had fought with him and under him were at his door. He dragged himself from the bed, crawled slowly across the carpet to the window, drew himself into an upright position by the aid of the curtains, his hand went weakly to his head, fell tremblingly to his side, and Grant had given his last military salute.[1] And then came the greatest victory in a life that had bristled with brilliant achievements, for he kept the grim sentinel Death at bay for one year while he wrote his memoirs in order that his family might be provided for.

But Grant was more powerful in death than he was even in life, and he proved it by calling together the northern and southern generals, who came to the little cottage where his last hours were spent in work, and looking out over the fair valleys below. When they had all arrived, he asked them to shake hands across his bed, and with four simple words he sealed a compact of friendship that never could and never would be broken. A grateful public gave him a beautiful tomb, where he sleeps high above the Hudson on the spot he loved best; and as we pass through the portals of that tomb, high in the air above us stand out his four last eloquent words: " Let us have peace."

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[1] I am indebted to General Horace Porter for this incident, which is true.

I shall never forget coming into New York at nine o'clock at night, when his body was lying in state at the city hall, and my amazement at seeing a line of people, four deep and two miles long, slowly making their way to pay silent tribute to the illustrious dead. His funeral was impressive, and every state was represented. The funeral car was crowned with great black plumes, which had to be lowered at the corners where the telegraph and telephone wires crossed. There were black horses, each led by a coloured man six feet or over in height, and old veterans trudged every mile of the way. It is not less than five miles in distance and it was one of the hottest days of a hot summer, but hundreds of thousands stood and waited to see the last of a man who had fought to free the slaves and save the Union.

There is a story told of some busybodies who were kind enough to inform President Lincoln that Grant drank whisky. Lincoln asked the Committee what brand he drank. They wanted to know why he asked such a question, and Lincoln replied, " So that I can send a barrel of the same to some of the other generals." Which also reminds me of another Lincoln story.

A Committee came from Chicago, and its members were ushered into the presence of the President.

When settled, they said they had come from Chicago, and had been sent by the Almighty to stop the war. Lincoln said, " I can understand thoroughly that the Almighty wants to stop the war, but why He sent you by way of Chicago is more than I will ever be able to find out."

But to return to Lake Sunapee, John Hay, who introduced " The Pike County Ballads " to the world, died here. He was called Senator Hay, but whether he had ever sat in the Senate I do not know. He was, however, Ambassador at the Court of St James, and that is a high honour indeed. He was recalled to take a portfolio in the Cabinet of Theodore Roosevelt, and he ably filled the office of Secretary of State, which is equivalent to that of Minister of Foreign Affairs in Great Britain. The author of " Mary Had a Little Lamb," Sarah Josepha Hale, was born on the shores of Lake Sunapee, and the little school-house that has been immortalised in every part of the world by her simple poem, is still standing; and along the road skirting the lake, Daniel Webster walked to school, carrying his boots in his hand.

Now that I have told you of these people, let me explain my reason for being here, and give you an idea of the surrounding beauties, some of the quaint stories that I heard, and some of the experiences which came my way. Great writers have given of their best in praise of various lakes in different parts of the world, and after having visited most of the lakes and enjoyed each of them, I think there is still an opening to describe this Lake of Sunapee.

We were invited to spend a short vacation with a couple of very old friends, Mr and Mrs Matthews, whom we will call Bill and Nellie from now on. Their cottage was called "Hiawatha," and stood within fifty feet of the water; and Bill fell over himself telling me about the number of fish it contained. "Why, the lake is literally alive with them," he vociferated. Nellie broke in: "And the sun shines every day in the year."

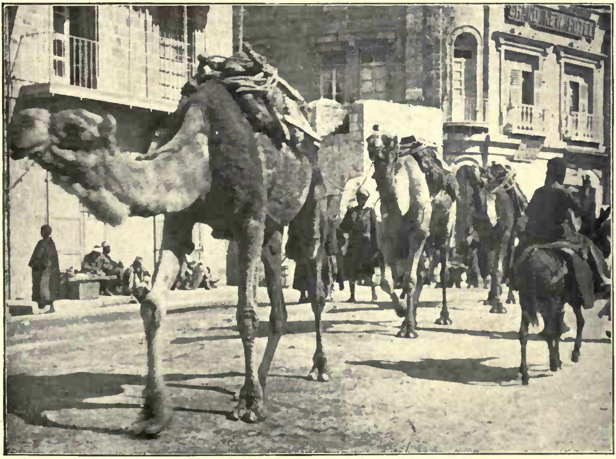
Well, we left New York in brilliant sunshine, and upon arriving at the lake, we found rain falling in torrents—so away went the second fable. I looked for the wild-fowl, and even if they had ever existed, they seemed now to have departed this life or left the lake for good and all. And now comes the fish story. After a ten days' constant search about the lake, I only saw one fish; and that specimen was not over six inches long, and it was trying to bite a piece off the end of Bill's wharf. If it had succeeded, whatever would have happened to Bill's fleet, consisting of three row-boats, two motor-launches and one canoe? I used the canoe for fishing, but I caught nothing except a snapshot once in a while. But apart from these drawbacks, Sunapee is as beautiful as any lake I have ever seen—with a beauty all its own.

The lake is nine miles in length, and varies from a quarter of a mile to three and a half in width. There are numerous landing-stages, a few harbours, and innumerable indentations as the shore darts in and out in a most irregular fashion; and there is a versatility about its shores also, for while, in one spot, there is a stretch of sandy beach, suddenly there comes a mass of granite glistening in the sun, and I may tell you that the sun has worked overtime ever since that first d——, no, *damp* day.

The lake might well have been called chameleon,

A GLIMPSE OF LAKE SUNAPEE. BETWEEN THE ISLANDS.

See page 134.


GRAND NEW HOTEL

CAMELS CARAVAN. PORT SAID.

See page 179.

for there is no colour that I have not seen upon it. Before dawn it is opaque and as black as it can be; as the day breaks, there is a magical change to French grey, followed soon after by a yellowish green; but when the sun rises over the back of the cottage and hits the water, then it becomes a beautiful marine blue. When the west reaches out to embrace a setting sun there steals over the surface a tint of reddish gold that quivers in the wind and seems to extend a cordial invitation to come and enjoy the loveliest time at the most beautiful hour of the day. Then the sky looks like a wave of opals breaking on a shore of burnished copper; and at night, when the moon rises, the water resembles a sheet of dull silver, with the exception of one shaft of light marking the path of the moon's rays, which seems as if the polisher had been at work and was not satisfied until he had set a diamond in every ripple, to wink joyously in every direction. There are no crown jewels in America, but Nature has given generously from her store, and they are free to all.

The timber grows down to the water's edge, and the varying shades of green are most fascinating. Dark pines rising straight from the earth are in the majority, and have formed colonies of their own; but here and there groups of silver birch have made themselves at home, and their glistening trunks stand out against the darker background of the majestic pines. These trees fill the air with their pungent odour, strengthening the healthy and giving health to the invalids. Can you imagine anything more beautiful in a waterscape? Well, there is more to come, for I may tell you that those trees are reflected in the water in so wonderful a fashion that they form a double frame for what is nothing more nor less than a liquid sapphire. The undergrowth carries one back to the lovely glens in the Isle of Man, for there are great banks of moss, and ferns of all sorts and sizes.

The land rises abruptly from the lake, piling itself into small hills, and this seems to have been an experiment, for as soon as Nature saw that she was successful, she put forth a greater effort and encircled Sunapee with mountains rising as high as two thousand seven hundred feet. They are the guardians of the State's treasure-house, and smile at the follies of the city folks who come to play.

Awakened in the morning by the crowing of cocks and the cackling of the hens, and cheered on our way by the singing of birds, fleecy white clouds hang overhead, and the breeze, though gentle like the poor, is always with us. The railroad is miles away and the only sounds that come to us are the dipping of paddlers, the chug-chug of the motor-launches, and once in a great while the toot of a motor-horn; then we are lulled to sleep at night by the trill of the tree toad, and thus run the hours away.

Now what do we find in the shape of humanity? There are the people who live here all the year round, and they are generally thin, as far as the male sex is concerned, and frequently stout are the females. But there are all kinds: people who never speak and people who never stop speaking; and the War is the subject of a great many controversies. Many people think that Great Britain is not entirely innocent, but they are, at the same time, unanimous in their desire to see Germany defeated. There is a man here who looks like a boy, and he supplies the cottagers with butter and eggs. One day he delivered a roll of butter that was strong enough to go to work, and on his next visit Nellie naturally accused him of leaving bad butter; he broke out into a broad grin, which almost hid half his face, and said: "Yes, it was bad, wasn't it?" Then Nellie asked, "Why did you give it to us?" His grin by this time almost met at the back of his neck, and he said: "Well, they said that you city folks never would be smart enough to tell the difference."

I now want to point out another character, and he is the handy-man of Sunapee. Whitely sells everything from a needle to an anchor, but Taylor will *make* anything, or *do* anything. I asked him one day if he would undertake a contract to move the lake to the top of the mountain, and his reply was quick: "Yes, and if you pay me enough I'll agree to move them both to the moon."

He was, originally, a wholesale grocer whose partners did not desire his co-operation in procuring orders or sharing the profits, so he found himself edged out of the business with one hundred and ninety-one dollars in his possession. He left his wife in Boston with one hundred and eighty of those dollars, and with the remaining eleven dollars he started for the lake, declaring that he was going to do things that pleased him instead of trying to make people believe that his firm sold the best groceries in the world. He did anything and everything as long as it entailed outdoor work, and he succeeded so well that he brought his wife and family to the lake. Now he owns property, a pier, a boat-house, and a fleet of boats that would not be out of place at Tagg's Island on the Thames.

He told me how he hoisted his first derrick by main strength, and when business grew and he required another, he told himself that, having succeeded to such an extent, he could afford to pay an expert his price to put it up, then he, by observation, would know the easy way. He contracted for a man to do the work, and waited for him to put in an appearance. The expert came, gave one look, hitched the new derrick to the old one, and moved it into place, held out his hand, and received fifty dollars. Taylor says now he does not know how he ever put up the first derrick, but he will not hire an expert to put up a second one anywhere.

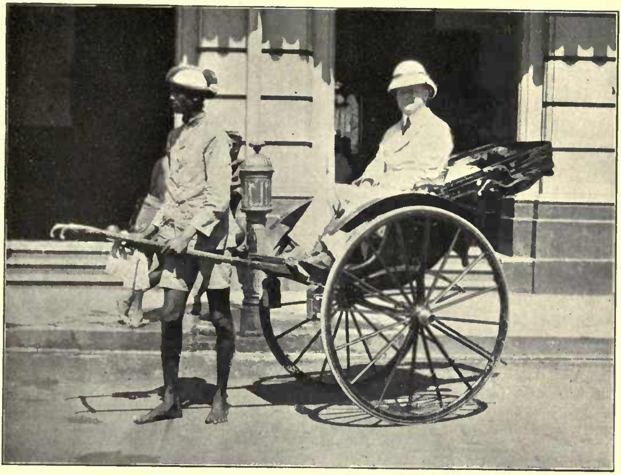
He gave me some interesting information on timber. It appears that over fifty years ago a man had been cutting timber on the mountain-side, and during the winter he started his stock for the sawmill, got it cut into sixteen-foot lengths, and reached the lake which was frozen over. But the ice was not strong enough to carry the load. It broke; the ox team and the timber went to the bottom, and Mr Taylor (while putting down a pier) came upon five pieces of timber which had come from one tree. The largest part of that tree was thirty-two inches in diameter, and narrowed to twelve inches at the top. In all probability the tree was over one hundred feet in height. It was what is called red birch, and there was not a blemish in any one of the five pieces. Underneath the bark the colour was as rich as a freshly cooked salmon.

Now naturally the reader will want to know why the timber sank and stayed at the bottom when the ice melted, and the reason is this: There are pores in the wood other than those used by the sap, so when the pores filled it had to be raised or it would have lain there for ever. When it was recovered, it froze; and the argument that cold contracts does not apply in this case, for the moment the lengths were taken out of the water, the frost attacked the wood, the pieces froze, the ice expanded, and those beautiful pieces cracked, so they had to be cut into lengths, split, and used for firewood. And so it went on through several stages before it reached its cremating finish. The pieces which were thrown away, then, would be considered valuable to-day.

Bill and Nellie had a good-sized cottage, and Bill had a sister, Nellie had a brother, and they were called Ida and John respectively. They were always good-natured; so good-natured, in fact, that there never was a harsh word spoken to the coloured cook, who succeeded in drawing a good salary for the cooking that was largely done by Nellie. The coloured girl was good-natured too; she never grumbled at her mistress, no matter how hard her mistress worked. Between meals Ida mourned her lost husband, who had died a year before. His name was Buchanan, but she sadly and affectionately referred to him as "Buck," and no matter what happened, it always reminded Ida of something Buck had done. John was different; he did a lot of work and seemed to hold the keys of the city as far as the cottages were concerned. He received instructions from the owners to take charge and prepare for their coming, which meant the cleaning up of the grounds, etc., and John went constantly around with a rake for the collection of the dead leaves; and it seemed to prey upon his mind to such an extent that whenever he heard leaves rustle he started and his face became almost haggard with anticipation. He had spent considerable money on a set of false teeth, of which he was so proud that he never wore them except on his dressing-table. When he came to his meals he managed to negotiate the various articles of food, but he made greater headway with rice pudding than he did with roast beef.

Now I have said all that I could in praise of the lake, and I have had my reward, I have been to the bottom; but let me commence at the beginning. I was given permission to take out the smaller of the two motor-launches and go over to the post office, which was close to Taylor's boat-house. I started off bravely (remember this was my first attempt with an engine), and all went as merry as a marriage bell. The whole family, as well as some of the neighbours, laughed at my attempt to start the blessed thing going; but I succeeded and went straight to my destination, shut off the engine, and came alongside the pier, and did it so neatly that an old gentleman who was in trouble with his engine asked me to help him out. I smiled to myself at this request as I disappeared from his gaze at the head of the pier. I was tying the launch (as I thought) to the landing-stage, but upon looking round, discovered that I had tied a piece of loose rope to the pier, leaving my boat to drift away. I was startled to such an extent that I leaped into the lake, swam to the boat, and clutching it with one hand, started to swim back to the pier. I made it all right and then sat on the side of the boat holding on to the pier, with my feet hanging in the water. Of course I was soaked through.

Nellie was looking through the glasses and saw me in the lake, and she, Bill, and my wife started out to



A POPULAR VEHICLE. COLOMBO.

See page 181.

THE RIVER AVON. CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

See page 199.

rescue the very contented one who quietly awaited their arrival. I at once got into the boat—no, not theirs—I mean the one I had navigated and rescued, and although both women coaxed and Bill circled round me like a hen guarding a lone chicken, I started the engine and brought the boat back to Bill's wharf.

You can imagine that by this time there was considerable excitement in and about "Hiawatha." Ida, who had been baking cakes, was walking up and down in a distressed sort of way. John left the leaves and started for the house, pursued by stray members of his flock, which followed his footsteps as though trained. Peter the cat was undisturbed. John in his excitement had gone to his room, secured the teeth, and as I reached the shore soaking wet he smiled, and for the first time I saw his new suite of dining-room furniture in its proper place. Ida hurried to me with a freshly baked cake, and sadly said, "Well, if that isn't just what Buck would have done."

The Matthews family own two houses. "Fernwood" stands farther back on the hill-side, and they rent it to the city folks for the summer. This summer the tenant, who owns a motor-car, had contracted for a garage. Bill built the garage, and it is a success; it stands in the centre of a group of pines, painted white and picked out in green. During the course of erection all sorts of advice was proffered Bill, and much of it, being good, was graciously accepted. Again much of it was bad, and was discarded after having been given a trial; but as the work approached completion, the doors were hung, the hinges put on, and the grand opening was arranged to take place. But try as we might, we could not open those doors. We sought relief in every possible way but we could not move them; they were doors, and they were on hinges, but they would not open.

Several of our advisers surveyed the situation, looked wise, and went away. Bill and I walked up the road to another garage to see how *their* doors were hung, and the owner volunteered to come back with us, accompanied by his mechanician. He came, and he crawled underneath the doors. After a moment's delay he returned the way he had gone, pulled out a foot-rule, took a measurement, and solemnly announced that we had screwed both sides of the hinge to a square piece of timber that was there to support the building and act as a frame for the door. We saw it at once, roared with laughter, and rearranged the screws; the doors opened and the garage was finished. I thought at the time how Will Evans would have handled the situation, and the fun it would have created. And then memories of Burt Shepard came before me (brought out in connection with Evans), who was loved by everyone.

Let me tell a little story of his coming to America. He visited Rogers, Peet & Company, clothing purveyors, which firm claims to fit anyone, and Burt, having quite a lot of personal property that he carried without complaint, displayed his figure with considerable pride, and said to the salesman, "I'll bet you can't." The salesman put the tape-measure over him, and as he started for the back of the store replied, "I'll bet I can." Finally, he handed out a suit of clothes that fitted my friend perfectly. Burt gave a look of smiling approval and said, "When I am in London and wear American clothes everyone laughs at me. When I am in New York with

English clothes everyone laughs at me here. Now what am I to do?" The salesman said, "Stay on the boat you d—— fool. Stay on the boat."

Now what has that story got to do with the Lake District? I will explain after finishing the garage. Bill started the gramophone, and the first record was one containing a series of laughs furnished by Will Evans. It was followed by several others, and then came the finish, which was provided by poor Burt, and as his laugh rang out heartily, and so full of joy, I thought of a grave at Tooting and a laugh that was stilled for ever. It is said that tears and laughter are close companions, and I want to say that *there* was a link with London between the living and the dead. There was Burt's laugh and (I am not ashamed to confess it) my tears.

CHAPTER XII

The conquest of London, and the hard but pleasant work success involves; interruptions—varied; a distinguished visitor.

Now we travel back to 13th June, 1891, and the "Trocadero," London. After rehearsal with Bill Eaton and his orchestra, there came a period of actual distress. Never were two days as long as Saturday and Sunday. Never, to us, was a Monday so short or so filled with dread. We were both almost panic-stricken, but neither would admit it to the other, although each was perfectly well aware of it. At last night came, and Mrs Knowles was to appear at nine-thirty; I was to go on at ten-fifteen. We were in the "Trocadero" at eight o'clock, and we had put all the wardrobe used by both in one trunk. (It would be much easier to move in case of failure.)

Our troubles commenced right away with the tuning up of the banjo. String after string broke, and thirteen went before they decided to behave. During that period I must have climbed the stairs from the dressing-room to the stage over one hundred times. I was in a fever of impatience and anxiety over my wife's appearance; so much so, indeed, that I had not thought of my own. I remember two things very distinctly. One was that James and

Lucy Allison were there, and I shall never forget the little thrill of pleasure that went all over me as I heard Mrs Allison say to my wife, " Good night, and I wish you luck." The other was that the one dressing-room devoted to the men was crowded, and as I entered a hush went over the room; then the head of the Leopold family said, " It's Mr Knowles, isn't it? " and I replied, " Yes." He said: " Move up, boys, and give him a place."

In that dressing-room were the Armstrong Brothers, and one of them, Barney, who is now controlling the destinies of several theatres, was the first manager to offer me two hundred pounds per week; and he was also the last manager to pay me that sum when I worked for him at the " Empire," Dublin, just before sailing for America on this present trip. The late George Beauchamp, Rezene and Robini (whose quaint antics never palled upon me), and Charles Chaplin, the descriptive singer, were also on the programme. The latter, by the way, is the father of Charlie Chaplin who has captured the comedy of the Moving Pictures, and he is certainly the best-known figure in the world to-day. He has won the hearts of the American people to such an extent that little statuettes are to be found in almost every house. Songs are written concerning the Charlie Chaplin feet; he occupies the centre of the stage, and every light is focussed on his comic creations.

But we must return, for nine-thirty p.m. is registered by the clock bell of a little church next door. Miss Winifred E. Johnson had walked on to appear before a London public. I stood out of sight in the entrance, and my heart almost ceased beating as she stopped dead after the first couple of notes; but I smiled unconsciously as I heard her lift a string back into its niche in the bridge. This deliberate action impressed the audience, and they greeted it with a gentle round of applause. She finished her solo and was rewarded with a spontaneous reception. She followed that up with "Home Sweet Home," unaccompanied by any orchestral effects, and this created a small furore. Then came a great surprise, for with a change of costume she appeared and sang a medley of coon songs, playing her own accompaniment and dancing to her own music. She then and there scored a hit, and was acknowledged past-mistress of the banjo, and established herself not only with the public but with the Management, who offered her a three years' contract at the "Trocadero" (twenty-four weeks each year) before she left the first entrance after taking a number of curtains, which were given with a hearty goodwill by what was acknowledged to be the quietest audience in London.

I was elated as well as relieved at her success; but the dread of my own appearance took hold of me to such an extent that I was trembling with fear and anxiety. Never shall I forget the feeling that crept over me as Susanna Schaeffer went on and did all sorts of balancing to the dreary tones of "The Blue Danube." For twenty minutes she balanced all kinds of things on her feet, and finally finished with two lighted lamps one on each foot. She forced those lamps to do everything but go out. . . . When the curtain fell there came a long wait, to clear the stage, then my number went out, and its appearance called for an outburst of enthusiastic silence.

I walked on, only to find the audience deep down in their chairs, and displaying no interest whatever in their surroundings. I started to work, and was going at top speed; point after point shot from my tongue, but apparently missed the ears of the audience, for all they did was once in a while look at each other and smile in a queer sort of way, as though they did not know whether to pity me or themselves. And so it went on until at least five of the ten minutes allowed me had been consumed, when suddenly there entered a new character upon the scene. A waiter came from the lounge (which was situated on the left of the audience, looking from the stage), and he carried a tray daintily balanced on his right hand and held on a level with his head. On the tray stood two glasses of champagne destined for two gentlemen who occupied the lower box on my right. The waiter had two feet pointed like a ballet dancer, but without their agility, and he carefully guided them over the path that divided the audience from the orchestra.

As I happened to be working on the side of the stage nearest the lounge as he entered, I took the situation in at a glance, and having created no impression whatever up to that time, thought that I might just as well have some fun. I fell into step with the waiter, walking just like him, and I carried an imaginary tray. Scarcely had I taken three steps before the audience began to sit up and take notice, and by the time we reached the conductor's seat everyone was alert, wondering what was going to happen. The only unconcerned person was the waiter until he realised that he was the central figure; then he stopped suddenly, directed a startled look at the audience, and with a quick glance at me he took root. I looked down into his eyes and whispered (so that it could be heard all over the house) " When you have one of those " (pointing to the glasses of champagne) " that is out of work, send it up here and I will give it a job." He looked at me for another moment, then continued his journey.

That moment's stop gave the audience a chance; they accepted the situation, which had apparently tickled their fancies, and a titter started. It grew in volume until there was a hearty laugh from everyone in the house, and even then it did not stop. As the waiter came out of the box and started on his return trip the wave of laughter, which was receding, took a fresh hold, and followed him all the way across the theatre. The members of the orchestra were doubled up, and at that moment one of the gentlemen in the box came forward, holding a glass of wine which he extended to me saying, " Will you accept a drink, Mr Knowles? " I smiled and bowed, took the glass of wine, bowed to the gentleman, then to the audience, and finally found the waiter with my eyes. That called for another roar, during which I drank the wine and handed the glass back to the gentleman in the box. As he reached for the glass, I dropped it, and it crashed into a thousand pieces on the stage.

At that moment one of the members of the orchestra stood up to look at the wreckage, and I informed him that he need not look—for all that was useful I had stored in my inland revenue department. By this time the audience had literally laughed itself out. In the quietness that ensued I said, " Now that we understand each other I will leave the stage. Mr Eaton will play the introduction, and I will come on just the same, as if nothing had happened." I suited the action to the word, and the orchestra played "The Wedding March." I walked on, was given a reception, and started all over again, and actually repeated the same stories that I had already told and, strange to say, they laughed at every one. I was recalled again and again, and at the end of thirty-eight minutes I hung out the number of the "turn" that followed me, and had to make a speech.

Thus opened my first night in London. Sam Adams, the bland gentleman, perfectly dressed and with curly hair, was beaming. Didcott, the buoyant, fairly bubbled over with anticipation. Baylis, the burly, was bustling hither and thither, and both of us were congratulated on the fact that we had become part and parcel of the music-hall world in a single night. The intervening years have brought to me about eight millions of people who saw my first appearance in London, but as far as my memory serves me the "Trocadero" would not have held more than a thousand people, and on that memorable occasion about seven hundred were present.

Fannie Leslie (a great artiste, and the original "Cad, the Tomboy") was the bright, particular star of the Trocadero Company, and billed largely. I remember having to look twice over the bills to discover my name, and then I think it followed the name of the man who printed them. The following evening, as I walked over to the "Troc," I discovered that there was a banner stretched clear across the top of the building, displaying my name in huge letters. Rescued from the oblivion of the small bill, it had grown until it almost overshadowed the building itself.

We settled down to London life, and Mrs Knowles signed the contracts at a rising salary. I made no special agreement, but had the privilege of playing anywhere I pleased in connection with the "Trocadero"; so my first engagement ran through a period of sixty-eight weeks, and I shall never forget the courtesy of the genial manager, Sam Adams, and his son Bert.

During that period most of the famous artistes of London appeared on the programme, including Jenny Hill, that "vital spark" who leaped into flaming characters drawn in firm, strong lines, forcible and funny; Charles Godfrey, an actor and singer of great power; Marie Lloyd, the rollicking and daring comedienne. Here the Great Paulus made his appearance, together with Marinelli, Violette, and Vanoni, and Little Tich, the diminutive but brainy comedian, musician, painter, and linguist. Dan Leno also played here, as did Cinquevalli, that master of manipulation and balance, the pioneer of a form of entertainment that will live for ever. Marinelli was a great contortionist, and has developed into an equally great agent. As he worked to increase his own salary as a performer, so has he worked to raise the salaries of his clients who have entrusted their business to his care.

The "Trocadero" passed away as a music-hall, and many of the people mentioned have also gone to the farther shore. The site is still called the "Trocadero," but it is now a magnificent restaurant, conducted by Sir Joseph Lyons, who (at the time I refer to) was known as genial Joe; and I don't think

A BREAKING WAVE. QUEENSLAND.

See page 195.

A ROAD BACK TO THE SEA. QUEENSLAND.

See page 195.

the addition of a title has taken away any geniality, and he has earned a greater title than Sir Joseph, for he is certainly the leading caterer of the leading city, so you see it is a combination of leaders.

In due course I appeared on the South Side, and my first experience there was to deputise for Dan Leno. I remember following Tennyson and O'Gorman, both of whom are still living and popular on and off the stage. I went to the South London Palace, and appeared at a benefit for Charles Godfrey, and here I came face to face with an unruly audience who wanted none of me. After a prolonged struggle, in which they expressed, audibly, their views of my ability, their energies flagged, and I commenced to give them my opinion of things in general, and of themselves in particular, and during the silence that followed I quietly negotiated an exit which terminated in an elaborate bow. One year later I appeared in the same house and was given a reception lasting over one minute.

After the fiasco at the " South London " I was immediately engaged for " Gatti's " on Westminster Bridge Road, and the same type of opposition came along; but after a little struggle they gave up and I " went " enormously. At the conclusion of my act, and in response to a further demand, I looked slyly at the audience and said, " You did not like me very much when I first came on, did you? " I have met that remark many times since. Strange how many people think of the same things.

I was engaged for the opening of the "Tivoli," which at this time fell into the hands of what was known as " The Syndicate," and its interests were carefully looked after by the late Newsome Smith, a splendid organiser and a good judge of talent; and at that time a London West End hall without at least twenty-five "turns" would not attract very much attention, to say nothing of patronage. But there is a great excuse for limiting the number of "turns." In those days salaries were very much lower, dividends were very much higher. Now the positions are reversed. The wail of woe from the manager is that salaries are too high; but still, the heads of concerns have become wealthy men. Shareholders of concerns that have not been over-capitalised have averaged splendid dividends, so the artistes are entitled to share in the fruits of their labour.

My first engagement at the "Tivoli" only lasted two weeks, but I played a return engagement at Christmas, at an increase of salary. Albert Chevalier was a tremendous favourite at this time, and his coster creations were accepted in the East as well as the West End. Hiram Travers preceded Chevalier, and was billed as the "King of the Pearlies." He was noted for his ready wit and appropriate remarks.

On Easter Monday of 1892 I played my first engagement at the "Empire," Leicester Square, and it continued for forty-seven consecutive weeks; then a strange thing happened, for Mr Tennant, who was the Managing Director, asked me how long I had been at his theatre. I told him that Saturday would mean the conclusion of forty-seven. He consulted a little book and said, "You finish on Saturday." I said, "All right," arranged to open at Brighton the following week, and while there I received a telegram from Mr Tennant asking me to return the following

Monday, which I did, and played for twenty-six consecutive weeks. When I returned, he told me why he had discharged me. It appeared that, had I remained another week, I would have broken the record of the ballet, which had run longer than any other in the history of the "Empire." So you see, it was an epoch-making period in London, even if I did wear out my welcome.

Time rolled on, and it in its turn carried me into the country. The first stand was Manchester, commonly called Cottonopolis, and at the "Palace," a most splendid theatre, I was royally received. My first night also signalled the opening of a new ballet directly from the "Empire." Mr George Edwardes was there, with Mr Wenzel and Madame Katti Lanner, to officiate at the opening.

My "turn" preceded the Ballet Cecile, and luckily for me I made quite a hit. After I had finished, the curtain dropped, Mr Wenzel took his place in the conductor's chair, the curtain rose, and the ballet began. It was a most splendid spectacle, but Manchester would have none of it, and the audience would not stop applauding until the curtain had dropped and I went in front of the drop to apologise to and thank the audience; and through the intervening years I have always found the Manchester people responsive to every point and, frequently, anticipating the finish. Manchester is notorious for its weather, people claiming that it rains every day of the year; and I became just as notorious as the weather, for each visit that I made was invariably the signal for a sunburst that lasted for the whole week—in fact, my friend Charlie Burn will bet on the proposition.

I was once at the Ardwick Empire when a great Railway Strike was on, and it became a serious question as to whether we would reach the next stand. I was going to Dublin, and Charlie volunteered to take me in his car to Holyhead. A friend was to accompany us, and he suggested taking rubber coats. Charlie said, "Not me. I'll bet it is fine." It was, so we bought all the available petrol; and as we were going to Ireland, we bought Pratt's, because of the green tin. With Thermos bottles filled with hot coffee, we left Manchester after supper at the "Midland," and our first stop was Chester, where the streets were patrolled by police. We gathered a few around us and gave them hot coffee and sandwiches, and started for Wales, and "Lizzie," as Charlie called his car, behaved admirably until we were within two miles of Holyhead. Then there came to our ears the sound of something rattling. We started a hunt, and the three of us were over, under and almost in the engines looking for the cause. We started again, and once more came the rattle. Again we stopped. Another search and another start, until we found ourselves in the station-yard. Charlie drove to a garage, and the expert gave one look, reached in with a pair of pinchers, and pulled out a piece of wire that was rattling against a rod. We had a laugh, and secured our lunch. I reached Dublin on time, and although "Lizzie" was expensive, she earned her banquet of petrol, and Charlie earned my thanks.

My next visit out of London carried me to Cardiff, where again luck attended me; then on to Newport, where I suffered a serious reverse. The audience sat still and seemed dazed. The manager was James Downes, and when he paid me my salary on Saturday, he gave me a little advice, asking at the same time, in a kindly fashion, "Where do you go next week, Mr Knowles?" and without waiting for an answer, said, "Liverpool?" I nodded, and he handed me the advice, saying, "There are ships going to America from Liverpool; take the first one home. You will never do for this country."

I went to Liverpool and played at the "Parthenon," the third hall of what constituted the Stoll tour in those days, the others being Cardiff and Newport. Here I succeeded beyond my expectations, and here I first met Oswald Stoll. At that time he was struggling in a small way to carry a great burden, but he reached his goal, and through push, pluck, perseverance, patience, and punctuality, allied to genius, he has achieved a position unequalled in the annals of the music-halls of Great Britain; and one thing is undeniable: Mr Stoll has always stood for all that is best in public amusements.

Again we returned to London, and this time it was a new contract, for we transferred our services to the "Pavilion," "Tivoli," and "Oxford," and our contracts were excellent, mine being unique for it introduced a clause new to contracts: "engaged for three years whenever in London, and as long as in London when playing the music-halls." That kept me under their control for that period as far as the musci-hall was concerned.

At that time Charles Morton, Edward Swanborough, and Mr Jennings were the managers. Morton was called "the grand old man of the halls." I never saw enough of him to form any opinion, but Edward Swanborough and his brother Arthur were so alike that they might have played "The Two Dominoes," and they were two of the most courteous men ever connected with any theatre. Mr Jennings was pleasant in his business dealings, but not disposed to be friendly.

During my early days in London the newspapers had invariably been kind to me; in fact, all through my career the journalistic world has furnished me with some of my best friends. There was one exception, and that was my first notice. It was published in a high-class journal that has since ceased to exist, therefore I will not mention the name. The notice was long and beautifully written. It consumed a column of the page, and went into ecstasies over the different things that had come from America. It spoke of America's inventive qualities, and mentioned several examples. Then followed a poem in prose on the quality of humour that had emanated from its people, and then it started the second column with: "B-U-T there is a man at present appearing at the 'Trocadero' who is an American" (then followed my name), "who will play there four weeks" (first *wrong* statement), "for that is the length of his contract; and during that time he will visit the various halls and appropriate the ideas of our British comedians, and go back to his own country and live off their brains for the rest of his life" (second statement partly wrong, partly right), "and I can safely say this, that there is not a man, woman, or child in this country who patters that cannot give him one hundred and nineteen and a half yards' start in one hundred and twenty, and then beat him one foot out of the remaining foot and a half."

The reason I quote this is, it had a sequel. A group of managers, artistes, and journalists were in the saloon bar at the Oxford, and I asked the group to have a drink. All accepted except one, a journalist. I urged and he pleaded; I insisted, and he called me to one side and said, " I can't take a drink with you until I have explained something to you." " Fire away," said I; and then in a most embarrassed fashion he admitted being the author of that notice. I shook hands and said, " Have two drinks and a cigar, and then go out and write another just as good." He looked at me in astonishment and said, " You are not angry? " My reply must have astonished him, for I said, " My idea of a good notice is its size, and a week after the notice is published the readers forget what it said, but they never forget that it was a column and a half." I may tell you that we are still the best of friends, and he has reversed his first decision; but he has never spread himself over so much paper, on my behalf, as he did on that first effort.

My first visit to Glasgow was most memorable. I had been booked by Mrs Baylis, and went to the " Scotia," a huge place seating at least three thousand five hundred people. As soon as it was announced that I was to appear in Glasgow, friends began to exhort me not to talk so fast, as Scotsmen did not understand a joke; but, when my opening night arrived, I made up my mind that I would work as I had always done, so I started in like a whirlwind. I had not said more than twenty words when a boy in the gallery shouted " Rats." Without hesitation I replied, " Take off your muzzle and go for them—you are a Scotch terrier." The audience gave a yell of delight; I was " made," and there were no more interruptions during that engagement.

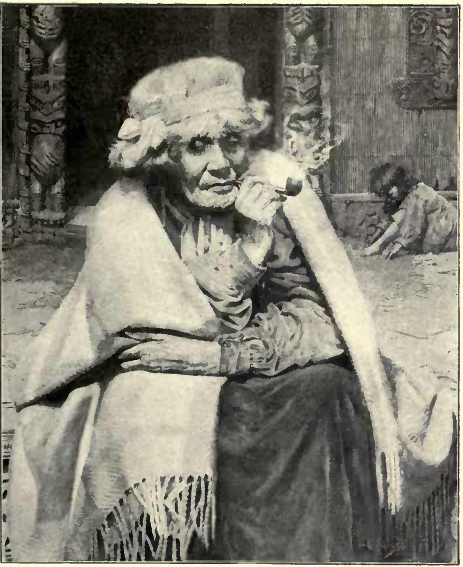
I have appeared in every first-class music-hall in Glasgow, and at the "Pavilion," under the management of Samuel Lloyd, I drew my largest salary, which was three hundred pounds per week for a season of two weeks; and *they* were satisfied, for on the first week we broke the record, and on the second we beat the first week's receipts, and I say *this*, that nowhere on the face of the globe can a more responsive audience be found than the Scottish. I told one of them that my English friends had said they would not understand a joke enough to laugh at it. His reply was quaint. He said, "Perhaps we understand jokes too well to laugh at all of them."

I have been saved from awkward situations on several occasions by a lucky remark. Once in Hull, that wonderful city where, when you enter it, everything smells of fish, and when you leave it, *you* do. The theatre was crowded, and it included a woman with a baby which cried and cried until the audience became quite restless, and "hushes" could be heard all over the house. I said very quietly, "Some things are like good resolutions, they should be carried out." A round of applause came at once, and the woman with the baby rose and went out, which served as an excuse for a further outburst.

On another occasion I was playing at the London Theatre of Varieties in Shoreditch, and here again was a child that would not stop crying. It cried, and just as we all thought it was worn out, it veered into a shriek and then it howled; and to vary the monotony once in a while, it yelled. The audience had lost all patience, and I had reached the limit of mine, so I said, " Madam, dear lady, will you kindly quieten the child for the sake of the audience; for my sake, for your sake, for the sake of the child, and for Heaven's sake will you quieten that child." She stood up, and in a piteous tone said, " I can't; my dress buttons down the back." We never heard the child again, for the shriek from the audience so surprised the infant that it gazed at the people open eyed, while the mother joined in the laughter.

Again at the " Empire " I had scarcely started when a man in the circle shouted, " Oh give us something new! " I was astonished at this, for it was my first night of a new act; so I waited until his request had sunk into the minds of those present, then observed, " I did not catch what you said." He repeated his demand very slowly, and when he had finished speaking I picked it up and said, " Yes, I think you need it. Now how would a new suit, a new pair of shoes, a new shirt, a new collar, a new tie, a pneumatic bicycle ride through the New Cut to New Cross, catch pneumonia, and I will pay for a new undertaker to bury you in New Brompton. Is that new enough for you? " The audience expressed its approval.

I finished my act, and went to my dressing-room, where I found Mr Tennant with two gentlemen, one of whom was of the famous Rothschild family; the other one shall be nameless, for he afterwards adorned a throne. I had scarcely removed my wig when there was a knock at the door, and the door-tender, entering, said, " There is a man at the back door without a hat who wants to see you." I looked at Mr Tennant; he nodded acquiescence, and I told the door-tender to show him up. In a moment or two a young man was ushered in, hatless and breathless. He started at once by saying, "I want to apologise for my interruption, but I will explain. Our party dined at the 'Trocadero,' and I laid a bet that I could say or do something that would dry you up. I failed, and I want to be forgiven; and if you will permit me to stand a bottle, I am sure I will feel worlds better." Again Mr Tennant nodded. The bottle came as well as the glasses, and I have often wondered if that young man knew the identity of the personage who drank his health on that momentous occasion.



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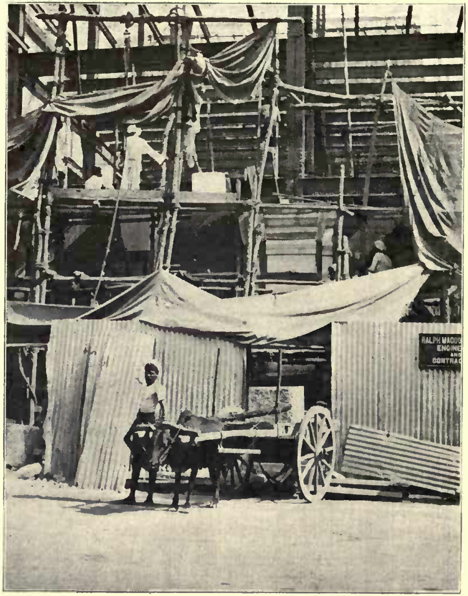

RALPH MACOS
ENGINE
AND
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CHAPTER XIII

Chiefly anecdotal; a public apology; Richard deals with sport—and port; that Consul!

There are many instances where the performer has been routed and driven off the field of battle by a quaint or telling answer from someone in the audience, generally to be found in that section of the house devoted to the " Gods," and I shall never forget a scene in the Standard Music Hall, which stood upon the site now occupied by that very prosperous and palatial hall, the Victoria Palace. There was a long introduction of a very florid character, which suddenly came to a dead stop. The curtain rolled up, and on walked a very thin artiste; she bashfully came forward, and when the band stopped, sang in a trembling voice, " Go-o-o-d ni-i-ight——" A soldier seated in the gallery very quietly said, " Good night, Miss." The audience laughed so heartily that the poor girl retired in confusion, and the laughter continued so long that two other " turns " were forced to retire before things resumed a normal condition.

At the commencement of the " War of the Nations," great efforts were put forth to secure recruits, and there were several songs written which were very successful; and the *most* successful—I might say the most used and abused—was " Your

King and Country Need You." It sometimes cropped up a couple of times on the same programme, until it was worn out. It had outstayed its welcome. It was first introduced by a charming young lady who had a pianist to accompany her; she was young, and the possessor of a good voice. The accompanist was also young, and the owner of a glorious mop of hair, which crowned his dome of thought. The verse was successfully negotiated, and the lady dropped down to *pianissimo* and appealingly read the lines:

"We don't want to lose you,
But we think you ought to go.
For your King and your Country,
Both need you so——"

A voice (this time from the pit), with a rich Irish brogue, said: "Send your pianist, Miss; we can get along without him." The lady left the stage, still accompanied by the pianist; but he did not enlist.

A girl once sang a song where she asked, in the first line of the chorus—"I wonder if he'll miss me?" and she sang it with more force than expression or sweetness; in fact, she was slightly off the key. As she sang the first verse, there was a restless shuffling of feet; the chorus brought out a buzz of voices. The second verse did not add to the interest, but increased the noise. She reached the chorus in safety, and once more noisily inquired: "I wonder if he'll miss me?" A man in the gallery said: "If he does, he never ought to be trusted with a gun again."

During the run of David Belasco's dramatisation of the story of "Du Barry," in the city of Boston, there was a scene in which a garden-party was given by the King, in the Gardens of the Tuileries, and

Louis, rising from his seat, indignant at some fancied slight, asked the courtiers: " Am I king or not? " A boy in the gallery said: " Not "; and even the King laughed.

There are certain periods in the music-hall world when there are runs on certain lines. Take for example the Living Pictures or *Tableaux Vivants*; every house in London had more or less beautiful groups adorning their stages. Again when Loie Fuller set London crazy over her serpentine dance, each hall had one or more waving yards of accordion-pleated silk in a sea of coloured lights. Again the scene changed, and after they thought dancing had died, who should put in an appearance but Pavlova, and at once an epidemic of Russian dancers swept over the city of London; and so it goes on. " Turns " with pianos became so prevalent that I have seen five in succession on a single programme, and I must record the fact that all the five were successful in their efforts to entertain; but they wear out more quickly.

So it is with story-tellers. The moment one makes a story popular it is considered the proper thing to retail another version of it, and the originator meets his story either with additions or subtractions on every hand. Newspapers print it and attach your name as the teller. Another paper copies it, and forgets to add the name; someone sees the story, tells it, and then, when you are on the same programme, feels highly indignant when you tell your own story. I have heard many good story-tellers in my time, and Dutch Daly is one of the best; he has a peculiar style, and has held his own for many a day, and depends solely on his power to move the audience to laughter by an intelligent attack. There is a lack of grease paint, and a superabundance of pith and point. Jock M'Kay left Scotland and came to England by way of America (quite a roundabout way to make the trip), but although Jock did not take the direct route on his journey, he takes the shortest road to his points.

America is very fond of Scotch comedians, and it is many years since Harry Lauder made his first appearance, and he has been a great success since. Quite a number have made hits there, and there is room for many more when they carry such wares as Harry Lauder and Clifton Crawford. Lauder was a furore, and deserved every penny he received as salary; and his yearly visits are events in the theatrical life of America. I am not going to tell you any stories of Lauder, but a conversation I overheard between two British performers was rather good. One remarked, " Poor Lauder—he is going to America." The second one said: " Why poor Lauder? " The first replied by saying: " He is in the hands of the Jews." The second said: " Well, they've asked for it, haven't they? " " Yes," returned the first speaker, rather perplexed; and the second one added: " It's time someone got the best of them."

Clifton Crawford did not receive the encouragement he deserved in either Bonnie Scotland or Merrie England, so he gathered up a bundle of golf-clubs, put them in a bag, and sailed for Boston. In due course he arrived, and immediately scored on Nature's billiard-table, attracting considerable attention owing to his hits and low scores; but he soon found his proper place, and he has since scored many hits that stand high on the record of famous runs in New York. He made his first attack on Vaudeville, and when he had carried every fortification there, he drifted to musical comedy, and has become one of the leading lights of that delightful form of entertainment.

I heard him tell a story founded on actual fact; and it was so splendidly told, that I will try and give it without additional trimming, relating it in the first person.

" I paid a visit to a music-hall the other evening, and there I witnessed an entertainment that was almost beyond belief. A ' turn ' came on at about the middle of the show—it was a team, and consisted of a man and woman, who entered together from the same entrance. He was one of the handsomest men I have ever looked at, with a tall, athletic figure, curly hair, flashing eyes, and a face like a Greek god. The woman was one of the ugliest women it has ever been my misfortune to gaze upon. She had a face—well, she might have called it a face, and no one in that place would have had the courage to contradict her. It was an ingrowing face. It came out a certain distance and then went back with a rush. She smiled at the audience, and everyone shivered. After having scared us into submission, she walked to the side of the stage and stood with her back firmly planted against an oaken panel. Her partner walked to the opposite side of the stage and hurled knife after knife at the panel until the woman's face was outlined with them; then she walked away unharmed.

" I thought it one of the most marvellous things I had ever seen. I went outside, met a friend of mine, told him of the performance, and advised him to go, praising it to such an extent that he asked me to accompany him at the second performance. I agreed. We went in, sat down, and in due course out came the same couple. She had the same face —yes, she wasn't two-faced. She walked over to the panel and took her place. Her partner went to the side, threw the knife in the air, caught it by the handle, threw it in the air again, caught it by the point, turned quickly, and without a moment's hesitation hurled it at the woman with all the force imaginable. It struck the oaken panel within the sixteenth part of an inch of her neck, and the blade quivered. I turned to my friend in order to observe its effect upon him. He looked into my eyes and said: 'Good Heavens! he's missed her.'"

There are many funny incidents happening both on and off the stage, as well as front and back. A gentleman called at the box-office of a theatre and asked the name of the attraction. The Treasurer politely informed him that it was "The Forty Thieves." "How much is it to go in?" "Ten shillings," answered the ticket-seller. The seeker after knowledge started for the door. The Treasurer said: "Don't you want to see them?" The answer came quickly: "Not the other thirty-nine."

A different story is that of the man who approached the ticket-office and said: "There are three reasons why you should let me in free." The Treasurer asked: "Well what are they?" "The first one is," replied the other, "I haven't any money——" The Treasurer briefly retorted: "Never mind the other two; and don't block up the window, please."

A good one is told of a celebrated pianist who was giving a recital. As the audience was filing in, a man staggered up to the door-tender and presented his ticket. "You cannot go in," asserted the official, "you are not in a fit condition." "Didn't I pay for my tickets?" was the rejoinder; "aren't they in order?" "They are all right," was the reply, "but you—you are all wrong—you are intoxicated." "Intoxicated? Intoxicated? Of course I'm intoxicated. If I wasn't drunk do you think I would come to a piano recital?"

During the first ten years of my stay in London I came in contact with many fine types of men connected with the various directorates, and certainly no more commanding figure has ever appeared on the music-hall horizon than G. Adney Payne, a tall, soldierly looking man with a genial manner. Never was a managing-director more approachable, and never was a place more ably filled. He is dead now, and never was man more sincerely mourned. His end was tragic, occurring through a motor accident; and many of the troubles that have since fallen upon music-halls would have been averted had he lived.

C. Dundas Slater was a splendid fellow, and a fine business manager; and here again we have to record the finish of a good man in a tragic fashion. He had suffered reverses, and kept his troubles to himself, and had risen above them when his eyes began to fail him; and it must have preyed upon his mind, for he grew gloomy and morose, and rather than walk through this world in darkness he sought the light of a better one. His end was a shock to his friends, for it was as unexpected as it was sad and startling.

Poor Bill Terris, the idol of the "Adelphi," was murdered as he was about to enter the stage-door of the theatre. Strange to say, I had been talking to him just a few minutes before in Gatti's Restaurant, little dreaming that we were on the fringe of a horrible tragedy. He was a most companionable man, and at that time was interested in the production of "A Trip to China Town."

My first meeting with Sir Edward Moss was rather exciting. Mrs Knowles was on the stage in the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, and in a certain coon song she made use of the Hallelujah. Standing in the entrance while she was performing, I was suddenly brushed to one side by a tall, handsome man who said very angrily to the stage-manager: "Tell that woman to cut out Hallelujah." I asked "Why?" His reply was to the point: "Because I say so." With blank ignorance I said: "May I ask who are you?" He sarcastically gave me the information: "I am the managing-director." I said: "Oh well, as long as the shareholders know it, you are all right; but—that woman is not going to cut out Hallelujah." Then he took my tone of inquiry, and asked: "Why?" "Because," I returned, "I am the managing-director there, and I own all the shares." He lost his temper and said: "Very well, then, cut her out of the programme." I replied: "Good, that cuts me out too. We are here on a joint contract." Without hesitation he answered: "Yes—and you too." I asked: "Are you prepared to put that in writing?" He answered: "Yes." "Then," said I, "there is no time like the present"; and I laid my hand on his arm. With considerable impatience he shook me off and vehemently declared: "Don't tell me when I have got to do anything. Come to my office to-morrow." "At what hour?" "Eleven. But what about your 'turn' to-night?" I told him that I would not leave him in the lurch, but warned him to secure substitutes for the following night (remember that this was our first appearance in Edinburgh). And all through this conversation Mrs Knowles had been creating a furore. Later on in the evening I made my debut, and never have I gone better with an audience in the world.

During the evening we made an engagement with Miss Hetty Chapman and J. W. Hall (both making hits on the same programme) to take a trip to the Forth Bridge, and being mindful of my business appointment, we arranged to start at eleven-fifteen. At eleven prompt I was in the office of the "Empire." The Secretary, Mr Capel (who afterwards became manager) was in the outer office. I inquired if Mr Moss (he had not reached knighthood then) was in. Mr Capel with his lips said "*No*," but his eyes said "Yes"; so I told him to tell Mr Moss that I had called at the appointed hour, and as he had not seen fit to keep his appointment, that I would be at the Windsor Hotel at six that evening in case he wished to see me; and I walked out, joined the others, and we enjoyed the day in regular picnic fashion.

Upon our return we dressed for dinner. The performance started at seven-thirty at that time, so we were quite calm. At seven o'clock Mr Cruikshanks, the "Empire's" manager, entered and excitedly wanted to know whether we were going to appear. I told him certainly not, and that I had made a verbal agreement with the managing-director. "But, Mr Knowles," he said, "this will ruin you in your profession." I differed with him, and he left me.

A little later Mr Moss drove up in a carriage, and, entering, came to our table and informed us that he would not permit us to make a fool of him. I told him that I had no intention of doing such a thing to him or permitting him to do it to me. Furthermore, that I had taken him at his word, and that was the end of it. "But," he argued, "don't you see you have both made enormous hits in Edinburgh?" I then asked: "Am I to infer from that that you want us to go on?" "Why certainly," he replied. "Ah, but what about Hallelujah?" "Oh, tell her to keep it in." "But," I said, "what will the other artistes say about our coming back?" "Oh well," he returned, "I apologise to you both, and now come on and get ready for the performance." I said: "No, Mr Moss; you made your declarations before the company, and you must apologise before them." "But," he expostulated, "this is all delaying things, and the audience may get unruly, then there will be trouble." I said: "Of course, that is neither my fault nor my look-out." He very peevishly said: "Good Heavens! what do you want?" I replied: "If you do not care to make the apology on the stage, write it out, and I will post it in the first entrance, and we will continue our work." He agreed, wrote the apology, and it was tacked up in the first entrance, and stayed there for the week. From that day on we were intimate friends up to the time of his death, and no one connected with the music-hall profession worked harder or deserved a knighthood more than Sir Edward Moss.

A very curious incident happened in Paris. I went into the barber's shop at the Elysée Palace Hotel, and the barber who lathered me drew the

THE PALACE OF THE KINGS. HONOLULU.

See page 205.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

STATUES STANDING AMIDST THE RUINS. SAN FRANCISCO.

See page 208.

brush over my mouth as well as both sides of my face. On the first time of happening I remonstrated, only to find that he repeated the operation so successfully that my mouth was filled with soap. I thought discretion was the better part of valour, so I remained silent until after I had been shaved and washed my own face. The barber asked how I liked the shave. I told him I did not like the soap. The morning after, I visited him again and he repeated the offence of the day before; but I was prepared for him, and he did *not* succeed in lathering my tongue. I had noticed that the soap was pink in colour the first day; the second, it was green. After the barber had finished he asked me how I liked the soap. I told him it tasted just the same as it did the day before. I was startled by a loud laugh coming from each side of my chair, and when I looked over I found Sir Edward Moss on my right and George Starr on my left. They had also experienced the soap. The barber wore a perplexed look; but the strangest part of it all was that neither one of the three knew the other two were there. George Starr was connected with the execution staff of the Barnum and Bailey Show, and those who have met that good-natured lot of men will never forget them.

I am often asked by newspaper men in London, and the other large cities, what has become of Harvey Watkins, Clarence Dean, Mr Hutchuson, and Major Burk. Well, I believe they are all living, and I frequently meet Harvey Watkins, whose fortunes are linked up with Paul Keith; and both Mrs Knowles and myself thoroughly enjoyed an evening at his home, and we were treated to a home dinner, cooked by Mrs Watkins—and if all her work is as successful as that dinner was, Harvey can make a fortune by selling a cookery-book containing his wife's recipes.

During the stay of the " B and B " organisation in England, we played many games of baseball, and the first one attracted a great deal of attention. We had a peculiar audience, consisting of people in every walk of life from royalty right down to a North American Indian. During the period in which I was actively interested in baseball, the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward the Seventh) was a member; Sir Joseph Renals was President, and during his term of office as Lord Mayor of London, he opened the grounds at Balha, where the Duke of Teck was a visitor. Baseball died a painless death, and did not linger too long; either we did not play it well enough to please the British public, or they were not disposed to add it to their list of games, but I still think there is room for that particular sport, as it would improve the fielding of cricketers to a very great extent.

Now I am fond of cricket as a game to play—but not to see others play it, and there have been so many complaints about it that I would like to offer a suggestion. First let us hear the complaints. Yes, it is too slow. Too many draws. Too many adjournments, such as lunch, tea, etc. Again there is the desire of a losing side to play for a draw, and last, but not least, there is the financial side; many clubs are not in a prosperous condition. Now, what is the remedy? First, we must get back public interest, for despite the fact that many cricketers assert that they don't care what the people think, still if they (the people) do not think well of it, they will not come, and if they remain away, in time some clubs are forced to withdraw; and that undermines the strength of county cricket, for who does not try harder before a large, enthusiastic crowd than where there are only a few dissatisfied critics.

Now, let us tackle the great remedy, and it is simple. Offer a prize of one thousand pounds to the player who makes the most runs during his first ten minutes at bat, the total runs of those periods to be counted at the end of the season. Now, let us see how that will operate. Time is taken one minute after the preceding player is declared "out"; that will quicken the players' movements in reaching the field. To make a try for the prize he will naturally hit out; the bowler knowing that he has a chance to win will try to have him bowled or caught. The fielders imbued with the same idea will try to secure balls that are now allowed to go to the boundary, and the batsman will hit out at everything; with the result that he will get "out" quickly, and the game will be over and finished in a single day. There will be new opponents daily, and thus cricket will gain in popularity. Drawn games will be few and far between. And as far as the argument that it is not cricket, and that it would develop into a slogging match—let me say here, that the great majority of people would prefer to see Jessop have three swipes than watch most players make a hundred runs. No man can afford to devote three days of his life to play a game where almost fifty per cent remain unfinished, and certainly there is no public nowadays that can squander so much time to witness, at their own expense, a drawn game. The thousand pounds could be raised in an hour by voluntary contribution, and if tried for a single season, I am positive that it would prove such a success as to pay for itself out of the coffers of the clubs, which would be overflowing from the increased patronage.

Returning to the subject of baseball, a very funny incident occurred. I, as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, called upon Patrick Collins (who was at that time Consul-General for the United States), it being my intention to present him with a season-ticket; but when I introduced the subject, he asked me in what way baseball was good for trade, and I replied that as all the utensils used were manufactured in the United States it couldn't possibly harm that country to sell a few more than they anticipated. Then he said: "I have never been to a baseball match, football match, boat race, cricket, or sports of any sort." I told him that the President had misdirected the package containing so rare a gem, and that heaven was his home. He lost his temper, I mislaid mine, and we argued it out; and I finally left the office, taking the season-ticket with me. And when I informed my fellow committeemen of the details, they were not only indignant, but very angry. I remember we adjourned to Short's, and there we had a glass of port wine, and then discussed the situation; and somehow or another that barman replaced the empties with fresh glasses filled to the brim with melted rubies. I had had no previous acquaintance with port wine, and it dulled my senses; my speech became much more deliberate. I secured a hansom and started for home, and on the way suddenly remembered that I had promised to go with Mrs Knowles to call upon a lady friend. I was sorry to have disappointed my wife, but consoled by the thought that she would not be at home when I arrived. I had command of all my faculties, but when I issued orders they were slowly obeyed.

I reached home, paid and dismissed the cabman in a most dignified manner, mounted the steps, opened the door, ascended the stairs to the bedroom, and gently laid myself down to rest and recuperate. Suddenly there came the patter of feet on the stairs, and I could tell by the lightness and swiftness of movement that it could not be our housekeeper, for Mrs Lee (a dear old soul) was over seventy, and although spry and active, she could not negotiate the stairs at that rate. The door opened, my wife entered and asked: "What is the matter?" I replied: "That damned American Consul." She looked rather queerly and closely at me, and then said: "Oh, yes. Now take a little sleep and that will be all right."

I took the sleep and awoke; the thickness of speech had left me, but it had been replaced with a fatness of head, that, to say the least, was discouraging. However, I went to work, and the incident was forgotten until Burt Shepard came to London, carrying a letter of introduction to me from a mutual friend (for although I had seen Burt's performance I had never met him personally, and it will be news to many of his friends and admirers to know that Burt's first effort was as a female impersonator).

Well, one day a friendly gale blew Burt into London, and he presented his letter; we had a chat, and I asked him what I could do for him, and he said "I would like to go to a place called Short's and get a glass of port wine." I winced, but said "Come along," and we went. It was close to the Gaiety Theatre, and before the tearing down of that section of the Strand, and Burt was impressed by the general tone of the establishment as well as the wine, which he sipped with little nods and smiles. We talked of mutual friends, and as we had both been minstrels, dwelt upon that. The time passed quickly, and a series of ports came and departed; and once more there arrived the thickness of speech, again the deliberation, and, with it, a desire to go home (which was not far removed, for at that time we were living at the "Cecil").

I walked to the hotel, and as I entered our rooms I saw my wife sitting in the bedroom darning a pair of my socks. She looked up as I negotiated the distance between the outer door of the sitting-room and the inner door of the bedroom. I continued my journey in the direction of the bed. She stopped darning, but kept on gazing as I limply allowed myself to be absorbed by the downy couch, and said, with an interrogation point in her voice: "That damned American Consul, eh?" And little did she know how appropriate the remark was. But I never come upon that delightful oasis created by the County Council without having a laugh at the—American Consul.

CHAPTER XIV

Richard falls ill; recovers somewhat and takes a long journey; many strange sights; paste and perversity; the persevering amateur.

At the close of " China Town " I returned to the three halls known as the " Syndicate," and had only played three nights when I became ill, and was forced to undergo an operation which took place at my home. And owing to some strange fancy, I asked to have a parrot in my bedroom, and just as I was slipping off into unconsciousness I remember the excited movements and little groans given by the parrot, who was watching every movement. I was ill for six weeks, and my whiskers grew so rapidly that I imagined they spread themselves over the room, crept out underneath the door, and finally made their way outside, to serve both as a house decoration and to trip up the passers-by. Anyway, they looked fierce to me; very much as the Russian has been painted when the popular belief was that each one was an anarchist carrying a bomb concealed in his wind-tossed beard. Lately he has assumed more human aspects since he has settled down to killing Germans as a speciality.

During the period I was confined to my room I was very depressed, and as Mrs Knowles was playing, I had for company stray callers, the doctor, and the parrot. The doctor was a fine fellow, with political ambitions, and I, discovering this, had great fun in inducing him to make the speeches that he would have made had he been located at Westminster. I cheered him on, and he entered into the spirit of it, had a new speech nightly, and after I had enjoyed his peroration, he got his own back by torturing me with fiendish glee. The bedroom door contracted a habit of creaking on its hinges, which got on my nerves to such an extent that a man was called in to stop it. He succeeded admirably, and everything looked good, but after that, whenever the door was opened, and it reached the spot where the creak had been, the parrot supplied the noise; so, you see, we still had the creak and lost the money paid to the man for stopping it.

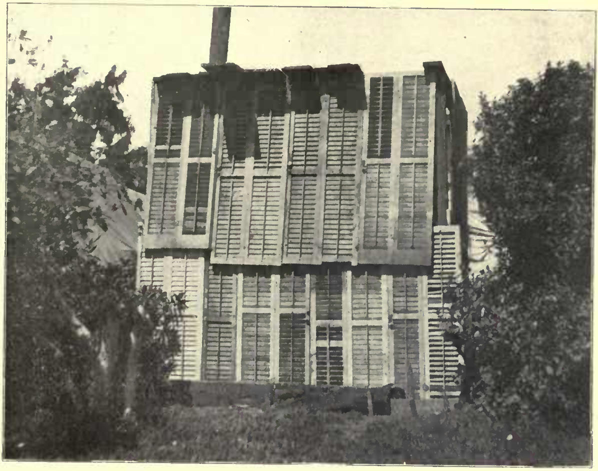
After recovery, I found that my voice was rather weak, and the slightest cold interfered with it; so for a long period I very rarely succeeded in working a full week, and finally it became so bad that I was advised to take a trip to Australia. Arrangements were made, old contracts had to be cancelled, new ones entered into, and I by no means got the best of things; however, everything was settled and we sailed on board a P. & O. liner called *Arcadia*—why I do not know, for the first day out we caught rough weather, and it grew worse and worse all through the Bay of Biscay, until I was so ill that I could not have seen land if the boat had been filled with it, and Gibraltar (a place I had longed to see) became so insignificant that I would not even go ashore. I had not eaten since I left London, and it seemed as though I would never eat again; fellow-passengers looked at me and smiled, and if Gibraltar had toppled over on to the ship I am sure I should not have made an effort to save myself. Oh, I was bad! When we passed the Rock I began to improve, and was in good condition at Malta, thoroughly enjoyed the town with its dust, dirt, and laziness, saw all the sights, tipped every waiter, gave to every beggar, and there were many of both—in fact, it seemed to me that the town possessed nothing but waiters or beggars.

We stopped at Brindisi, took on the mails, and then reached Port Said, at that time a most wicked and interesting place. Since then it has reformed, and lost much of its wickedness and all of its interest. We passed through the canal by moonlight, and many weird sights were seen on the banks; camel caravans came, ghost-like, out of the night, were visible for a minute, and then they faded silently into the darkness, and all the time the steamer was gliding onward at reduced speed. The flying fishes were fluttering in groups, and tumbling over each other; and in an attempt to escape, one actually reached the deck and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and discovered that the fins (with which they fly) were thoroughly dry. As I was throwing it back in the water, I asked an officer about it, and he told me that they could remain in the air as long as their fins were wet, but as soon as they dried, they fell.

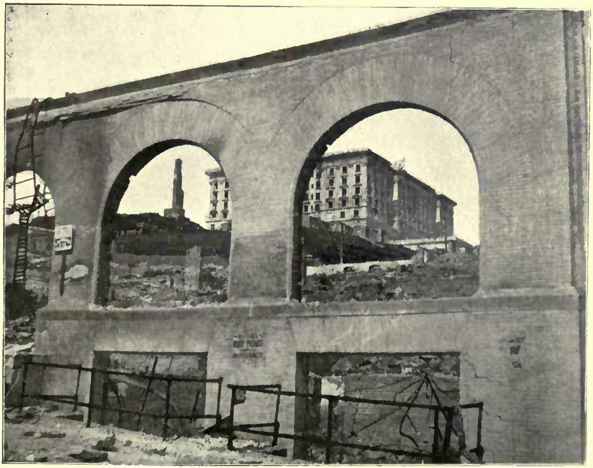
I remember telling my mother once about the things I had seen in some part of the world, and she would not believe it, simply because she had never heard of it in the Bible; and wishing to have a joke with her, I told her that the weather was so warm while sailing through the Red Sea, that we had to turn around and go the other way to get a breath of fresh air. She thought she had caught me in a lie, and said, " But wouldn't the boat create a breeze of its own?" My reply was convincing: "Not when the breeze is blowing in the same direction as the boat, and at the same speed." She murmured, but did not protest loudly. I then told her that the captain always stopped the boat at the point where the Israelites had crossed the Red Sea, and there we had a chance to see the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot lying embedded in the sand. She brightened up considerably at that, and said she could understand it perfectly, as it was mentioned in that Good Book which has such a large sale and so few readers.

We were long enough at Aden to regret the circumstance, and glad to get out of it. The town is not beautiful, and the inhabitants, of the white races, have poor complexions and worse tempers; the natives are evil in looks and manners, and sublimely offensive in odours. Colombo was welcomed as a contrast. Having been in Colombo on several occasions, it would seem that there could be no surprises; but that is what surprises us, for there are changes everywhere. The hotels have increased in size, and there are three of these, the "Galle Face," "Grand Oriental," and the "Bristol." I have stopped at two out of the three mentioned, and I prefer the "Galle Face," for its attractions are most numerous, and it is one of the few really first-class hotels in the Far East.

Kandy is the capital and it is a beautiful city cuddling down among the hills, sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Kandy is blessed with a lovely climate, and, strange to relate, the hottest hour of the day is between ten and eleven in the morning. The nights are delightfully cool, so that it requires extra covering to keep one comfortable.



THE HOUSE OF MANY SHUTTERS. WELL VENTILATED. SAN FRANCISCO.
See page 208.



A GLIMPSE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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There is a wonderful park called the Peradenyia Gardens, filled with all sorts of trees; and one of the great novelties is the flying fox. Thousands upon thousands of these creatures are to be found, clinging to the branches, and look just like leaves; but when they are disturbed, they fly into the air and almost obscure the rays of the sun. Awaradapoora was the first capital of the island, and was founded in the year 400 B.C. by King Tissa; he also introduced the Buddhist faith to the Cingalese, and erected shrines and dagobas that stand to this day.

Ceylon is famous for tea and rubber, and made notorious by the planters, who visit Colombo periodically and enjoy themselves to the fullest extent; and for the two weeks (generally race weeks) they play the game of gaiety. I was there during one of these vacations and saw for myself.

I remember Colombo, because I became a bill-poster there, and never shall I forget an experience I had while filling that responsible position. We were appearing in the gardens belonging to the Grand Oriental Hotel, and at that time they were building an annex; I fell in with the contractor, whose name was Ralph McDonald, and he turned out to be a very fine fellow indeed. He gave me permission to post bills wherever I could find a place on the hotel, that is, the unfinished annex, and he also gave me the same permission in respect to a beautiful building which he was erecting for an Insurance Company. I was very grateful, and secured the services of a couple of coolies, or labourers, to apply the paste to the fence surrounding the building in course of construction. The coolies went ahead, and I followed on, putting up the posters.

In the midst of my labours I was startled by a loud, raucous shout, and I looked around in time to see a great red nose (which, as of course you know, is a sure sign of indigestion) protruding out of an angry face; beneath the nose there was a large noise factory, and this kept opening and closing. Words fell out of the orifice with weird effect, and each sentence was punctuated with an oath, followed by an order to take down my "—— —— bills," he would have none of them on that fence, etc., etc., illuminating his address with a further assortment of choice adjectives.

By this time all the shopkeepers had gathered at the doors, and were laughing at me. Again he told me to take down those bills. I said: "But Mr McDonald——" "Never mind about that; take them down!" Again I expostulated, mentioning the fact that I had received permission to post them. "Take them down, you liar!" he shrieked. I then asked: "Do you want them down?" "Do I want them down? Certainly I do!" "Then take them down yourself," was my reply.

At this he lost his temper entirely, and tore at the bills with his fingers. The fence was corrugated iron, and he scratched his hands severely; as the posters came away, he got the paste all over his fingers, and that moved him to further efforts, proving, at the same time, that his vocabulary of oaths was not exhausted by any means. He grew angrier and dirtier with each moment, and finally took hold of the paste-brush and drew back to throw it into the road; as he did so, a shower of paste went over his black coat. He hunted for a handkerchief, but could not find one. I handed him mine; he took it, swearing volubly and vigorously all the while. He handed me back my handkerchief, and I thanked him profusely; then, with my coolies, I returned, sought out Mr McDonald, received an order from him to use the fence in any way I saw fit, and listened to him while he told the owner of the nose to behave himself or, in default, get ready to find another job. We secured more paste, more posters, and literally covered the fence, and went round to see the shopkeepers (who had laughed at me before) come out and observe the finished work, and laugh at the other fellow.

We had a successful season coupled with much enjoyment, and I can safely say that Colombo is well worth a visit; a delightful change is guaranteed to everyone, for it is unique in every way, and the Cingalese are as clean as can be. The men are somewhat effeminate in appearance, but the women are really beautiful, with straight, silky black hair, very abundant, regular features, large eyes, and dazzling rows of white teeth; slender as a rule, graceful as can be in their bearing, and always smiling graciously at one and all. Yes, they are indeed pleasant people.

Many of the Indian, and nearly all the passengers for the Far East, left us at Colombo, and although we were numerically less, there was more sociability. We had no stop for a fortnight, yet the time passed more quickly than heretofore, and, as we say in America, there was "something doing" every day and every night as well. There was deck cricket and sports of all sorts during the day, with concerts and dances at night. A certain young man was the promoter of the concerts, and although he worked hard, it was always done in a ladylike manner; he was the sort of boy that only a mother could love. He had the temerity to appear at all the entertainments, and his selections were invariably recitations. Whether they were well done or not, no one ever found out; for no matter what he announced, he never reached the finish—something interfered. He was in the midst of that wonderful "Charge of the Light Brigade," when a group of screaming children tumbled down the companion-way. Of course the mothers left in a body, followed by the others, and our hero was left right at the "mouth of hell" with his "six hundred."

The cause of the disturbance was a boy of ten, who had discovered a tiger's skin, and, disguising himself, crept stealthily upon the group of children, with the natural result that they ran for their lives. The reciter was forgotten; he had led the brigade right into Hades, and then retreated, leaving them to their fate. Oh! he *was* indignant. The concert was stopped, and I believe to this day that one of the passengers did it on purpose.

At another concert he chose for his subject "Casabianca," and again there came an interruption; just as he arrived at the most interesting part, a stack of plates fell from a pantry shelf. They started to fall, and they kept on falling; it seemed as if all the plates in the world had started out on a journey, with no one near to stop them. They continued dropping through one whole verse, and what made it funnier than ever was, after the first grand smash, there came a smooth flow of plates, then a series of crashes, as though single plates were thrown at those already broken. Everyone screamed with laughter, except our friend. He lost his temper, we lost the recitation and the rest of the concert, which broke up in confusion; but we had the laugh of a lifetime. I had an idea the stewards knew how the affair started.

Nothing daunted, the persevering young man made another attack, and put himself down to sing " Come into the Garden, Maud " in the second part of the programme. During the first part we began to experience rough weather, and the sky became black, the wind fresh, and scarcely had the singer invited Maud to come into the garden than there was a crash of thunder that was deafening, and almost at the same instant a flash of lightning tore across the sky as though it were fleeing from the thunder. Everyone was a little frightened, and for the moment forgot all about the singer; but we were brought back to earth by hearing him say: " Well, I don't care; I think it is real mean to put up all these jobs on me." But who could have brought about the last one?

There was a minister on board who came from one of the " Back Blocks," and at one of the concerts he told an excellent story of the trials and tribulation of a brother minister who started a church in a newly opened up mining district. He first went and made friends with the boys in the camp, and they fell in with his ideas, building for him a rough log church. There was to be a grand opening, at which everyone was to attend and listen to the sermon. In the hurry and bustle of building, a very noted man in that camp had been forgotten. It appeared that he had gone out on a prospecting expedition and returned just in time to see the preparations, so he made up his mind to accompany the others. He had always been the camp bully, and driven, rough-shod, over everyone on account of his superior strength, and he could not let this chance go by without "showing off"; so as the parson entered, the bully interrupted him by saying: "See here, Parson, I have whipped every man in this camp, and you've got to go through it before you can get along smooth-like." "Well," said the parson, "we will attend to all those details after the sermon." The bully had to be satisfied with that for the moment, and with the others he listened to the sermon.

At its close he approached the minister and said: "That was a good sermon and I enjoyed it, but that has nothing to do with our case. I have whipped every man in this community, and you have got to get yours or I will lose my reputation." The minister, who was a sturdy, athletic chap, but soft of speech, said smoothly, "My friend, I admit your claim, but could we not postpone the meeting to another and more suitable day?" The bully replied, "No, I am here and you are here; all the town is here, and there is no need of any postponement." The parson then requested time to say a little prayer. This concession was granted, and he knelt down on the ground near the door of the church and very reverently started with: "Oh Lord, Thou knowest I have tried in every way to avoid this conflict, and also that I have failed. Thou also knowest that when I was attacked by that great hulking brute in Rumtown, and I laid him dead at my feet with one blow, it was in self-defence; then again when I was attacked on the highway by two men and I choked one with my left hand, I, at the same time, was endowed with strength enough to batter the other's brains out against a tree that had grown there, evidently, for that purpose. And now, oh Lord! be prepared to receive this poor creature, and forgive him his sins for he knows not what he does; his hour has come."

The preacher rose from his knees, and there were roars of laughter and a great hand-clapping as the torment of the town was seen doing a Marathon, followed by a cloud of dust. And he never returned to bother anyone in that camp; which proves that there is great efficacy in prayer when properly applied.

Needless to say, our ministerial friend made a hit with his story, and as an encore, said: "I will now tell you one against the parsons. One, a very good man, according to his lights, was blessed with a son who was rather reckless, and had not paid strict attention to the orthodox teaching of his worthy male parent. The father's patience becoming exhausted, one night at a late hour he met his son at the front door, and an argument arose, becoming more heated as it proceeded, until finally the father in a rage said: " Leave my house and never darken my door again." " But where am I to go?" asked the boy. " Go—go —go to hell, where you are going as fast as you can," was the answer; and as he opened the door, he satirically pointed to the street, and said: " Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

The boy, humiliated and crushed in spirit, went out into the night and drifted aimlessly from one part of the country to another, living a precarious life. He went from bad to worse until, a total wreck, hungry and footsore, he paused before his father's house, which was brilliantly illuminated, and climbing the steps, rang the bell. His father came to the door, gave one look, and recognised his son in the ragged creature standing before him. He invited him to enter. The boy did so, and was ushered into the library, where a great semicircle of parsons were seated enjoying the comforts of a glowing fire. The father, wishing to humble his son still further, said: "And may I ask where you have been?" The boy replied: "I have been where you sent me." "And where was that?" was the question. "To hell," was the answer. Then the father asked cynically: "And how did you find things there?" "Oh, just the same as here," said the son, looking at the group, "you couldn't get near the fire for parsons."

Now each of those stories is a sermon in itself. One teaches you not to be a bully, and the other not to be brutal.

CHAPTER XV

In the Antipodes; Richard meets with a flattering reception; more cricket; ready wit; Fiji and New Zealand.

We landed at Albany, and other than the fact that I picked an orchid growing wild that had for petals a reproduction of a human skeleton, nothing of moment happened. Adelaide was reached, and after lunch at an excellent hotel, I met the proprietor; we swopped stories, and he invited us to dine with him that evening, and at the dinner he told us how he despised theatrical people, adding the information that he would not allow one of either sex to stop at his hotel. I gave him my card upon leaving; it contained only my name, and afterwards I always sent him newspapers containing notices of my performances.

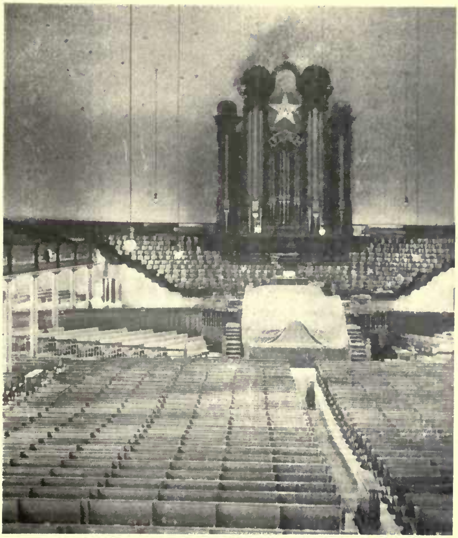
The late Clem Hill, the great left-hander, lived in Adelaide, and with his death Australia lost a great batsman, a grand fielder, and a fine fellow.

We left late after dinner, and found the ship anchored at a considerable distance from the pier; so we were obliged to go out on a tug, which could only come within about five feet of the gangway. Two sailors were stationed on the foot of that very necessary adjunct, and as the waves carried the tug high above it, we were told to jump. We obeyed orders in spite of the fact that it looked a mile deep, but in reality it was not very high. However, it was dangerous, and we were glad to find ourselves safely on board.

The Australian Bight furnished freak specimens of weather, and after trying them all, we reached Melbourne, a handsome city with broad streets laid out at right-angles, very clean and well paved. Our first call was at Menzies Hotel, where we were welcomed in the regular Australian fashion, which is to make you believe they like you even if you do not like them; but I think nearly everyone likes the Australians, for they are a most hospitable people with kindly feelings for all peoples in all parts. I found Norman Menzies a lovely fellow, who was anxious to please and anxious to be a friend; needless to say, he succeeded admirably in both efforts.

A letter awaited me from Major Wardill, asking me to accept the courtesy of the Melbourne Cricket Club during my stay, and to come at once and report. I did so, only to be told at the gate that it was the Austral wheel day, but that I was to go right in and meet the Major, who was waiting to welcome me to the Island Continent. Did I receive a welcome? I certainly did, and a grip from the hands of men like Hughie Trumble, Frank Laver, to say nothing of Armstrong and many more fine fellows who have been associated with Test Matches.

Fate handed me over to these gentlemen, and out of their goodness of heart, I was invited to play cricket. Jones, the fast bowler, happened to be there; he bowled one ball, and I did not hit it. A second one was served hot from his speed factory; I touched it with the shoulder of my bat, and evidently I offended the ball and it got even, for it planted itself in my eye, and I turned round twice, probably to see



INTERIOR OT MORMON TABERNACLE. FINEST ACCOUSTICS IN THE WORLD. SALT LAKE CITY.

See page 209.

THE MORMON CATHEDRAL. SALT LAKE CITY.

See page 209.

where Jones got his speed from. My eye began to get so inquisitive that it almost left its socket trying to get outside to see what had happened. I went back to Menzies', went to bed, and was decorated with leeches; they worked hard, and removed considerable congestion. My eye went back to its original habitation, and the lid came down and closed the door.

The next evening was to mark my first appearance in Australia, but the doctor said that he could not permit me to appear. I asked him if the authorities would object; he said he did not think so. "Well," I said, "in that case I will take a chance with the public." He did not argue the point, but bought a seat instead.

We opened to a packed house, and I glued my eyelid back in its proper place, painted the side of my face, and instead of walking from side to side in the ordinary fashion, I kept my good eye to the audience by walking ordinarily one way; but instead of turning, I simply backed up. After I had succeeded in pleasing them, I explained why I did it, and they were pleased with that bit of inside information.

On the same programme was Henry Lee, a most versatile man and excellent actor, who has since died. He was well known on the English stage, as was his brother William Lee, who earned fame as a sketch-artist. Another member of the same family is Julian Rose, who charmed all England with that gem cut from Jewish life—"Levinsky's Wedding." Truly a talented family. The three Delevines were also prominent members of the company, as well as Bellman and Moore.

Mrs Knowles was taken seriously ill, had to undergo an operation, and gave up her career as a music-hall artiste, but has appeared in every part of the world in connection with my lectures, and has contributed to their success in no uncertain fashion.

I shall never forget my first appearance in Melbourne. I walked on the stage, and my reception was the kindest possible. I acknowledged it time and again with innumerable bows, but it was of no use; the audience stood up and cheered until the Princess's Theatre rang with the shouts. Finally I pretended to be indignant, and walked off the stage. The applause ceased, and I walked back in a hesitating fashion; and when I had reached the centre of the stage I said: " Are you prepared to mind your own business now? " There was another shout, and when it ceased, I ventured to remark: " If you don't mind yours, I will not be able to mind mine; so let us agree." And we did for that evening, and managed to get along fairly well for many months.

Our next stand was Sydney, where we went to open a new theatre called the " Palace "; and it was well named, for it seemed as if they had literally melted gold and hurled it at the walls, where it hung as a decorative scheme. Another hearty reception greeted me, and as it finished, I asked very quietly: " If the man is in the house who dug the harbour, will he please stand up? " A howl of delight greeted this sally, and I imagine it came on account of everyone overpraising it to such an extent that they were pleased when someone came along with courage enough to " guy " a little on so serious a subject.

I met with more kindness and also with more cricketers; and they were all " top notchers," Victor Trumper, Noble, Kelly, and the Gregorys—there is a group of men who have made history as far as that game is concerned. Syd Gregory and I were particularly friendly, and I got on all right in the mid-week matches. Syd tells a good story about the game. He came in after the match, and someone asked: "How did you do, Syd?" The reply was good. He said: "First rate; Knowles and I made one hundred runs between us, and one of us only made one." There was a laugh, and one of the listeners said: "Ah! you made ninety nine?" Syd grinned and replied: "No, Knowles." And it was the truth—he was "run out" after making his first run.

I played two engagements in Sydney: one at the "Palace," the other at Her Majesty's Theatre. Each was of eight weeks' duration, and I can assure you they will never be forgotten. I was supposed to be on board the ship, but was informed that we would not leave until later, so I was afforded an opportunity to appear at the benefit given to Miss Florence Young, the principal boy of the pantomime.

At the close of my act, the audience called for a speech. I acceded to the request, and walking to the front, I started with, "Ladies and gentlemen——" (dead stop) "I hope no one will be offended at that——" (they enjoyed that little bit immensely). "Now it is a custom in Australia for the departing performer to make a speech, and it is customary for him to tell you that you are the most critical people on earth, and the most hospitable, you have the finest theatres, the greatest railways; and then he concludes by saying that as soon as he can arrange his business he intends to come right back to Australia and make it his home. But just as soon as he gets to his own home, he tells them he would not go back at any price. Now I am going to vary that custom. You are not the most critical people, neither are you the most hospitable. Your theatres are not the finest, and your railways are not the greatest in the world, and—I may never come back. I have met some of the meanest people in Sydney I have ever met in my life, but I have also met some of the nicest people here; and the nice ones have been so nice that they have more than overbalanced the mean ones. Now, while you are not the most critical, you are just as critical as any other audience in any other part of the world. Your hospitality compares favourably with other places; your theatres are just as good. When your people are mean they are just as mean as anyone else, and when they are good they are just as good as anyone else. I must thank the press for their treatment; it has been considerate, and I hope deserved. My thanks are due to the Management, Messrs Williamson and Musgrove, who have simply overwhelmed me with courtesy; and I hope my memory will be good enough to retain at least a few of their many kindnesses. As for the public, what can I say? Your reception has been overwhelming. My welcome took root in Melbourne, budded in Sydney, and blossomed all over Australia; and if every good wish that I have received during the past week were a flower, it would require more than my individual efforts to raise the bouquet. You have my thanks; I have your money. Good-bye."

The house rose, and I was forced to come out again and again. A couple of hours later I was sailing out of that world-famous harbour on a liner bound for Vancouver, and the ship was escorted by a number of yachts crowded with people who sang "On the Benches in the Park." I have been there again, and found the same warm welcome from the same warm-hearted people.

On the second visit I went into Queensland, and had a couple of experiences that will bear repeating. Mrs Knowles and I gave the whole entertainment, and we were remarkably successful. Our journey carried us into Townsville, and we played to a very small house; in fact, it broke the record for money looking through the wrong end of the telescope. But we gave the show, returned to the hotel, and I remarked to Mr Duncan (who was my manager, and a splendid fellow as well), "Well, let us have a bottle of wine to celebrate this important event." He agreed, and as it was being served a knock came at the door. I said "Come in," and there entered a fine strapping fellow, who rushed over and shook hands, saying: "You don't know me, but I enjoyed myself so much that I want to thank you. I tell you I got my shilling's worth, and if you ever come back here, I'll come round and bring my wife."

I offered him a glass of wine and asked him why he had not brought her that night. "Well, you see," he explained, "I always go first, and if it is worth anything I take her the next time." "Oh," I said, "you are the martyr of your family?" He agreed that that was correct, accepted another glass of wine, and shaking hands with his right he drew his left over his mouth and said: "I wish I had brought my wife." I asked, "Why?" He said: "By golly, that wine was good; and don't forget to come again, and—you don't owe me anything, I got my money's worth."

In Charterstowers we played in a huge skating rink; the prices were one, two, and three shillings. When I walked on there were a few people in the threes, a few more in the twos, and the shilling place jammed and standing without an inch of room. There was some sort of disturbance at the ticket-office, and after the performance I asked Mr Duncan what was the trouble. "Oh," he said, "a couple of men suffering from shillingitis." I laughed, and he told me that he had room for one to stand at a shilling. At that interesting moment the two richest men in town, coming from opposite directions, laid down a shilling each and asked for accommodation. Mr Duncan explained that there was only room for one, but offered to sell seats to both at two shillings each; they refused, and quarrelled over who should get the one place left. It went from bad to worse until they took off their coats and fought out in the street, to see who should have the place; and while they were hard at it, Mr Duncan sold the ticket to another man, and the two combatants went home each carrying his shilling.

During my stay in Charterstowers I closed the theatre for one evening so that I might have the pleasure of listening to Sir George Reid, the famous Australian, highly respected both at home and abroad, and noted for his ready wit. He established his reputation in a single night. In the midst of a great throng a man had an egg. Sir George was speaking, and evidently he displeased the man with the egg, or it may have been that he was so delighted with his talk that he wanted to give him the egg;

but the crowd was great and he could not hand it to him, so he just stood up and threw it. The egg struck Reid on his white shirt front, splashing his dress-clothes, and little rivulets of yellow ran in every direction, their source being a sea of yellow ochre covering Sir George's manly bosom. Now the victim is a man of great breadth, both in mind and body, and as he is not too tall he displays his weight to the best possible advantage. When the egg struck home, the assembled multitude did not pity him, they just laughed; and during the laugh Sir George smiled and laboured with a handkerchief at the same time, removing as much as he could of the wreckage. As he finished the laugh ended, and looking straight at the audience he said: "Thank God—the Great Auk is dead." Then the audience laughed louder than ever, but this time they laughed with the speaker; and that incident "made" him.

Now let us see how he got along on the night I went to hear him. In the middle of a sentence a man in the audience shouted: "You ought to be dead." Reid was somewhat nonplussed, and hesitated for a moment; then he replied: "Suppose I were dead, what would happen then?" A voice from another part of the enclosure said, in sepulchral tones: "The fat would be in the fire." There was nothing more to say on either side. Reid laughingly quitted, so did the audience, howling with delight. I alone was disappointed, for I heard nothing of Reid —neither logic, oratory, wit, humour, eloquence, nor repartee, and I thought to myself, "If I had only known that it was going to terminate like this, I could have opened the theatre and captured the crowd." But still, I had heard several hundred people laugh in the heartiest way imaginable, and I can assure you that one hearty laugh dries up an ocean of tears.

A stormy trip over a portion of a misnamed ocean landed us at Suva, the capital of the Fijian group of islands; and scarcely had we dropped anchor than we were surrounded by natives in long boats, bidding for the privilege of taking us ashore. They were weird-looking creatures with black faces and fiery-red hair. Naturally I was curious about the colour of the hair, and received the information that the colour was produced by bleaching it with lime; this converted it from black to red, and also straightened out the kinks and gave it a regular Paderewski effect. There was one other benefit which was not the least by any means, for it put a stop to all life and liberty in the jungle. A child at school was asked where the Fiji Islands were situated. " In the South Pacific," was the answer. " And what is the population? " " One hundred and twenty thousand." " And how many are white? " " Eight thousand." " And of what colour are the remainder? " " Don't know; they never wash." And in the answer was more truth than poetry.

I was driven out into the country to meet one of the old kings. He was supposed to have been a cannibal, and my guide asked him, or at least claimed to have asked him, if he had ever eaten any human beings. His Majesty laughed, patted a big round stomach, and nodded vigorously. Then the guide asked him if he had defeated all his enemies. The king replied, " I defeated most of them, but I've eaten all of them." He made me a present of a necklace of walrus teeth, which he wore suspended round his neck. I was quite pleased and somewhat surprised at this mark of royal favour, until the guide whispered to me that it was expected that I should make him a present in return, and it ought not to be less than so much—naming the amount. I handed it out, and returned to the city; and in the shop windows I saw the same type of necklace on sale at one half the price. I regretted then that the cannibal king had not added the guide to his collection of digestible edibles.

The Samoan group, which for many years was the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, is about three hundred miles from Fiji, and as we only sailed in and out, we will go on to New Zealand, which consists of three islands, North, South and Stewart. They were first discovered by Tasman; but Captain Cook was the first to go ashore, and it is part and parcel of the British Empire. It is a country of four cities — Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland. Scotsmen predominate in the first; the English are in the majority in the second; Ireland is more numerously represented in Wellington; and Auckland is the cosmopolitan city. Each has its attractions, but the South Island is most famous for its mountains and its gorges, and there are fiords that are equal to any found in Norway.

We journeyed from Wellington to Port Nelson, and there we first came across Pelorus Jack, a fish with a record, for the New Zealand Parliament passed a law to protect him. The story is a strange one; it is said that "truth is stranger than fiction," and this is strange enough to be true. As the steamship entered the French Pass, a fish that looked to be about twelve feet in length approached, and went to the bow of the boat; then it swam to the left, and lying on one side, apparently scanned the faces of the passengers; then putting on a burst of speed again, it went to the bow and repeated on the right the manœuvre of looking over the passengers. Not seeing the desired one, it gave up the search, and then piloted the ship through the pass, turned, and went on his way.

The Maori legend of this fish is curious. The story is that a sailing vessel was wrecked in one of the bays, and the only one saved was a white woman. She was taken ashore by the chief, who fell in love with and finally married her. They were devoted to each other until one day a sailing-ship came in, flying the flag of her country. She became homesick, and going to the chief she asked if he would let her go home for a trip. The chief agreed, if she would promise to return. She said she would when ships were propelled by steam. She went out on the ship, and the Maori grieved until finally he died. And the natives say that his soul went into the body of the fish, and now when he hears the wheel of the ship he goes out to see if his wife has returned.

The Maoris are great gamblers, and are always willing to bet on horse races. On one occasion a native chief was the judge, and had entered a horse in one race, which was supposed to be once around the track. As the horses were approaching the finish, the judge saw his horse was lying fifth; he rushed out and shouted "Go round again," and the race continued. At the finish his horse had reached second place, and once more he shouted "Go on! Go on!" When the tired horses reached the finish for the third time, the judge's horse was leading, so

THE LITTLE MOTHER. HER FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.

See page 213.

THE FIRE BOAT. NEW YORK.

See page 213.

he said: "That is all right; the race a good finish." Another man entered a horse, and the animal led every inch of the way; but he ran to the stand and said, "I protest, I protest." The judge said, "Why do you protest? Your horse won." "Yes I know; but I don't want him to win, that is why I protest."

Rotorua is the hot-spring district. Here you have the hot pools and the spouting geysers. Here Nature furnishes the hot water so that there is no trouble to boil either meat or vegetables; and if you want a roast instead, all that is necessary is to dig a hole in the earth alongside the pool, wrap up the meat and put it in. cover it up, and when the proper time elapses, dig it up and your dinner is ready, cooked free of charge in Nature's oven.

The Maoris have not profited as a whole by coming in contact with the white race, but those who have advanced are showing the way to many of the white people, for as doctors, lawyers, or statesmen, they excel and display ability of no mean order. Old Sophia was a heroine, for during a volcanic eruption she saved a number of lives, carrying them through bubbling lava until the flesh of her feet was hanging in shreds to the bones. I got her to tell me the story in her broken fashion, and it was genuinely pathetic, coming from the lips of a woman who shrank from telling her exploits. The Papakuris were all related to chieftains, and Maggie was the principal guide as well as the belle of Whakareewareewa, that is the name of the town in which the hot springs are found; and is it not enough to make anything hot? No one can spell it; few can pronounce it.

We are leaving New Zealand, and we are leaving behind nice people, beautiful scenery, and novel effects furnished by Nature; also trains furnished by man, rather slow; they do not travel on Sunday, they do not run at night, and I must confess they only creep by day. A strange fact is in evidence: with some of the finest scenery at their own doors, the inhabitants do not bother themselves to go and see it.

In the town of Wanganui, situated on the banks of a broad but shallow river, where great pieces of soap stone are constantly to be seen floating down, I happened upon two friends, one Scottish, the other English. We had not met since Paris, where we had visited the Exhibition together. We met in the smoke-room of the hotel, and naturally the conversation drifted to where we had been and what we had seen since our last experiences; and as both the gentlemen loved travel, and were wealthy enough to give their hobby a free rein, there was considerable talk of different countries.

A single individual sat at a table somewhat removed, nursing a glass of beer. As the Scotsman finished a story of Upper India, our friend at the table said thickly but distinctly: "I have travelled as much as any man in New Zealand." We looked at each other, and the Englishman drifted into a description of big-game hunting in Alaska. At the finish of his story our friend interrupted by ordering another beer and saying to the waiter: "I have travelled as much as anyone in Wanganui." Again we exchanged glances, and I told them of the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. At my finish, he walked over to the table, carrying the empty glass, which he laid down, rather heavily, on the table, saying: "I have travelled as much as anyone in this room." The Scotsman quietly said: "Our whole aim and ambition in life is for you to tell us how far you have been." The New Zealander replied: " I have been to Wellington twice, and I came d——d near going to Auckland once"; and he turned on his heel, went out, and slammed the smoke-room door. And to this day I do not know whether he was guying us or not.

The great business of New Zealand is sheep-farming. One farmer told me that there were no beggars in New Zealand, and as he was telling the story he was listening to a gramophone owned and conducted by a man who asked you to put your pennies in a tin box; and the same man told me that one could live cheaper there than anywhere else in the world, and I had just finished paying a huge sum for an hotel bill. I am not sure that this other story he told me is too true, but it is good. He said the shepherds engaged to watch the sheep were alone with the sheep for such long stretches that they almost forgot to talk, and grew morose and frequently sullen. It appears that the owner of some great herds found two shepherds each with his flock feeding in the same valley, but the view backed in huts on the opposite hill-sides, and he suggested that they should use the same hut for company's sake. They agreed, and that night one of the men came over with his blankets and kitchen utensils, arranged his bunk, cooked his supper, ate it, and went to bed.

Now all this was accomplished without uttering a word. In the morning after he had cooked and eaten breakfast, he lit his pipe, and just as he was starting out he said: " A cow mooed outside last night." No answer came, and he went his way, came back in the evening, went through the regular routine in utter silence, and in the morning as he was leaving the original inhabitant of the hut asked: "How do you know it wasn't a bull?" At the close of the day, after the meal-time came the lighting of the pipe, then the new-comer folded his blankets, gathered his stuff together, threw it over his shoulder, and started. The other man said: "Where are you going?" "Home." "Why?" "Too darn much arguing here to suit me."

There is much that is interesting in New Zealand. It is a country where liquor is prohibited, and yet I saw a good bit of drunkenness; in fact, I am afraid that prohibition seldom prohibits, and at times a little liquor does no harm but instead is beneficial. That there should be Government supervision is quite right, that there should be a stop to intoxication is good, but why should a man or woman be governed by the desires of another? When you own a horse, drive him yourself, then if you want to go straight ahead, you may do so; but if you let another drive, he may want to turn to the right or left, and you are forced to go with him. Let the man who wants water have water, but do not force another person to take your medicine; he may not be suffering from the same complaint. "Do not do to others what you would not have others do to you," was the advice of Confucius, and worse could be done than follow the idea of that wonderful Chinaman.

The last glimpse we had of New Zealand was of the North Capes, and there were two islands looking like twin sphinxes standing up to the necks in water; and as we sailed away, they seemed to incline their heads and bow, saying, "Kiaora, kiaora," which is Maori for "Good health, good luck," and we can add to that "Good-bye."

CHAPTER XVI

Richard still keeps going; 'Frisco in ruins; New York again; the mother of Richard visits a music-hall for the first time; Richard's young relatives; a real loss and its attendant sorrow.

It would be madness to overlook what the inhabitants of the islands call the " Paradise of the Pacific." The geography labels them Hawaii. The port and principal city is Honolulu, famed in song and story. Now what are the attractions of this Eden? Condensed, I would say, the sky is blue—light by day, dark by night, but oh! so beautifully blue, with millions of points of light flashing from countless gems. Water blue again, but so clear that the coral shows plainly in all its weird grotesqueness. Its builders follow no regular designs, but they are unknowingly artistic. The fish are to be seen darting in and out of the crevices, and their flashes of variegated colour cause gasps of wonder and astonishment from the beholders; but until the aquarium is visited, no realisation of the daintiness that is displayed in the gathering and blending of these delicate tints can be formed. I can assure you it would bring tears of envy to the eyes of the French milliners who brighten the Rue de la Paix.

The beauty of flower and foliage is not surpassed anywhere. The hills are brown, but the tops are silvered with snow. There is little or no rain, but the dew is seen in the early morning bespangling the leaves, giving life to the plants, and the morning sun dries the tears of the night before; and thus the earth is enriched from day to day. They have an extinct volcano in Honolulu, the crater of which is twenty-one miles in circumference, and inside there is room to play all sorts of games. The islands have a history. Captain Cook lost his life here, and although the natives are noted for their kindness and gentle manners, they have been warriors in their time. At one time there were chiefs of tribes on each of the islands, but they all owed allegiance to Kamehameeha, who ruled Hawaii. He lived on the Island of Oahu. An unruly chieftain had to be subdued, so King Kamehameeha invaded Honolulu, drove the rebel up the side of the mountain-path to Pali, and then actually pushed the lot into the Pacific, or as near it as he could, for the majority were killed by falling on the rocks below.

Nature is so prolific that no one need starve on the islands. All sorts of fruit and vegetables grow wild along the roadside—sugar-cane, pineapples, and bananas, with a delicate flavour unknown to the European market. The little children are seen toddling off to school with school-bags over their shoulders, neatly dressed with up-to-date shoes and stockings, looking contented and happy. The natives hang garlands of flowers around the necks of the passengers as they go aboard, and a band of over one hundred instruments play on the pier as the liner is sailing away; and strange to say there is no beggary whatever, which is in direct contrast to the majority of places where natives are of the coloured race.

A curious incident exemplified the utter disregard of money. The band was revelling in one of Sousa's marches, and we were all enjoying the march as well as the manner in which it was played, when one of the passengers threw over a shilling. It landed on the pier, and, as it was new, it lay there glittering in the sun; no one paid the slightest attention to it. We waited and watched, expecting a hand to reach out and clutch it; but we were doomed to disappointment, for one by one the visitors left, finally the bandsmen packed up their instruments and walked out of the gate, and the last thing we seemed to see was the shining shilling which no one seemed to want.

A couple of concerts, a few deck games, and some pleasant chats on an ocean that was behaving itself, was all we had to pass away the time between Honolulu and the Golden Gate. There was one exciting moment for Mrs Knowles and myself. We were seated well back toward the stern, when a wave came up unnoticed, and, curling up over the side, dropped on us and we were soaked through; the people who sat next to us were not even sprinkled. We were drenched to the skin, and furnished a good laugh to the passengers; and we were able to join in, so nothing hurt. The captain afterwards explained that it must have been a tidal wave that had worn itself out, and as he said they were caused by earthquakes or volcanic eruptions, it isn't everyone who can say that they were wet through by either of the two dreaded disturbances.

We sailed into San Francisco just after the earthquake, and the first remark I heard was from a minister, who said, "God punished them for their wickedness." A man standing by said: "Don't you think it is rather rough of you to credit God with such vindictiveness." The minister replied it was a judgment on the people for their wickedness. The reply was pointed: " Don't you think it strange that there was some mistake, for along the street where the fire raged fiercest hundreds of barrels of whisky remained in safety. Willis Britt who owns a frame-house still has it in a perfect condition, and as a contrast to that we find seventy-six churches were destroyed." The arrival of the custom officials deprived me of the pleasure of hearing the minister's reply, but I am sure it would have been interesting.

The town itself was lying in ruins. In all probability San Francisco had heard so much of the ancient ruins scattered over different parts of the old world, that something had to be done, so stepped into the breach and presented an effort that would compare more than favourably with any of the older ones, if not eclipsing them altogether. What struck me was the fact that while everywhere one turned nothing but ruins marked the spot, the strangest thing of all was the statues were all standing in excellent condition; and one of the most remarkable scenes I have ever looked at was Market Street, where emerging from the rubbish was a magnificent bronze group of men, stripped to the waist, working an ancient press, but as a background there were hundreds of men, stripped to the waist, and they were shovelling the débris into cars and wagons to be carted away. It was a most striking picture; and to add further to its effect, an office building, erected by one of California's pioneers, had toppled over, and his face, with lips that smiled and eyes that were eager, which had formed the keystone of the arch over the door, had fallen; on each side of the mouth a little piece of stone was broken out and it looked as though he was lying disconsolate at the ruin of his work.

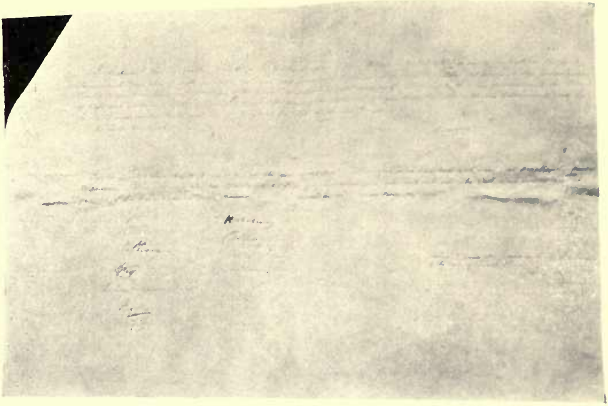
But a greater, nobler, and grander city has risen from the fire, and at present there is an exhibition there open to the world. But the world cannot come, for there is a rival. Europe has given a more costly exhibition, that will have drawn more than San Francisco; but the great pity is that of those who are drawn by Europe into that great seething storm, few will survive the strain; and while one exhibition is of industry and peaceful pursuits, the other is of passion, hatred, and brutality.

The trip to New York from the Pacific slope carried us over the Rockies; we see Salt Lake City, journey through Colorado, and then make a short stay in Chicago, where we find the Olympic Theatre on the same old site and doing the same good business, but not the same manager. A comfortable ride on a marvellous train called "The Twentieth Century Limited" carries us into New York city, where we played again under the banner of B. F. Keith, at the Union Square Theatre. I shall never forget my opening day, for the house was packed to suffocation, and my reception was great. They kept it going until my knees were knocking together. Success assured, we were retained for a second week, terminating the engagement by playing two weeks in Boston.

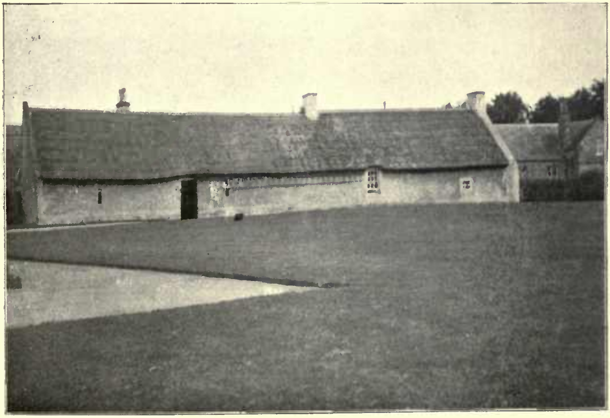
My mother had never visited a theatre before, but we induced her to come. I secured her a seat in the box, and then watched her out of the corner of my eye. She was much more interested in the audience than she was with what happened on the stage.

After we had finished for the afternoon, while driving to the hotel, my wife asked my mother how she liked the show. My mother replied: "Oh, I thought the bicycle rider was good." (I may tell you that the cyclist was Ralph Johnstone who was killed in Denver through falling in an aeroplane.) Needless to say, there were no more questions asked that week. She elected to come again the following Monday, and as we were driving home after the *matinée*, Mrs Knowles asked: "How did you like Richard?" (that being me). My mother looked at her somewhat surprised, then she looked at me in a pitying sort of fashion, and said: "Why—they did nothing but laugh at him all the time he was on the stage." Silence reigned supreme for the moment, and I don't remember ever hearing of the subject being renewed.

My mother was very well satisfied with herself, and took a great interest in her surroundings. We were stopping at the Victoria Hotel, which covered a full block from Broadway to Fifth Avenue; on all the table linen, as well as the curtains on the windows, there was a crown with a "V" embroidered on it. The counterpane had the same decoration, and one evening mother sat pensively studying the embroidery, and my wife interrupted her thoughts enough to ask her what she was thinking about. My mother said: "Well, it was very good of them." I crept into the conversation by asking: "Very good of whom?" "Why, the hotel people," she answered. "Knowing that you came from England, they have had all this embroidery done." Well, my wife and I just looked at each other, we could not trust ourselves to words; but although the joke was on us, we certainly enjoyed every word she uttered.



A LITTLE KNOWN DOCUMENT IN THE HALL OF RECORDS. EDINBURGH.
See page 219.



THE BURNS COTTAGE. AYR.

See page 219.

This is as good a time as any other to introduce a little niece. My wife had two brothers, one located in London and the other in New York. Each were Protestants, each married an Irish Catholic girl, and each had four little children. They were lovable, as all little children are; but I must confess my favourite was the eldest, a girl belonging to the brother in New York. She was given the same name as my wife, and at the age of eighteen months she took a violent fancy to me and has remained loyal ever since. How loyal the following incident will show.

My wife, although of the Protestant persuasion, has no feeling against other sects or denominations, and frequently accompanied the children to their church. The Priest was a kindly old man, and very fond of the children, and as they were going out with their aunt, he stopped Winnie and said: "Now why doesn't your Uncle Dick come down here with you?" The child was only seven, and fear at once began to tug at her heart-strings, and she twisted one little thin leg around the other, and all the time she was wondering what sort of punishment was to be meted out to the child of her adoption. Her poor little perplexed face showed actual suffering. The Priest tapped her on the shoulder and repeated: "Come, come, why doesn't your Uncle Dick come down to church?" All doubts were gone in an instant; a look came over her face. She felt that something had to be done, and now was the time to do it; so she gave a little jump, landed on both feet solid, and with clenched fists beat a tattoo on the rotund body of the Priest, and said: "My Uncle Dick never did anything bad enough to have to go to church." His

Reverence patted her on the back and said: "Now I want to see him more than ever."

During the Lenten period their mother asked each of the children to give up something as a sort of sacrifice, and said she herself would give up cake. Winnie said she would refrain from ice-cream, the youngest volunteered to do without candy, but the second child remained perfectly quiet until the mother said: "Catherine! what are you going to give up?" Catherine looked up slyly, and very quietly said: "Castor-oil."

The world listens to the prattle of children, and there is every reason. Does not the Bible say: "Out of the mouths of babes," etc.; and they are always interesting, therefore I will tell a few without apology.

A little girl rushed to her mother crying loudly. The mother, trying to console her, said: "My little angel, what is the matter?" The girl dried her eyes and said: "The little boy next door slapped me." "Did he? The little wretch! And now, my sweet one, what did you do to him?" "I hit him on the head with a hammer."

Another little girl was seen pulling a little friend's hair. Her mother called her into the house, and said: "You were very naughty to pull that nice little girl's hair, weren't you?" She tearfully admitted it, and her mother continued: "It was the devil that made you do it, didn't he?" The little girl said, "Yes, he did—but" (and she brightened up considerably) "kicking her on the shins was my own idea."

We must give the boys a chance, therefore one will not disturb the balance. A party was given in honour of a boy's birthday, and as he was welcoming his guests he announced with a good deal of pride:

"We've got a lion in our house." His mother reprovingly said: "John, it is a dog that looks like a lion." John ventured to suggest that he knew a lion when he saw one. The party was soon over, and the children had departed when John's mother said: "Now, John, you are to go upstairs with nurse and say your prayers, and ask the good Lord to forgive you for saying the dog was a lion." John agreed, and went upstairs to bed. In the morning when he came downstairs, he rushed over and kissed his mother, who asked: "Did you say your prayers, John?" "Yes, mamma," was the reply. "And did you ask the good Lord to forgive you for saying the dog was a lion?" "Yes, mamma—and He said it was quite excusable, as He had often taken that dog for a lion himself."

The father of the little favourite was a splendid man, and a hero if ever there was one; and as I paused before the monument erected on Riverside Drive in honour of "The firemen who lost their lives in the war that never ends" (the first tribute of this sort that I have ever seen), I thought of his tragic end. It happened on the 13th of August, 1913. He was stationed on the fireboat, of which several are in commission in New York harbour, and the call came. They hurried to the scene, and discovered that the Standard Oil property was in flames. The boat plowed its way through the smoke to subdue the fire. Through some accident a stand weighing many tons was torn out and fell. Brett Johnson (for that was his name) stopped to warn the others, and could not escape himself; he was crushed, and the only consolation we had was that death was instantaneous. The boat was backed out under the clear sky, his body was reverently carried to the back of the boat, covered with a tarpaulin, then the boat pushed back again to battle with the flames. This story was told me by the captain surrounded by his comrades, and there was not a dry eye among them. His record was unique; he had saved many lives and then had given his own. "Greater love had no man."

The Standard Oil Company looked up the case and sent a handsome donation to the family, and his funeral was one of the most impressive ever witnessed. It was a semi-military ceremony, and the streets were lined with people who were not afraid to mourn the loss of a man bigger than any position he had ever been called upon to fill. Little Winnie was at that time nine years of age, and the widow was so prostrated with grief that the burden fell upon that child's shoulders, and she carried it bravely through. Flowers came from everywhere, and she in her childish way felt that she ought to give as well, so she took a hammer and broke her bank and emptied its contents, consisting of small coins from all countries, into an ordinary paper bag, carried it to a florist, and asked for a few flowers which she knew her father had loved. The florist wanted to know where she got the money, and she told her story. The money was wrapped up and returned, a bunch of flowers were given, and a messenger boy escorted her home. Here she wrote a little note saying how grieved she was, tied it round the stems, and placed them, wet with the tears of childhood, in the dead man's hands. She was too young to realise that her loss had made the world poorer in more ways than one.

CHAPTER XVII

A presentation and departure; Scotch and Irish humour; another departure—a little delayed; distinguished passengers; Africa.

We were once more due to return to England after the Keith engagement, and Mr Albee as well as the two Keiths, B. F. and Paul, came with us to the steamer; and there Mr Keith handed me a package which he said was a little memento of many pleasant relations. He also told Mrs Knowles that there was a box deposited with the butcher which must not be forgotten, but was not to be opened until we reached our address in London. Upon opening my case I discovered a piece of old Spanish silver, a perfect model of the ship in which Christopher Columbus sailed to America. There was also a very complimentary inscription, and I would not part with it under any conditions. When we opened the box in London that had been in the refrigerator, we found it filled with about three hundred roses, each with a stem at least twenty inches long. Nothing could have been more acceptable, and I am sure that it will never be forgotten.

About this time I put into execution a plan that had long been hovering over us. We both wanted to see more of the world, and as I was not tied down with too many contracts, I got rid of them quickly so that we might be free to go when and where we liked.

Before we start, I want to touch lightly on Ireland and Scotland. There is much in common between the two people, and yet there are great differences. In the first place the Irishman is witty and knows it. The Scotsman is humorous and doesn't know it—well, I take that back—he knows it but he lets you think he doesn't know it, and that makes it all the more humorous. The Irishman never lets a chance go by to let his wit bubble forth. I was in Connemara and attended a funeral. At the house pipes were given out, together with tobacco. After the burial had taken place, the pipes were smoked and then laid empty on the grave. I asked one of the mourners if they were put there for the purpose of giving the deceased a chance to smoke? He looked at me for a moment, and with a half-grin on his face said: " Ah, sure—he'll smoke where he's going without the aid of pipes."

Even at a serious moment the Irishman loves his joke, and many a good one have I heard, and many a good one have I given to the " press boys " of Belfast and Dublin; and never will I forget the courtesy and kindness of all concerned. Many jovial times have I had there, and many a good hearty laugh have I had out of Percy's " Bulls and Blunders "; and together with the editor of the *Dublin Evening Mail*, who brought us together, we three have spent many happy and not easily forgotten hours together.

One of the happiest sallies I have ever heard was a personal experience. I was leaving the Shelbourne Hotel one morning and a whole fleet of jaunting-cars came over on my side of the road, and each driver gave me a reason why I should take his car. I declined one after the other. All had returned to the stand except one; he kept his horse alongside all the way, and in his pleasant Dublin brogue said: " Sure you'll have a car." I answered: " Sure I'll not." " Ah, sure you'll change your mind." I turned on him and said rather severely: " I am going to walk." " Well," says he, " may the Lord make you long able and seldom willing "; and what could I do but get in and ride.

A jaunting-car is built to accommodate five people, two on either side and the driver in front, but I actually saw eleven people on the three seats, with the driver sitting on the shafts declaring pleasantly that everything would be all right as long as he could keep the horse's head straight, but if he ever turned and saw the load he was carrying the devil a foot would he put down at all at all. I write this in ordinary English, giving everyone a chance to supply the dialect as it appeals to them.

The Irish dearly love to make a joke and score a point against you. I really believe the Scotsman prefers a joke when it is against him, but either way he dearly loves a joke. I complimented a Scot once by saying: " Scotland is a great country." His reply was, " Man, it's the greatest country in the world—for keeping the Sabbath—and anything else we can get our hands on." Now I consider that an excellent quality.

I once had a friend in Scotland who was connected with a distillery; his name was Colonel Menzies. He had an old family servant who seemed to be an adviser more than anything else. Upon one occasion I called on the Colonel, and he was arguing with his tried and trusty adherent Alexander, whom he called Sinna, and who certainly had had more than coffee that morning. Sinna was dusting the office furniture, and at the same time keeping up a running comment on things in general. The Colonel winked at me, and urged Sinna on to further exertions with his feather duster; and whether it was from pure cussedness or by mistake I do not know, but Sinna dusted the Colonel's bald head. Quite coolly he turned to Sinna and said: "Ah, Sinna, I'm *afraid* you are over full." "Ah well," said Sinna, "you needn't be afraid, I am." Then the Colonel ventured to remark: "It's too bad—it's too bad." Sinna said: "It is, it is. I got full too soon. Man, man, but the whisky was grand." That is illustrative of humour called forth by a situation that could not occur again.

Another story, this one I was told by Harry Brown of the *Glasgow Evening News*, of whom there is no finer chap—and, by the way, in the editorial offices of that paper, there are herded together many splendid fellows—but the story's the thing. A carpenter was busily employed by an old lady to do a small job of work, and in the midst of it she approached and asked him if he would have a wee drop of something. He straightened up and suggested that it was not a bad idea; then she asked if he would have it now or wait until the job was done. "Ah, I'll have it now," he smilingly replied. "You see, there have been so many sudden deaths lately, and I would not like to run the risk of losing it."

A Scotsman is supposed to have had an argument with a taxi-driver in London over his fare; and becoming indignant, said: " Do you know that I am a McIntosh? " The chauffeur replied: " I wouldn't care if you were an umbrella—you owe me two-and-sixpence and I want it, that's all."

Many stories are told of the stinginess of the Scot, but like most stories of all countries they are generally started by envious people. Personally, I have always found the Scot in his own home or abroad most hospitable. They are recognised as good business men and so far as insurance, banking, and the literary professions are concerned, they hold their own. I was once told that to produce the shrewdest man in the world it would be a good idea to find a Scotsman of Jewish extraction, born in Greece, educated in Yorkshire, and residing in America. The reference to Yorkshire brings to my mind a street scene I once witnessed in Huddersfield.

It will be remembered that a few years ago there was a week called the " All British " week, when shopkeepers in London filled their windows with goods from all parts of the world, and called them " All British," and everyone praised, and the people flocked from all over to admire and purchase Brussels lace, French silks, Persian carpets, and American boots; but it was a good advertising scheme, and sales were numerous. It was tried through the country, and even got as far as the music-halls.

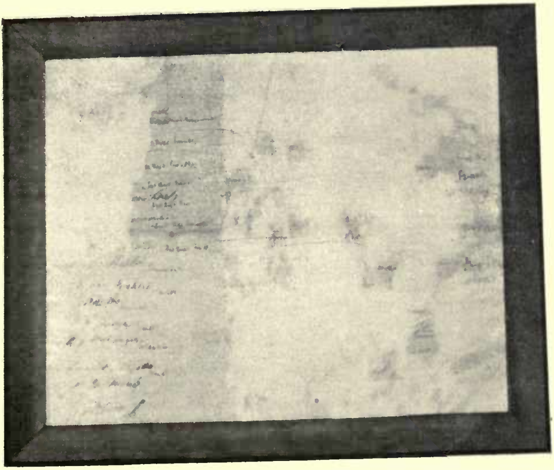
Now the particular incident that I refer to took place on the street, and I want the reader to imagine a lamp-post almost kept in place by two men, who could have lived for ever leaning gracefully against it. One had a short, stunted pipe, and he removed it from his face by sliding the thumb and forefinger of his right hand along his face until he got a grip on the stem; then he held it at a distance, gracefully poised over the three remaining fingers, which were closed. The other had a much younger pipe with a long stem. He took it from his lips in a dainty fashion, and while holding it lightly with the thumb and index finger, he used the other three fingers for playing imaginary tunes. While waiting for a car, I listened to the conversation. I will put this down as it sounded to me. " Eh ba goom—this aw British is aw reet." " What's aw reet?" " This aw British week is aw reet." Business of removing pipe and crossing feet; then the one who played the tunes on his pipe said: " Aw British be blowed—there's nought good but Yorkshire."

A Yorkshire man was standing near the Mansion House gazing at the traffic. A policeman, seeing that he was a stranger, spoke to him, saying: " Quite a lot of people here this morning?" The reply was startling to the policeman: " Oh—aye—there's an excursion in from Leeds." The policeman's time was taken up from that moment directing the traffic.

The theatrical life of London has changed much in taste during my experience in that city. Many old theatres have been obliterated; others have been replaced by newer structures. In the Strand district, the " Olympic," " Globe," and " Strand " have ceased to exist, while " Terry's " has gone over to the Moving Picture branch of theatricals. True, we find a new " Strand," and also the " Aldwych " in the same locality, replacing the others. The " Lyceum " after the death of Sir Henry Irving was rebuilt and opened by Tom Barrasford, a fine showman; but it failed in that line, and is now used for melodramas and highly successful. " Drury Lane "

CAMPS BAY AND THE TWELVE APOSTLES. CAPETOWN.

See page 233.



THE DOCUMENT SIGNED BY THE DIFFERENT GENERALS AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE BOER WAR.

Hard to decipher, but still harder to discover, as it has mysteriously disappeared

See page 233.

dominates that section, and is the national theatre, its destinies ably controlled by Arthur Collins, a man of keen perception and a general favourite with all who come in contact with him.

In direct contrast to the largest of the theatres, we find the Little Theatre, a most beautiful little place of amusement, which cultivates an intimacy that is sadly lacking in the larger theatres. Toole's Theatre has been absorbed by the Charing Cross Hospital. The Duke of York's Theatre was made a real success by Charles Frohman, a charming man who controlled large enterprises as easily and as calmly as though they were only the most ordinary affairs. He went to his death coolly, speaking of it, without fear, as the great adventure. I remember Frohman when he came first, and his coming was the signal for renewed energy in things theatrical. I heard an excellent story that will serve to illustrate the even balance he always maintained.

One day he was going to his office, and the lift stuck half-way between two floors. The man did everything he could think of to start it again, but for an hour the lift refused to budge. There was no apparent reason for it stopping, and with just as little reason it started again, and this time it finished its journey. The staff awaited his coming with anxiety; they were in doubt as to how the great manager would feel at this waste of time. They did not need to worry, for Mr Frohman stepped into the office and with a broad grin said: "That's the first holiday I've had for six years."

The building of theatres in the West End of London has brightened St Martin's Lane, where we find the New Theatre; backing that is "Wyndham's," and then just off the lane is the "Ambassador's," and a new one in course of construction adjoins, proving that the public will patronise the play even if it is produced in an out-of-the-way sort of place, if it is good enough to excite interest.

Shaftesbury Avenue has developed greatly as a theatrical centre. When I first came to London, what was then a National Opera House quickly became the "Palace," which had many trials, troubles, and vicissitudes before it reached success. Alfred Butt has had the helm for a number of years, and he has proved an able pilot, for he has reached port annually with a cargo of bullion to be handed over to the shareholders; and the public pay willingly to back his judgment in the selection of artistes.

The Shaftesbury Theatre at that time was a grimy-looking structure, always empty; it appealed to me, and John L. Shine brightened the building, the street, and the people for a long run in "Morocco Bound." Then it fell into disuse again, and finally it fell before the "all-conquering hosts" of the "Belle of New York," under the banner of the two Georges, Musgrove and Lederer. The leaders of the army of invasion were found in Edna May and Dan Daly, and, with James Sullivan, George Fortesene, Harry Davenport, Frank Lawton, Phyllis Rankin, and so many others that time will not permit their names, an attack was made by the American invaders that carried everything before them. No musical comedy that I have ever seen had so many excellent characters, so many good actors to interpret them, such an excellent plot, for which McClellan was responsible—and oh the music! it is still popular, and Gus Kerker will never be forgiven until he gives us another equally good.

After that there were several American failures in the "Shaftesbury." Then we had "The Prince of Pilsen," which was a success, but not as great as the "Belle." It introduced to London John W. Ransome, a comedian of resource, and his success in London was brought forcibly to my mind when I saw him appearing at a Vaudeville theatre in New York, in which he was made up as William J. Bryan, supposed to be telling what he had done during his vacation on the farm. "I rise at five," he said, "and call the hired man; then I go back to bed and sleep for an hour. Now up again to call the hired girl; back to bed and sleep again. Then I rise for the day, and talk into the phonograph for half an hour. I now shave, and whilst performing that operation, I listen to myself talk. After that, to catch the German vote, I have my photograph taken in a field of Sauerkraut. To keep solid with the prohibition party, I am photographed in a water-melon patch; and then, so that the boys will see that I have not forgotten them, I have my picture taken 'Comin' through the Rye.'" As this happened directly after Bryan's resignation, you can imagine how successful it was with the public; and it also established Ransome as an "up-to-date man" of the first class.

The "Queen's" is new to Shaftesbury Avenue, and never did much until "Potash and Perlmutter" came, saw, and conquered. The "Globe" was administered by Charles Frohman, so the Avenue became somewhat American. The "Apollo" is also one of the newer theatres, but the "Lyric" was in full swing when we opened, and Chevalier Scovel, Haydn Coffin, and Geraldine Ulmar were the principals. Afterwards May Yohe came along. So you see that particular locality has favoured the folks from North America who have exchanged, in our time, the Daly Company for Sir Henry Irving and his fine company. As far as individual actors are concerned we have sent a few—Nat C. Goodwin, Jack Mason, and several others, but we still owe a lot as they have given us innumerable good actors in exchange. Marie Tempest came to America, Ethel Levey and Elsie Janis went to England; and so it continues—each aids the other, and there is room for healthy competition.

The "Haymarket" and the "St James" are both old theatres, with a grand record of successes. His Majesty's Theatre is directed by a genius adaptable, versatile, praised and abused, but always in the public eye. A comedian, a humorist, an actor and an ornament to the profession, Sir Herbert Tree has had the honour of knighthood extended to him; so has Sir Charles Wyndham, that most delightful of all light comedians—and never have honours been more suitably bestowed. Cyril Maude, at present reaping a golden harvest in America, is a welcome guest in every country, and wherever he elects to hang up his hat, he would be a good citizen and a great actor. In comic opera, America contributed to Great Britain the elongated De Wolf Hopper, who was splendidly successful as a comic-opera comedian, and one of the most brilliant of after-act speakers that the stage has produced.

Let us turn to a new idea in the West End—the Coliseum, a wonderful structure conducted on new lines. There the best of everything is to be found.

It is neither a music-hall nor a theatre, but a happy combination of the two; and one can always be sure of an enjoyable evening while seated in a comfortable chair gazing at the best products (in an artistic sense) of all countries. Mr Oswald Stoll, its organiser and managing-director, is a tower of strength as well as a tower of silence. I do not think that there has ever been a quarrel between manager and performer such as was indulged in by us two, each being bitter in his denunciation. I would like to say, however, that all bitterness has now passed away and that, although we quarrelled, I had a great admiration for Mr Stoll. His behaviour was handsome in the extreme, for on my return after his tour I was treated with the greatest courtesy and even kindness.

We were going to Africa, and had for fellow-passengers Mr and Mrs Rudyard Kipling, the Archbishop of Capetown, and many others. We were accompanied to Southampton by Mr Sydney Hyman and several others. Leaving Waterloo, we lunched on board the boat, and I remember Wilson and Waring were of the company. The visitors had cheered us on our way, caught their trains, and returned to London when we started the most tempestuous voyage ever undertaken in Southampton waters.

The wind was blowing a gale, and as we were being pulled out by tugs, cables were still fast to the pier; the object, I believe, was to get her head round. It seemed quite difficult to get her going. Officers besought, the captain prayed, and the crew swore. Which was the effective force, I know not; but finally she moved, and with a rush that seemed as if the stern had suddenly made up its mind to catch one of the tugs and pitch it against the pier. The captain of the tug saw the danger, and started full speed for the bow end; but he did not see a rope stretched between pier and ship. He struck the rope, but it did not break, neither did it hurl the boat back, it just lifted the wheel-house off the deck, and hurled it into the water; and then the tug raced madly but aimlessly out to sea.

By this time things were exciting; the captain changed from prayer to profanity. The ship reared and plunged, started to leap over a small boat, avoided it by a miracle, and then headed for one of the inside berths, where an American liner was located. Stevedores armed with poles pushed her away, and after a violent struggle, lasting over one hour, the *Walmer Castle* was safely secured; she was exactly thirty yards farther away from South Africa than she had been sixty minutes earlier, having taken one hour to lose that distance. We were tied to the pier that night and left the following day, but not a soul was allowed to go ashore.

I overheard a few remarks concerning Kipling. As he passed a particular group, one asked: "Now, what would you say that man did for a living?" One answered: "Bicycle repairer on the Brixton Road." Another said: "No, I think he is going to Africa to sell mining tools." "Wrong again," said the questioner, "that is Kipling." A Frenchman sitting near asked: "Who is Kipling?" Staggered, the man replied: "Why, he made the British Army." "A General?" "No—an author." "Oh—he wrote the army—oh——" Then the Frenchman read again.

After we had negotiated the Bay of Biscay, and once more visited the deck without fear of consequences, we began to get acquainted; and we were all quite friendly by the time we reached Funchal, where the Portuguese Government have turned the town over to the Reids, who seem to own almost everything, and one must confess that they treat the traveller in a splendid fashion. To the top of the mountain one goes on a railway, pulled up by a cable. There was a very fat woman on the car, and she became very nervous. Looking up at the top drawing closer, and with another look at the bottom rapidly receding, with an anxious countenance she plucked at the sleeve of the conductor's coat until he turned and said shortly: "Yes, Madame——" She looked up and then down, and asked so plaintively: "What would happen if the cable broke?" Without turning a hair the conductor replied: "That depends entirely on the life you have led, Madame."

We lunched at the top of the mountain overlooking the bay, tobogganed to the bottom, bought a wicker chair, drank Madeira wine, reached the boat tired but happy, and then commenced the real fun of one of the best ocean trips in the world.

CHAPTER XVIII

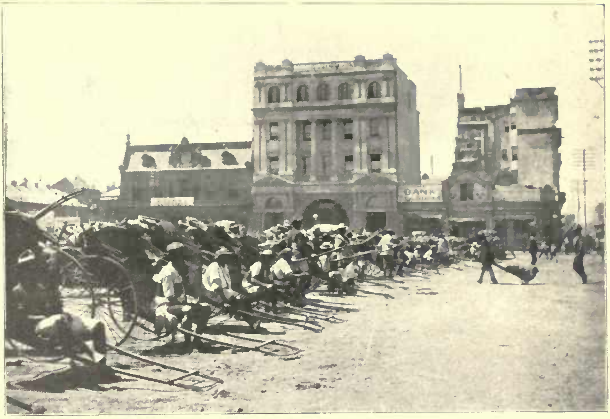
The Archbishop—as Richard knew him; native justice and the effectiveness of simplicity; lions! "Billy" Gaule—from Dublin.

After leaving Funchal, a ship is converted into a floating garden of love. The South Atlantic is a tropical sea. Cupid, not being stupid, plants the seeds of love in fertile soil; they germinate rapidly, coming into full bloom during the progress of the deck sports. All that is required is a look, a sigh, two steamer chairs, the moon, and imagination does the rest. There is more love to the square inch in the South Atlantic than anywhere else I have ever been. Love is warm, and thrives on the weather. The thermometer rises to a great height, but the lovers are equal to the emergency and rise with it—sometimes above it. If love were abolished, the world would be much more peaceful; but the resultant gloom would be worse than war, and as bad as death. It has been said that "it is many years since Adam went blithely wooing with a load of stolen fruit heavy on his chest, hoping to find a cure for indigestion in woman's love"; but sorry I am to confess he found a cure that caused more suffering than did his original complaint.

Now I am going to introduce the Archbishop of Capetown, who was very tall and very thin, but with a very intellectual face and two little tufts of Zambesi cotton on either side of it. He had a peculiar mannerism. In very preoccupied fashion he would walk along the deck of the ship, bow and smile, then frown and shake his head, bow and smile, frown and shake his head, and he kept on bowing and smiling, frowning and shaking his head till I came to the conclusion that he was continually asking himself to have a drink and constantly refusing it. We became very good friends, and one day he invited me to come and hear the service, as he was officiating. I agreed, and heard some most interesting and good advice. Afterwards on the deck I was approached by the worthy man, who asked me how I liked the service. My reply rather startled him. I said: "I thought your prayer was the most deplorable thing I have ever heard fall from the lips of man." "Good gracious, you don't mean that," was his answer. "I certainly do." "Well, well. But tell me what was the prayer?" "Well," I said, "I am surprised—you ask me what you yourself said." "Ah yes," he rejoined; "but I am confused." "You prayed that your King's enemies be delivered into his hands so that he might slay them." "Well, what *would you* do?" "I should pray to turn them into friends, and thus avoid bloodshed." "I never thought of that." "Why not think more. Keep the church up to date, and you will not have to complain of poor attendance."

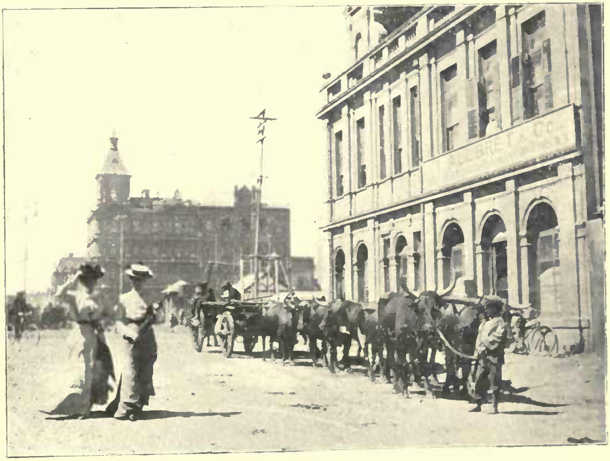
The Archbishop took my advice in a kindly fashion, sat down beside me, and asked: "What is your idea about Heaven?" I asked him if he believed in a personal God, and he said he did. "Well," I replied, "I believe in a good God and a just God, Who is kind and loving as well as forgiving, and what I am going to tell you is not meant in any way cynically or irreverently, but merely to illustrate what I mean. Now we will make Heaven with a gate, as it is sometimes depicted, and standing near the gate is a poor, cowering wretch who in life was called Bill Jones, and whose home was in Croydon. Bill is afraid to knock, but finally he overcomes his dread and knocks on the gate so lightly that he fears and hopes no one will hear him. But he is mistaken. That personal God does hear, and not only hears, but opens the gate Himself and looks down at Bill, and with a friendly welcome says: 'It's Bill Jones from Croydon.' Bill almost willingly admits that fact, and then God says: 'Come on in, Bill.' And then Bill realises how wicked he has been, and is driven to say, 'But I have been very bad.' But that fatherly Creator taps Bill on the shoulder and says: 'Bill, you have been so much better than we ever thought you were going to be, that you are welcome—come in. Now just go over there and sit down,' pointing to some very comfortable chairs. Bill is overwhelmed and says, 'But they are too good for me.' 'No, no; you will find nice people, that side is for you.' But Bill has been looking round and sees on the other side a great number of wooden chairs, rough and filled with splinters, and he asks, 'Don't you think I had better go over there with that lot?' 'No, those are for the popes, archbishops, priests, ministers, rabbis, and heads of all the great religions.' 'But,' says Bill, 'there is not one within a hundred feet of the others.' 'No,' was the reply from a just God, 'no one ever got within a hundred feet of them while they were living; and now since they are dead we are giving them a taste of their own medicine.'"

The Archbishop laughed and said, "Well, it is



THE CAB RANK, MARKET SQUARE. JOHANNESBURG.

See page 234.



HEAVY TRAFFIC. JOHANNESBURG.

See page 234.

an original view, and contains much that deserves consideration."

We chatted often on theology. I told him a story concerning a negro parson that made him hold his sides. The custom in the church was to ask a few questions before the applicant was received into the fold, and John Absalom Jackson was called before the pulpit and the entire congregation listened. The parson began by saying, "John Absalom, do you believe that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still while he went out to fight a battle?" John, with a doubting expression, asked rather than answered a question: "Stopped the sun just so he could have a scrap? Yes." "Do you believe that Daniel was put in the lion's den among seven of the fiercest and hungriest lions that ever were, and he was there for several days and they never offered to eat him?" John's answer did not come quick enough to suit the parson, so he angrily repeated it: "Do you believe it?" John stuttered a little, but said: "Yes, I believe it. You don't need to get angry about it." The parson continued: "Do you believe that the Children of Israel crossed the sea on dry land?" John was staggered, and asked, "Was there water on both sides and no fence to hold it back?" "No—nothing at all. Not a thing." Then John Absalom Jackson said: "I don't believe it—see, I don't believe it." The parson ordered him to leave the church. "Go—on—go—on. You can't become a member of this church." John walked down the aisle, muttering to himself. As he neared the door, he turned and shouted, "I don't believe it—see, I don't believe it. I'm not so darned sure about that lion story either."

The reverend gentleman was a good story-teller, and he described the Red Sea incident in a most interesting fashion. He commenced by telling us how the Israelites came to Egypt on account of famine in Palestine, and also because Joseph had prospered and become powerful in that country; and their arrival was welcomed by Pharaoh. They were permitted to use their own language, but after a time they were reduced to almost slavery, and forced to labour on the public works of Goshen. At that moment Moses appeared as a leader of men, and he induced the Israelites to give up the tribal idea for the time being, and he became the organiser, shall we say Morganiser, of that period. The plague was rampant, and Moses chose that opportune moment to start for Palestine; unnoticed they folded their tents, and, like the Arabs, stole silently away. Pharaoh soon discovered the attempt to escape, and pursued with his army, coming up with the Israelites at the head of the Red Sea. Moses was at his wits' end; but a great wind arose, blowing from the land, and as the tide was going out, it receded to a great distance owing to the action of the wind. Moses seized this chance, and made a quick crossing on the hard, wet sand, quickly followed by Pharaoh's army. But the Israelites had time to take up a "position" in the dry, soft sand. The chariots and cavalry could not be utilised to good advantage; the Egyptians were defeated, the defeat was turned into a rout, and they were driven back over the way they had come. But the wind had changed, the tide had turned—they were enveloped in the waters and drowned.

Quite a number of the passengers listened to the story, and finally one, who was not an unbeliever, merely a doubter, said: "Do you believe that story?" "Yes," replied the Archbishop. "Why do you ask?" "Well, I thought if you weren't sure, when you die and go to Heaven you can ask Moses." A laugh came from the crowd, and another who had no belief ventured to say: "Suppose Moses didn't go to Heaven?" and the Archbishop quietly got one home by saying "Then you ask him." Not only was the joke a hit, but the Archbishop was a prime favourite and his company was always in demand, and he was as jovial and even tempered as he was truly good.

We arrived at Capetown in due course, and standing out above us was Table Mountain, with a mist hanging over the top like a table-cover. The wind was blowing, lifting good-sized pebbles and hurling them at you, while the adjoining mountain, called the "Lion's Head," looked calmly out over the city and bay. I asked one man why they named it the Lion's Head. He said, "Because it looks like Lord Salisbury." Another's reason was because it looked like Kruger. I am still in the dark.

Capetown is a pretty town and the suburbs are very beautiful. On the way north the train passes through a series of cemeteries, and I heard a Johannesburg man say the only difference between Capetown and those cemeteries was, one was a city of the dead—and the other was a dead city. In one they were already buried, and in the other they ought to be.

There is much hospitality among South Africans. I had one peculiar experience, and only one. A gentleman called on me to offer his hospitality, and he started in by greeting me effusively and then inviting me to his club for lunch. Now that is all right as far as it goes; but he followed it up by saying, "You see, I cannot take you home. My wife does not like actors." I declined, and said, "My wife does not like clubs."

We entered "Joburg" on the first day of the new year, and spread out before us was a vast plain dotted with what looked like great circus tents. The day was hot, and that night we saw the first "Joburg" audience. Peggy Pryde was on the programme, and the audience was delighted with her work. Here I saw W. C. Fields for the first time, and I don't remember laughing more than I did at his performance; and he still casts the same spell over me. He improves with age, and is always introducing something absolutely unique. At that time he was experimenting with his first motor-car, and the fact that he is still living speaks much for his luck; for he used that motor for climbing fences, knocking down gateposts, turning somersaults, and he succeeded in everything he tried except to get it to carry him from one point to another. I have seen it back all the way up a long hill, just because he wanted to go the other way.

My opening was splendid. I received the kindest greeting, and forgot the words of "Girlie Girlie," which I had not expected to sing; Barney Allen from Australia shouted out the commencement, and then I was off on a gallop. The management presented me with a gold cigarette-case, and then found out I did not smoke so they changed it to something else. During that tour I was approached by B. and

F. Wheeler for a tour of Africa all on our own, so eighteen months after our first trip found us back in Africa giving the entire entertainment. We carried a motion picture operator. Mrs Knowles played all my accompaniments as well as her banjo specialities, while I worked in evening clothes and gave a combination of lecture and the music-hall entertainment, and we were kindly received from Capetown to the headwaters of the Zambesi, and from Beira all along the east coast and through the interior. We were thrown in contact with the heads of all parties—generals, statesmen, politicians, and everywhere we were successful, contented, and happy.

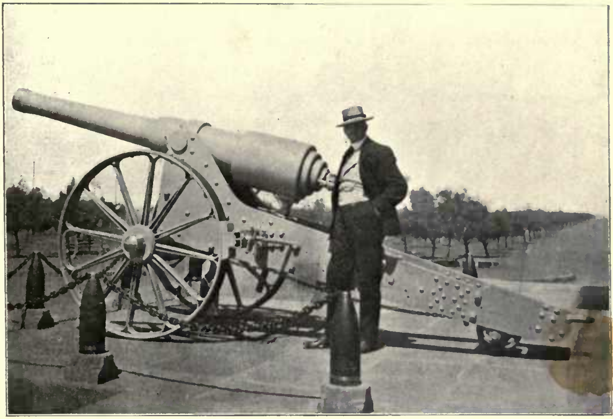
We were going through a railway station one night when there was a dust storm raging, and I overheard one Tommy remark to another: "Fine blessed country, isn't it?" The other replied: "We fought for it, didn't we?" "Yes," said the first one, "and we won it too, didn't we? And now Nature is getting even by forcing us to eat it."

At Buluwayo we played several days, and from there we visited the Matopos, where the tomb of Cecil Rhodes is located—a tomb of dignity on a lonely mountain-top, guarded by huge boulders, and the only life that is to be seen is the lizard as he darts hither and thither seeking his prey. We journeyed by motor-car; it was the first one to visit that locality, and the monkeys came chattering down the hill-sides to see the newest of vehicles. The baby monkeys were always forced to remain safe in the background; and it seemed as though the parents were taking the babies to see the circus, and we were the freaks.

We were invited by King Khama to visit his kraal, and found a large city with a population of over fifteen thousand. He entertained us in a most hospitable fashion, and we ate mealies and slept stretched out on skins, with our feet toward a fire that burned in the centre of the kraal. (By the way, as a point of information, a kraal is a city, and the same name is given to a residence, which is generally circular in shape with a roof like an inverted cornucopia made of reeds and dried grass.)

The marriage ceremony in some places is quite simple. They put down a stick, and then jump over it. The husband keeps the stick, as he may have to use it later to keep the family in order. A young man works until he owns eight cows. With them he buys a wife. She then works till he is able to buy another, the two work until he secures a third, and after that it comes easy.

Khama was the only black judge in Rhodesia that could try a white man for his life, and if anything happened that had to come before the Courts, most of the traders preferred Khama to the regular judges. To cite a case, I want to tell you of a transport rider who had considerable trouble in Khamaland. He had a team of eight bullocks and could not get along with less, and during the night some of Khama's tribe stole two and drove them into the hills. They were pursued by the transport man, who came upon them in a little cup or valley between several kopjes; the bullocks had been killed and eaten. The natives made no resistance, and were taken at once before Khama to be tried. The king listened to the case very attentively, and after the evidence was all in he ordered the culprits to go at once and secure four bullocks, and be at the place where the Court



LONG CECIL. KIMBERLEY.

THE TOMB OF CECIL RHODES. THE MATOPOS. SOUTH AFRICA.

was held not later than Saturday. This was Wednesday. At the appointed hour on Saturday the guilty ones appeared leading four calves. Khama was indignant and, apologising to the transport driver, berated the tricky natives. He said, "You have tried to escape by being over-smart. Now you knew the four bullocks were to be such as you stole, but you choose to be slim; therefore I give you from now until Tuesday to produce before me eight bullocks of the proper sort, and if you fail, you and your families, together with all your relations, shall be expelled from my country and exiled for ever." On Tuesday they marched in, leading eight splendid bullocks. Khama took the cattle, discharged the prisoners, gave four bullocks to the transport driver in place of the stolen ones, and the other four to pay for the time he had lost. That was a practical form of justice that would sink into the native mind.

The Victoria Falls attracted us, and as they were only a short distance from Buluwayo, we gladly gave the time needed for a visit. No mere words can describe their grandeur. Over a mile in width, the water hurls itself over a terrific precipice four hundred and twenty feet high. This torrent drops into a cup or basin which is from four to six hundred feet in width, and in that small space it seems to fight frantically to escape. Nature having brought this immense body of water, could not confine it, so it seems as if she cracked a piece out of the side of the cup; this gives an opening eighty-five feet wide and over four hundred in height, and through that passes away what could turn Rhodesia into a positive garden. There are two seasons in each year as far as the Victoria Falls are concerned—wet and dry, and when it is wet there is no limit to the water; when it is dry there is no water. An old Boer in "Joburg" was watering a lawn with a garden-hose. I asked about the Falls. He said for four months each year the water rushed madly—oh so much water. Water—water from earth to sky—so much water that no two eyes could see the whole of it at one time; and then for eight months (and he took the garden-hose and turned the tap ever so little, until a tiny stream trickled down with an occasional spurt) *this* is the Victoria Falls.

Now it seems to me that during that eight months' dry spell the ravine could be dammed by great blocks of concrete, leaving spaces between the blocks as it neared the top; and in that natural reservoir save millions of gallons of water for irrigating purposes that are now wasted trying to turn the Indian Ocean into a fresh-water lake. But as this plan has not been tried, perhaps I am proving the old adage—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Before we reached Mafeking I was interested, for this town occupied more space in the public prints than it ever did in Africa. It is situated on a flat plain, and there seems to be no earthly reason for its existence. Why the Boers besieged it I never could understand. Why the British defended it is even more inexplicable. Had I been British I should have let them have it; in fact I would have forced them to take it and to put it where it never would be found again. It is said there is a river that takes its rise in Central Africa, and instantly becomes subterranean, and after travelling hundreds of miles underground comes to the surface near the outskirts, gives one look at Mafeking, disappears again, and is never heard of after. Mafeking is a comic-opera town; it stood a comic-opera siege, was not a great success, and the scenery is hardly worth while sending to the storage warehouse.

I do not know that there ever was so much incident crammed into two days of our lives. We left the train tired and dusty, and made our way to the Royal Hotel in Gwelo. I felt rather queer, and after we were as comfortably located as possible under the existing circumstances, I thought a bicycle ride over the veldt would do me a world of good and work off some of that " tired feeling." I borrowed a bike and started out from the Royal Hotel to the outskirts of the town, which meant about three pushes of the pedal, and the town almost faded out of sight. With a few more leg thrusts I had experience enough of the veldt to be careful in selecting landmarks.

The morning air revived me, and I was just beginning to feel a great elation when I had a relapse. I was approaching a kopje with a triangular point that jutted out for a considerable distance. A ledge of rock formed a pathway about eight feet above the ground. I had made up my mind to stop in its shade for rest. All thought of that left me suddenly, together with what courage I ever possessed, for walking along the ledge came a lion, lioness, and two cubs. I was scared stiff, my legs refused to act. I wobbled my front wheel, and went in every direction. The lion leaped down from the ledge, my terror increased; the wheel became more erratic, and I kept drawing closer to the lion. He stopped. I couldn't; I was too scared to stop. I must have looked an awful sight to that lion, for as I came within a few feet of him he whipped his tail between his legs, scrambled up the ledge, and made off.

My strength suddenly returned, and I went along the kopje on the opposite side. I did considerable thinking in the next few minutes, and I remember laughing (not too joyously) over the fact that in all probability the lion had said to his family, " You stop here and I will go down and get breakfast," and wondering what excuse he made to them afterwards. I rested for a while, more to recover my nerve than anything else; then I started back. I had to go back the way I came to pick up the various landmarks, and I can assure you as I passed that kopje I bent over the machine and pushed the hardest I knew how, and I did not look back for a very long time—forgetting that my friend—and his family—was just as scared as I was, and in all probability at that time was miles away, congratulating himself on a very narrow escape from a wilder animal than himself.

When I returned to the hotel, the landlord remarked upon the fact that I was very pale. I looked in the glass, and I was white. He recommended a little brandy. I took it, and then told him of my experience, expecting to be laughed at; instead of which, he was full of sympathy, and took me over to one of the houses where a man was recovering from a great shock to his system. He had been riding across the veldt on horseback, and was pursued by lions, who brought the horse down by leaping on his hind quarters. The horse's fall threw the rider forward over his head, and he ran for the town; and as the lions remained to feed on the horse he escaped with his life. So you see how narrow an escape I had, for a lion could not make a very good meal off a bicycle.

We played that night in what was called the "Stock Exchange," to a distinguished audience. I never could figure out where they all came from, but carts, wagons, and all sorts of vehicles kept coming the whole day through. Some had driven over seventy miles, but the limit was reached when a tally-ho coach, pulled by sixteen mules, drew up at the hotel. They had come from Zebakwi, twenty-six miles away, and among the passengers was the Bishop of Mashonaland, otherwise Billy Gaule of Dublin. We were to have played two nights, but Mrs Knowles had an attack of fever, and we cancelled the second night.

During that day I was taken in tow by the hotel proprietor, and I saw much that was interesting. They were breaking in a negro that had just come from one of the kraals, and it was his first experience with the white man. He was ordered to take a wheelbarrow filled with dirt from where they were cutting a road, and dump it in a hole they wanted to fill in. He asked two other negroes to help him. They lifted the barrow on to his head, and he carried it to the hole and toppled the whole thing over; then went down into the hole, put the empty barrow on his head, walked back, and repeated this for some time before he was told the correct and easy way.

In this town was located a minister who had a good congregation; but he was not the best of men, for it was rumoured that he had tried to make love to some of his fair parishioners. He had also borrowed money from some of their husbands. He owed his grocer, and even the negro servants went without their wages; and he had on several occasions interested people in wildcat mining schemes. Now you may ask what this has got to do with the country negro. Well, it is part of the story, for in the evening after the day's work was done another coloured man took him for a walk so that he might see the sights; and the first stop was the "Stock Exchange." He saw the people crowding in, that was a surprise; when he was informed what the hotel was used for he was more than astonished; but when he came to the church, that was the finishing touch, for he was almost paralysed with wonder and admiration. The spire proving particularly attractive. He asked with awe what that wonderful structure was for. The city man said, "Oh, that is the House of God; but—now it has an awful bad tenant."

Leaving Gwelo we went on to Globe and Phœnix, and had for company Bishop Gaule, Peter Dewar (cousin of Sir Thomas Dewar) and a man from Buluwayo who gloried in the name of Hopkins. Arrangements were made between us: Mrs Knowles ordered the food, Peter Dewar saw to the fruits, Hopkins was the furnisher of the liquids, I officiated as iceman, and the Bishop sat in and helped as waiter. I invariably ordered a couple of hundred pounds of ice in cakes that were about four inches thick, covered with sawdust, then with linen strips to keep everything clean and nice. We laid our chicken on top, covered it over, and then another cake of ice on which rested ham, tongue, etc., as well as butter, cold eggs, salads. Then we put the fruits, with a stick on each end to keep the ice from crushing the fruit, and above that another layer of ice; and then there were various bottles of different shapes containing all

GRACEFUL EASE. GWELO. AFRICA.

THE ANCESTRAL HOME AND THE FAMILY TREE. AFRICA.

sorts of good things. Someone will be mean enough to say that the top was devoted to liquid revivers because there would be more call for that than the stores lower down; but—remember the Bishop was the waiter. We enjoyed ourselves immensely, and I received a nickname that has stuck to me—"The Iceman"; and it was not a frost, for everyone on the train at some time or other visited our compartment, and no one being denied, it became all the more popular.

We discovered our next stop simply through the watchfulness of the engineer, for it would have been easy to overlook it. We lived in an hotel. We ate in the dining-room, and then the tables were cleared and we showed in the same room; and it was crowded to the limit and then there were not many, but they paid high prices. I remember the dining-room had an earthen floor, and in the midst of a story I now and again caught an uneasy glance on someone's face seated on the aisle, then the change would come and determination was visible; and that was generally followed by a quick stamp of the foot, and I knew that a centipede or lizard had lost all interest in the show. We were there two nights, and I was told that there were only twenty-two white women within a radius of twenty miles; and there were twenty-three in each evening, so I often wondered where the extra girl came from.

Our party remained intact to Salisbury, and we had another pleasant trip. The Bishop told us of his early experiences in Africa, and one story was excellent. It appears that he and several others were on top of a stage-coach that had some lady passengers inside; the Bishop occupied a seat on the driver's right. On the left was a man who was gradually getting drunk, and was indulging in very bad language. The Bishop stood it for a long time and then asked the man to stop. That only incited him to further efforts. Again the Bishop reprimanded him, and told him there were ladies inside the coach. The drunken man invited him to mind his own business, and added that if he didn't mind he'd forget his cloth and give the Bishop a good hiding. Scattered through this announcement were several adjectives, and the Bishop lost his temper, ordered the driver to stop, was over the side and down on the ground in an instant. Without delay his coat was off; he threw it on the ground and shouted, "There is the Bishop of Mashonaland," and as he leaped in the air striking his chest, he said, "This is Billy Gaule from Dublin. Come down before I drag you down and break every bone of your body on the way." The noisy one was quite willing to trade blows with the Bishop, so they started at it. And His Reverence was the victor; he actually beat his opponent sober, helped him on with his coat, assisted him to his seat and told him, "If you so much as speak to anyone but the driver or me for the rest of the journey you're a doomed man," donned his ecclesiastical garments, and quietly became the Bishop again.

CHAPTER XIX

A little more of the Dark Continent; Richard goes to India; Quetta—the queer, quiet, quick and quaint.

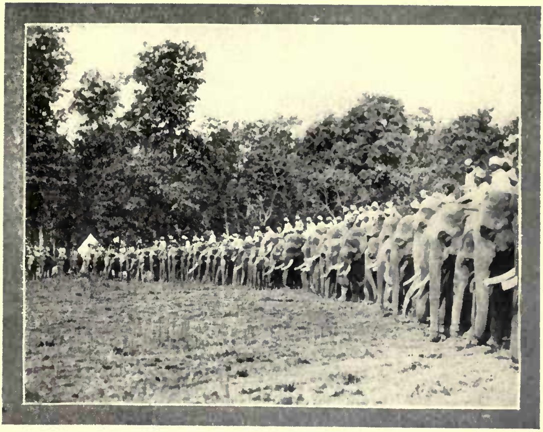
After two days spent at the capital of Rhodesia, which is called Salisbury, and has fine wide streets—though why streets in Africa should be narrow no one knows, for there is land enough that is not being used—we continued our journey. Umtali had a hall, but as the people flocked in from many miles' distance it was used as a dining-room to accommodate the crowds. During the day in the darkened hall I put on a picture of wild animals which was very realistic. A darky boy was sweeping out the hall at the moment, and his attention was divided between his work and watching the motion picture projector. Accidently he turned toward the stage and saw two huge tigers creeping through the jungle straight for him; he dropped his broom, and with a howl of terror started for the hills. I do not know what became of him, but he did not return even for his wages while we were there.

We were minus the Bishop, but Dewar and Hopkins were still with us. I was still officiating as iceman, and frequently I had to wait on the others, owing to superior force being used. We had an experience that was rather tragic, going down on the train. At one stop one of the passengers went out on the platform, and no one thought anything of it until farther down the line he was missed. We went back slowly, and finally we discovered that he had been dragged from the platform and through the jungle; but we were too late to be of any service, for evidently a lion had made a successful raid in the darkness.

We travelled through a forest so thick, and which grows so quickly, that the natives are kept constantly at work cutting the branches of trees to keep the passage open for the railway; and at that it seems like a tunnel through trees. The builders of railways through this district sleep in cages mounted on poles, as a precaution against the attacks of wild animals. So you see there the position is reversed. In London, the parents take the children to the Zoo to see the animals in cages; in Africa the grown-up animals take the cubs to see the railroad men in their cages.

Beira is a Portuguese city, and we were surprised to see the street cars pushed along iron rails by the natives. It is a safe method, as there are no collisions. When two cars coming in opposite directions want to pass each other, they lift one off, and the other goes by; so it is living up to the old story of "Off again, on again, and gone again Finnegan."

A most peculiar thing happened in Beira. The entertainment started at ten o'clock, and under ordinary circumstances should have been finished by twelve; but something went wrong with the gas. My first trouble was a dog that barked until a man with a very gruff voice shouted, "Put that dog out." I said, "Put both of them out and we shall get on



A KNOWING BUT PATIENT HERD. SOUTHERN INDIA.

See page 251.

THE STATION PLATFORM. QUETTA.

See page 253.

good terms." The dog ran about the place, and every time he started for the stage the lights went out. Finally it grew so funny that everyone tried to keep him in another part of the house; but the dog thought it was a game, and it resolved itself into a continual shriek from the perspiring audience, who invariably were left in the dark. The janitor arrived with a lighted taper, was kept constantly on the move, and finally the dog succeeded in reaching the stage, curled himself up, and went to sleep. The lights were burning brightly for the rest of the show, and we did not finish until two a.m., yet we were all delighted, even the janitor.

A short run down the coast in an Austrian Lloyd steamer carried us into Lorenzo Marques, and here our entertainment was given under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General, who attended with his suite. They took the circle, and laughed uproariously. We met after the show, and my wife (who speaks French fluently) asked him how he enjoyed the performance. He replied: " Magnifique. Je n'ai pas compris un mot." When she asked why they laughed, he said just because everyone else did; so you see laughter is infectious.

Peter Dewar and Hopkins left for Johannesburg. We had several stops, the first was Barberton; but at Koomatiport we ran into the hands of a customs official, who suddenly decided that we had to come out of the train. Edouard José, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, was our manager, and if the sky had not been blue, his vitriolic language would have turned it, or at least tinted it. We slept that night on a billiard-table at a stated price per hour, and the jackals scratched their backs on the beams that sustained the floor; when tired of that, they howled in unison, and then came back for another scratch. Between the concert and its accompaniment we did not sleep.

In Barberton doves sat and cooed on the rafters, and did not seem to be disturbed by the performance. At Middleburgh the local editor asked me to write the leading article. I did so, and the rain storm that broke over the city that night broke all records. I do not contend that my article was the entire cause of it, but it certainly did not prevent it. The rain did not prevent the house from being packed, and although wet through, the audience appeared to be happy. At Middleburgh we also had a dust storm, and I was informed by Izzy Smith, that brave Hebrew who has just won the Victoria Cross, that he helped to sweep the sand off the stage on that memorable occasion. Johannesburg gave me a clear profit of six hundred and sixteen pounds and two shillings, and the Wheelers had the same amount, so there was no cause for complaint.

Mr José leaving for England, we were turned over to Tom Young, who has since been associated with George Edwardes, but is now going strong in London. He is a fine fellow, full of fun; and José also was a splendid companion. We were indeed lucky in having such splendid business associates in South Africa. We went to Durban, East London, Port Elizabeth, and all the playable towns. Pretoria called for two visits, as also did Johannesburg. We played at Bloemfontein, but not on the date we were supposed to. I had an attack of ptomaine poisoning on that date, and almost died; and but for the quickness of thought of Christian Botha, who rode for a doctor and brought him back on the same horse, I am afraid I should have visited a country where there are no return tickets given out. We were guests at the house of Mr and Mrs Botha, and I was taken suddenly ill at the table where nearly all the generals who had fought in the Boer War were invited to meet me. I had a narrow escape, and a happy one.

We said good-bye to Tom Young, gave a farewell performance in Capetown, and travelled back on the boat with Barton and Ashley. We had a splendid time, and Mrs Barton won the first prize at a fancy-dress ball. She had an excellent make-up as "Topsy." John looked on very soberly, and almost got a prize. Strange that we crossed in the *New York* together coming to America on this present trip.

Now we leap to India in one jump. As you have already travelled this route going to Colombo, there is nothing to say about the trip. But we will commence on India, that land of feast and famine, and that would be all right if all the people feasted some of the time, and all the people fasted at another; but the great trouble is that those who feast, feast always, and those who fast, fast continuously.

Let us commence our trip in Southern India in Madras, always remembering that we are able to touch only a few places and give a faint idea of the people, their customs, their architecture, and their religion. The inhabitants of Southern India are called Tamils. They were the original settlers, and still furnish the greater number of its people. They are a sad people, not given to smiles, but they are not sullen. There seems to be a settled melancholy that one detects away back in the eyes that gaze so plaintively at the passers-by. The marriage customs are unique. There are two ceremonies: one takes place when the children are from six to eight years of age, and both husband and wife return to the homes of their parents to live with them until they reach the age of from twelve to fourteen; then the second ceremony is performed, and they take up the duties of housekeeping. It is terrible to think that there are grandfathers and grandmothers in abundance in India who have not reached the age of thirty.

There are many different castes, each distinguished by special marks painted on the forehead. The Brahmins or Priests are the highest, soldiers next, and then down the scale until we reach the scavengers or street cleaners. When a Priest is coming in the direction of a street cleaner, the low-caste man is obliged to retire into a field a certain distance until the high-caste man has gone by. As there are many Priests, I imagine the street cleaner spends his whole life in retiring into fields and coming out again. Perhaps that is why the streets are not too clean. Mark Twain said the dhoby boy, or in other words the laundryman, takes your shirt, dips it in the river, and then tries to break a rock with it. He might also have added the fact that the river was a holy one, and that when you got your garment back it was in the same condition.

They use a peculiar boat called a catamaran, very primitive, but absolutely safe. Some are hollowed out of the trunks of trees, others are lashed together with strips of raw hide; in another, wooden pegs are driven in while the wood is dry, and the action of the water forces them to swell, and that binds the struc-

THE FAMOUS INDIAN JUGGLERS.
In India everywhere.

See page 253.

PERSIAN WATER WHEEL. LAHORE. INDIA.

See page 259.

ture firmly. They have two hulls, one being much smaller than the other. The latter is held in place by two arms of bamboo, and this has the effect of converting an ordinary boat into one that is non-capsizable. They have also double prows, and instead of turning the boat round they reverse the sail, and this proves quite effective. They are used for the carrying of passengers, cargo, and also for fishing, and sometimes all three at the same time. These boats are used all along the coast of Southern India, Ceylon, Malay States, and as far east as the Philippines.

The Southern Indian's whole life is his religion, and the temples are thronged. The type of architecture is known as Dravidian, and is wonderfully developed on their gateways, or, as they are called, gopurams. The Temple is an enclosure (such as can be seen at Jagenath) containing over one hundred and twenty separate temples. They are quite ordinary in appearance, except the gopurams, of which there are from two to any number. These gateways are pyramidal in shape, diminishing in size as they ascend, and literally covered with a mass of detail work which at a distance furnishes a superb effect, but upon close examination is crude and decidedly vulgar. But taken as a whole, the temples are striking and certainly original in character and design.

Men are fond of their wives, and do everything to make the burden of life as light as possible. I shall never forget an illustration I had of this fact. I saw an Indian man take a little baby away from his wife —that child must have weighed at least eight pounds —and he carried it himself; but he gave her a bag weighing about one hundred pounds to carry in its place.

Bombay is a combination of the East and the West, and all sorts of architecture are to be seen. It is either extremely Asiatic or ridiculously European, and the inhabitants are made up of people from every land. Every country has something to sell, and evidently they have sent representatives to Bombay to dispose of their wares. The Parsees are the business people of Bombay, and they are called the Jews of India. They are mild, inoffensive people with good features, and their women are pretty and dress in a distinctive and graceful fashion. If the ladies of the West would adopt their robes there would not be so many people coming in late at the theatre.

The Tower of Silence is the place where they dispose of their dead, but it is too gruesome to dwell upon.

At the Taj Mahal in Bombay, that being the principal hotel, snake-charmers and conjurers are found in abundance; but I must confess that any of our Western conjurers, like David Devant, Horace Goldin, Charles Morritt, or Carl Hertz, would simply attract all the conjurers in India to see their work. I remember Thurston playing six weeks in the native quarter in Calcutta, and taking away a small fortune. We hear a lot and read a lot about the Indian conjurer, but I found his work crude, and I saw none of the wonders of which I have been told. No one threw a rope in the air and then walked up the rope. But perhaps they had used up all the rope, or there was no more room for conjurers up above.

Jeypore is interesting inasmuch as it is modern and up to date (that is up to date for India). It is surrounded by a wall with a number of different gateways. The streets are wide and remarkably clean. They cross at right-angles, and they are well lighted, gas being the illuminant. The city contains one freak structure called the Palace of the Winds; and there is some excuse for its name, there being hundreds of windows and balconies, as well as a regular forest of small turrets. It is old rose in colour, and freakish in appearance.

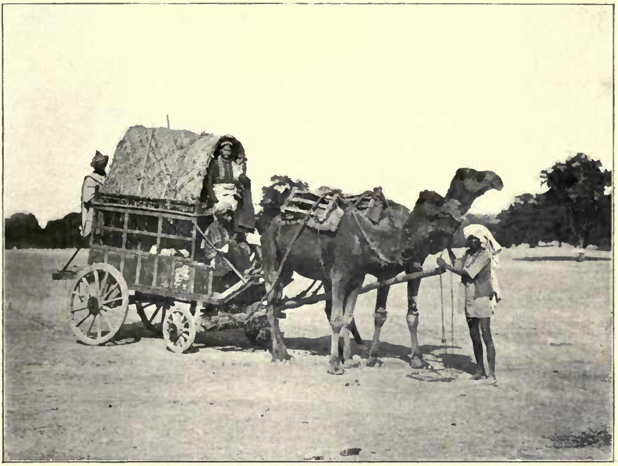
Near Jeypore there is a monkey temple, and, strange as it may appear, these animals are worshipped as gods. Once each year they have a great festival, and the largest male monkey is dressed in royal robes, with a crown on his head. He is seated on a throne, this is placed on a car, and he is dragged through the streets followed by thousands of worshippers; and in some of these monkey temples the sightseer is obliged to remove his shoes and stockings before being permitted to enter the presence of these sacred animals.

There is one great attraction in this vicinity, and that is a deserted city left by man to the ravages of time and the destructive influence of the elements. But time has dealt in a kindly fashion, and Amber, this mountain casket, is filled with architectural delights. The traveller will never regret the time spent in this earthly paradise that is open to man and yet, strange to say, unpeopled.

From Amber we go to Quetta. Everyone goes to Amber, no one goes to Quetta, so to be different we will take this chance and visit the city of the Q's, for Quetta is a queer, quaint, quiet town of some quality, on the borders of Persia, and is five thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Let us start by enjoying the good qualities of Quetta, and we find good air blown down through a valley from a majestic range of mountains running north and south. At sunrise and sunset these snowy peaks alternately reflect the most glorious colours, flaming like a casket of the richest jewels, and framing, as well as illuminating, a beautiful and fruitful landscape.

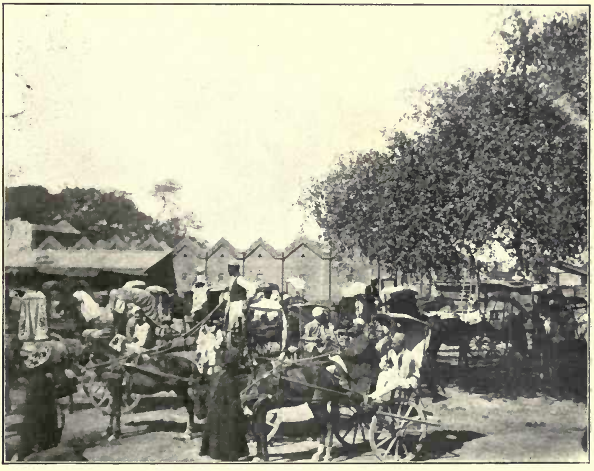
QUETTA THE QUEER

What is known as the "Thieves' Bazaar" is the queerest place. This is a short street, and a narrow one. It is not over two hundred feet in length, and certainly not over twenty in width; but I don't suppose in the whole world there could be found a finer collection of beggars and bandits, and the fruits of their toil. Everything stolen within a radius of two hundred miles finds its way to the "Thieves' Bazaar." If you can't find a battleship in the collection, the only reason is that one has never come close enough to Quetta to give them a chance to steal it. Every branch of the British army is represented in some way by some article, either of dress, or some implement of war. A Tommy told me that while he was buying a saddle a native was selling the hair-brushes that belonged to the Colonel of his own regiment. There are queer restaurants, with queerer food, prepared by the queerest customers, and eaten by curious customers; no table manners. They do not need them, there are no tables; fierce faces, bristling beards, and gleaming eyes glare at you from little huts on streets



CAMEL STAGE COACH.

See page 259.



THE EKKA.

A two-wheeled Cart used in Central and Northern India.

See page 260.

where theft is considered a necessity, robbery a duty, and murder an absolute delight.

QUETTA THE QUIET

On the road one passes strange, weird-looking people who come down from the hills clad in curious coats of all colours and cuts. Sheepskin with the wool inside and the outside leather bearing odd designs as ornamentation, these are used to keep the upper part of the body warm. White cotton cloth, neither too heavy, too new, nor too clean, keeps the lower limbs cool. Bare feet, or shoes so old and so well ventilated that they only suck in water or expel it as they are dragged along, keep the feet cold and wet. Then great heavy coats are worn as capes. The sleeves are wide and sewn together at the wrists, so that they may serve as pockets large enough to accommodate the owner's possessions as well as all that can be annexed of the belongings of others. Oh yes, Quetta is quiet.

QUETTA THE QUICK

Where is the quickness to be found in Quetta? At the theatre; for there I found an audience that would have added to the tone of any West End theatre. It was staff night. Boxes and stalls were crowded with every grade of officer from the General down. Tommy packed the pit and gallery, all eager, all alert and quick, quick as lightning. Every point scored; no waiting for the laugh. I believe they even anticipated more than *once*. Oh yes, the army is quick either for fun or fight. Laughter reigned supreme. I have never listened to heartier laughter, or more generous applause. The jackals were jealous of these continued sounds of mirth, which put their funny efforts in the shade, and they slunk away defeated. Another victory for *Tommy*, the quickest of the quick.

Quetta the Quaint

The hotel life of Quetta is quaint. The "Hôtel-de-move-along" is on the corner of every street; the "Hôtel-du-stop-one-day" is the dak bungalow; but the Hôtel-de-Luxe is a private house. Ours was the Hôtel Bristol. Our host and hostess were most kind and courteous, and served us with lots of nice dishes. He was English; she Hungarian. There were two children; looked German, but were dressed in padded clothes until they resembled Eskimos. Boy two; girl four. Boy could not walk, he waddled; girl was not willowy, she was wallowy. The boy frowned; the girl laughed. The contrast made us roar with delight; that pleased the children, and they rolled on the floor. Parents were more than happy. The children looked like overfed puppies, and were as graceful as baby sea-lions on a sandy shore. The boy frowned and said "Nay." The girl screamed and said "Yea." Boy grunted; the girl laughed. We almost collapsed. It was quaint.

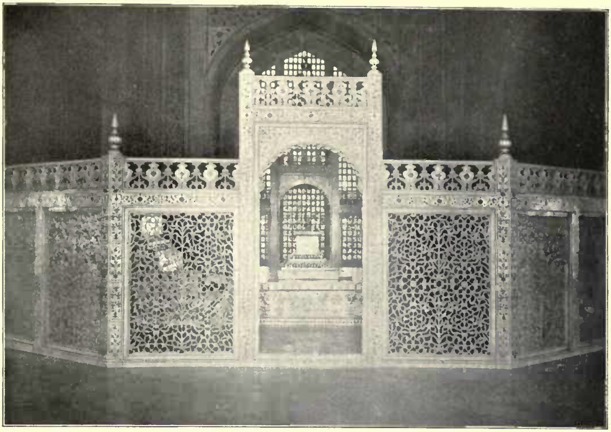
It rains in Quetta sometimes, and we were there one time. It poured, it fell *in* sheets, and *on* sheets, for the roof leaked. We moved the bed from one part of the room to the other until we found a dry place, and there we camped, surrounded by a curtain of falling water. Our clothes were kept dry by putting them under the bed, on our bags. I was positive we would have to dive out of bed in the morning. My wife said, " We have had a shower-bath," but I warned her not to mention it or it might be charged on the bill.

During our three days' stay in Quetta we had the weather of the four seasons illustrated to our dissatisfaction. We had heat, cold, rain, and snow, and the mercury in the thermometer ran up and down the glass like a lift in a popular hotel. After all our troubles, we were driven to the station in a queer cart, called a tonga, by a queer driver, called all sorts of names, and none of those very polite. Here we said good-bye to queer, quiet, quaint Quetta, a town of courtesy, boasting both quantity and quality.

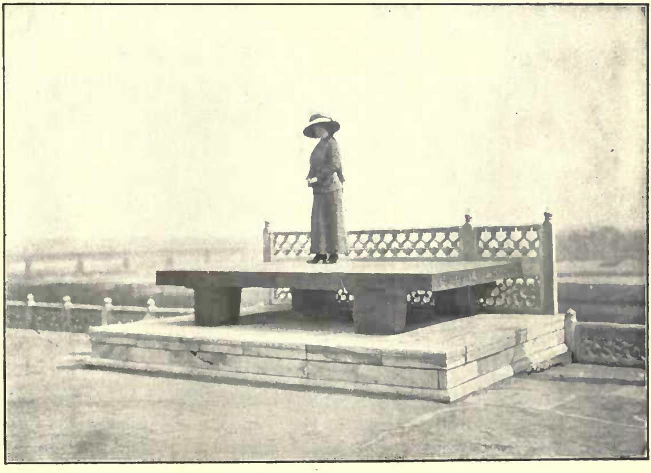
CHAPTER XX

A few discriptions; an exciting motor-car journey; the "three class" bus; Richard starts for China via Siam.

We left Quetta in a blinding snow-storm, and almost felt our way down the mountain-side, eventually reaching a station situated in a lower range of hills. Here we made the acquaintance of a peculiar dog. He looked hungry, and he was hungry; but at the worst he could not have been as hungry as he looked. The train started, and so did the dog; and with tireless feet he managed to keep abreast. Passengers threw things eatable out of the windows to him. The dog grinned and ate them. Then they threw uneatables at him; he ate them just the same. If the article came close to him, he ate it then and there; if it bounded into an inconvenient place, he turned his head and apparently made a mental note of where it could be found later. A lamb chop was acceptable. Bread was eaten as an accompaniment, oranges were devoured in two bites, and the only thing he refused was the mango. As he stopped to eat, the train gained on him, and we thought he was lost to us for ever; but he always found a short cut and headed us off, and was ready for the fray. His appetite was insatiable. He filled out considerably in a few miles, and the last we saw of him he was on



A MARBLE SCREEN IN THE TAJ MAHAL.



THE BLACK MARBLE THRONE. FORT AGRA.

a rock high above us, looking after the train with the air of a good deed well done.

Our next stopping-place was Lahore, and to reach it we had to cross a sandy desert; but we were rewarded as our destination was reached, for a good hotel with excellent service awaited us. Lahore is attractive both from the native and European standpoints. There is a magnificent park, inside of which is a great hall and theatre. There is a square called Charing Cross, and a splendid monument to Queen Victoria is in the centre of it. Perhaps the greatest attraction is " Zamzamah," made famous by Rudyard Kipling in " Kim." It had been useful up to that time, but not famous. The gun was cast in 1760, and was used by Ahmed Shah at the battle of Panipat; as it was too cumbersome to be taken to Kabul, he left it at Lahore, and it is now looked upon as the mascot of the Punjab. A fact that may have escaped the historian is worth mentioning, viz., the Kohinoor, which is one of the largest and admittedly the most beautiful of the collection of diamonds which go to form a part of what is known as the crown jewels.

There is an up-to-date form of transportation used in parts of India that is interesting; it is the camel bus, carrying three classes of passengers—first, second, and third. The first ride on top under a canopy of reeds. They sit on their haunches, which is a comfortable position—for an Indian. Second class assume a reclining attitude, resting on one elbow; they occupy the lower part of the coach. The third class lie flat on a board, which is either pulled out or pushed in as occasion demands. Luxurious travelling reduced to an absolute science—no chance of being tied up along the roadway; for if anything goes wrong with the motive power, such as a grain of sand in the sparking plug, or a bad temper in the horse-power, there is a remedy provided by a thoughtful company in a most ingenious fashion. The first-class passengers sit still and ride; second class, they are obliged to leave the vehicle and walk; but third class they get out and push. Journeying by bus is never the most comfortable method of travel, but the camel bus is the limit of human endurance.

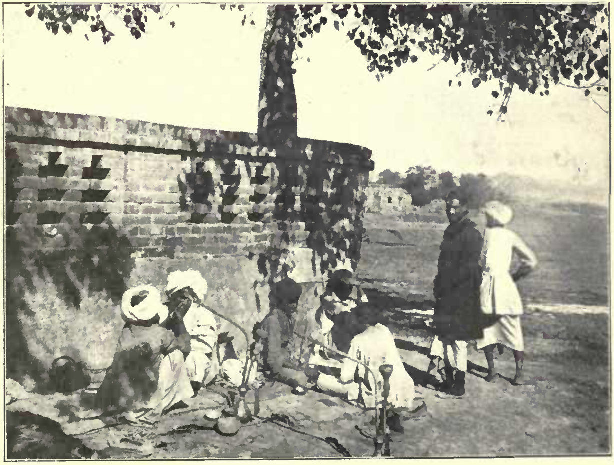
We became acquainted with the camel and his cussedness near Peshawar, for on two separate days of each week more camels can be seen there at one time than in any other place I have ever been. On those occasions they travel through the Khyber Pass in hundreds, and in addition to valuable prayer carpets and Bokhara embroideries, they carry a cargo of bad tempers to be found in no other animal; and as a distributor of evil odours, the camel stands alone. And that is more than he can do if his path lies over damp, clayey ground, for then his legs fly in every direction, and he looks like a devil fish in a fit; but on dry, sandy, or strong ground there is no equal to this sure-footed creature among the burden-bearing beasts.

Kashmir is a most charming country, and very fruitful; in fact, strawberries are so abundant that you confer a favour on the native by taking some away. There are wonderful Greek-looking ruins near Islamabad in splendid repair, and it is supposed that some of the followers of Alexander the Great drifted into the locality and carried with them their ideas of architecture. I came upon a curious way

THE TAJ MAHAL.

A subject for reflection.

See page 261.



AN INDIAN SMOKE ROOM IN THE OPEN AIR. PESHAWI.

See page 260.

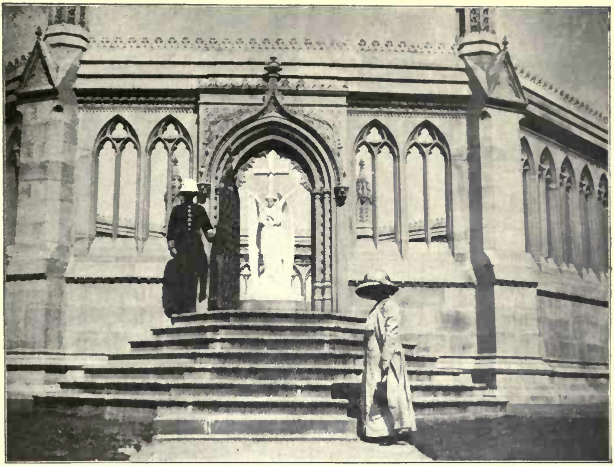
of making a suspension bridge that is worth describing. First they construct the supports on either side, then they make a rope of birch twigs about six inches in diameter; when it is completed, it is rolled in the river above where it is to be used, and the farther end is held where the bridge is to be. As the other floats out, it is guided to the other side and pulled by a rude contrivance to the top of the piers. Two others are added, and they occupy positions, making a sort of triangle. These three ropes are laced together with a lattice-work of cane, or branch of some sort, and then you have your footpath. Not a very steady one; but it is useful, and also very much used.

Everyone knows all about Agra and the Taj Mahal story, so I will not repeat that; but I would like to tell you how the Tommies overcome the lack of space. We were to play there for one night only, and the theatre was not large enough to hold all who wanted to come. The soldiers made up their minds they were not going to be left out in the cold, so during the day they built a wide shelf running clear round the auditorium; and you can imagine my surprise to see seated on this improvised gallery a full company of soldiers, with their feet hanging over the heads of those in the stalls and pit—one of the audiences I should dearly love to have photographed.

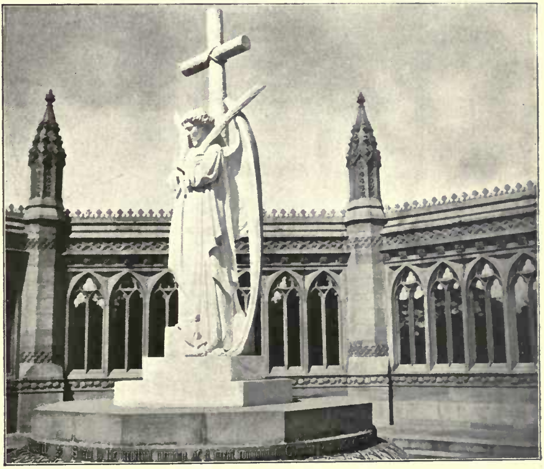
Delhi was interesting from the Durbar standpoint; the most wonderful motion picture that has ever been seen, for it was a picture and constantly moving. I am leaving all the architectural gems of India in their caskets, for there are so many works on the subject that I would fail in my efforts to interest you when so many better-posted writers have filled your souls with delight at their word pictures; but I will tell you of a peculiar experience in leaving Delhi to go to Barcilly by motor. This trip was necessitated because I wanted to take a photograph of the Friday Mosque when it was filled with worshippers; and I succeeded beyond my fondest hopes, for on that particular day, at the time I took the picture, it was estimated that there were twelve thousand people at prayer.

We started at two prompt, and were given a hearty cheer by the various natives whom we had tipped. Our first stop was Meerut, and here our troubles commenced; for on the outskirts of that town there is a monkey village, and they were so curious about the motor that we were obliged to go through at a snail's pace, frequently coming to a full stop when some inquisitive monkey sat down directly in front of the wheel. Our driver was Indian, and he was something else as well; for while he told us he knew every inch of the road, he kept continually asking the passers-by which was the right way. The road was good, and our car was excellent, so we contemplated doing the distance in time to give a performance starting at nine that evening. We lost the road somehow, and finally we had to cross a river on a bridge of boats. Then we came to another river with no bridge; but as it was shallow we determined to risk it, and we reached the other side in safety, and ran up a rather steep bank into a small village where the inhabitants were terror-stricken at our appearance. Women ran into the houses, children climbed on the roofs, while the men withdrew behind the trunks of trees.

We went through rather noisily, and then began a chase; and we could see no trace of the road, and



THE WELL AT CAWNPORE. EXTERIOR.



THE WELL INTERIOR.

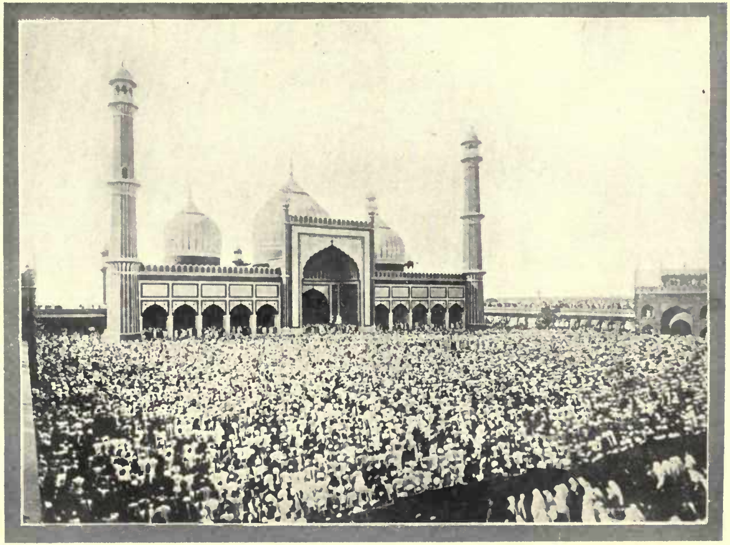
continued our way over a field of grain, followed by a howling mob of natives. They looked so fierce that I made up my mind that if any one of them reached the footboard, I should strike him with the tripod; and I can assure you I had it all ready for action when the oldest and fiercest of the tribe caught up. He smiled as he jumped, and that smile saved both of us; for I thought anyone who can smile like that meant no harm. And great was our joy to find out that he only wanted to show us the way to get back to the main road. He did so, and as I thanked him I gave him a rupee, and he bowed low; and as long as I could see him he kept up a constant bowing, and all for one-and-four. I suppose if I had given him five shillings he would have been bowing still.

Night closed in on us, and we ran off the road again and again. We found a man who put us right, and again we were treated to salaams, and he walked ten miles back home perfectly happy. Our driver by this time had acquired the habit of getting lost; but this time he took us through a forest, and we were bumping up and down, and once in a while we would hit a tree, either to the right or left. Suddenly we reached an open space, and just as suddenly we felt the earth giving way beneath us, and we slipped down an incline about fifteen feet high, and kept right side up all the way, landing on the four wheels on the main road again. We stopped at a station to wire that we would be there by eleven o'clock, and told the manager to ask the audience to wait. We did not arrive until twelve. Sentries were posted to watch for our approach, and as we pulled up at the hotel we were quietly told that we did not need to hurry, that there had been a mistake in the date and we did not play until a day later; so all our trouble went for nothing, except to furnish us with a most exciting day.

Benares is a holy city, and has been one for centuries; for when Rome was a hamlet, Benares was a city. It is so holy in the eye of the Hindu that anyone dying within a radius of ten miles of its centre goes straight to Heaven, no matter what his faith or what crimes he has committed; and with such a reward, is it any wonder that so many people die there. As one man remarked, " I do not blame them for dying here, but I think anyone who could live here ought to be killed."

Not far from Benares, but quite close to Allahabad, is the meeting of the waters, for here the two sacred rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna, effect a junction; and here in January of each year is the great Hindu festival of the " Magh Mela," where on a little strip of land that would ordinarily accommodate five thousand people, during this particular period the crowds average two hundred and fifty thousand each day. They gather together to pray, to cheat, and to bathe. They say that if you bathe in this part of the river it washes all your sins away, and after the way they cheated me I could readily understand why so many took to the water; and nothing short of murder ever could have caused so much scrubbing as was indulged in by some of the most curious gathering of people I have ever mingled with.

Calcutta is reached by crossing over the Hoogly by a bridge which looks as though it would fall to pieces from its own weakness; yet there is a constant stream of foot passengers as well as an uninterrupted



THE FRIDAY MOSQUE. DELHI.

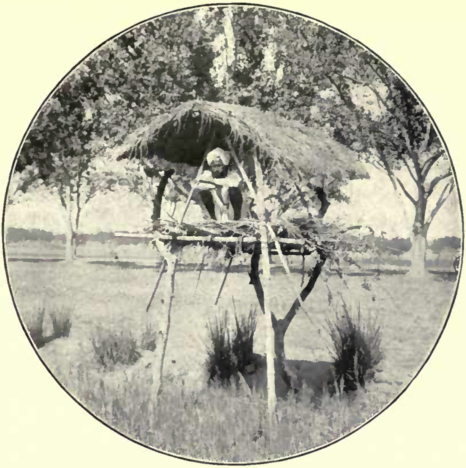
flow of the oddest vehicles passing over it, while underneath there is much food for thought in the quaint designs of the boats. Calcutta is no longer the capital, but it will always remain the best known of the Indian cities. We had many courtesies extended to us in that city, and Mr Stevens, of the Grand Hotel, made us his guests (almost by force); and a most charming man he is. We visited his family at home, and he gave me permission to photograph his collection of china, said to be the finest in the Far East; and pointed out one vase that had been broken by Lord Kitchener. It was an accident, and of course his Lordship was embarrassed; but Mr Stevens said, "Why, my dear sir, do not let that bother you. Come round next week and break another." Lord Kitchener came round the following week; he did not break another vase, but he found a band round the one he had broken with an inscription: "This is the gem of my collection, made so through an accident happening whilst being handled by Lord Kitchener."

We made the journey from Calcutta to Rangoon by boat, and I am not sure that I should like to make that trip again. The first impression one receives in Rangoon is that the women are small, dark, with straight black hair, neatly dressed, and smoking the largest and ugliest cigars one could imagine. But they are good business women, attending to everything while their husbands go to the races, or stand around and praise things. The ladies choose their husbands, and use a peculiar method. When a single girl puts a lighted candle in her window it is a notice to the marriageable men of that town that she is in the market. As soon as one puts in an appearance, then two candles are put in to warn the others that there is one suitor on the ground, and to give him a chance. If after a time three candles appear, it is public notice that she has found the man of her choice; but if he does not come up to her ideas of what a husband should be, then out go all the lights, and after a day or two up comes the single light again. And so it goes on till the lady finds her mate.

The most striking feature in Rangoon is the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, which consists of a large number of Buddhist temples clustering round a great central spire of solid masonry, rising to a height of three hundred and seventy feet, and standing solidly on a base with a diameter of about one hundred and fifty yards. This spire is partly covered with gold plates, and they say it is the intention of the people to complete the job. If they do, it proves there is more gold to be had for that purpose than anywhere else on earth. This pagoda was built to preserve eight hairs taken from the head of Buddha. I have heard of so many temples with so many hairs that I have come to the conclusion that Buddha must have known of an excellent hair-restorer.

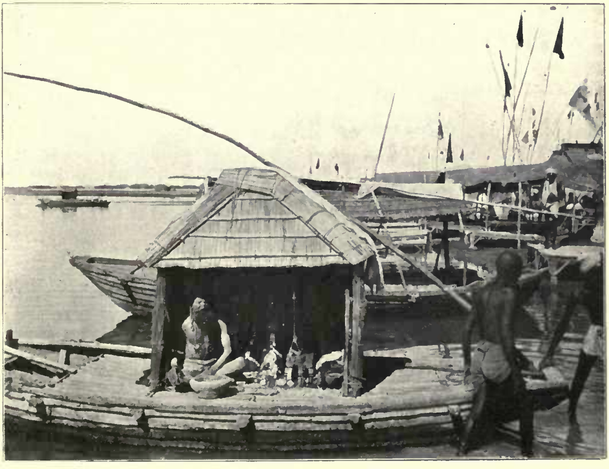
Penang stepped into the world's limelight the day the *Emden* went in and torpedoed the Russian and Japanese ships that were lying at anchor; and the inhabitants who complained continuously to me that nothing ever happened there must now cease their grumbling, for they have had one big day if they never have another.

Penang was hot, Quala Lumpur was hotter, and Ipoh was hottest; but they all failed in comparison with Singapore, with its moist stickiness. When you strike the Malay States you melt, and you stay limp till you leave. One of the strangest things I



AN ANIMATED SCARECROW. ALLAHABAD.

See page 264.



FAKIRS AT THE MAGH MELA. ALLAHABAD.

See page 264.

found here was that the Government sold opium to the Chinese, and actually had permission to sell sevenpence halfpenny's worth of opium to a coolie who only earned one shilling and threepence.

A sail up the Gulf of Siam carried us into the capital city of Bangkok; and a right good city it is, and filled with right good people. We played for ten days in a Royal Theatre in the heart of a plague-ridden city, and in spite of that the population turned out *en masse*. The royal boxes were always occupied; we held receptions nightly behind the scenes, and I doubt if we ever saw bed until the "wee sma hours" of the morning. Such hospitality! There was Stephen Groves, who had charge of the policing of the city. I last saw him in London, on his way to the front. May his good luck follow him in all his trials—he was a splendid companion, a brave man, and a good singer of comic songs. Tommy Slack was also in the same class all the way through; and both were admirable hosts. A wonderful old bronze Buddha and a royal robe fell to the lot of Mrs Knowles, to be added to her collection, from two bachelors who have since become husbands and fathers, and I hope no unhappiness will ever creep into their lives.

The Royal Theatre was royal, for it was owned by an uncle of the king; and while it was plain in its appearance, it had an odd type of decoration. Covering the walls were armies of live lizards always at war, and after a fight, the list of casualties consisted of lost tails, either bitten off in a fury by one of the combatants or dropped through fright by the other. The maimed lizards sought refuge in quiet nooks and corners until the tails grew again, and once more they went boldly back to war. During the entertainment they declared an armistice, and listened attentively, but they had one peculiarity: at the finish of a story, when the audience laughed, they invariably made a clucking sound in unison; and I never quite made up my mind whether they were expressing a doubt as to the truth of the story, or surprise at the audience for laughing at it.

The king of Siam is a young man with novel ideas. One day he broke in on a meeting of the financial committee who were discussing ways and means of meeting a deficit brought about by two consecutive failures of the rice crop. The royal visitor began his conversation by announcing that he was the king of Siam. Of course that was a fact recognised by those present. But he followed that statement up by saying, " I am also a citizen of Siam, and as a citizen I want my private property taxed, and as I have been on the throne a certain length of time, there you will find my taxes up to date "; and he laid down the amount due and left the room, and thus saved his country from dire distress. And there is one head that does not lie uneasy through the weight of his crown.

We left Siam in a little steamer that seemed to tremble at the approach of a wave, groaned as she met it, and creaked in every joint as she passed over it. Without venturing too far out to sea, we finally reached Saigon, under the government of the French. Here all was gaiety, and we were invited to appear at the opera house; it was an invitation that was free and open. We were given the building free of charge, with the orchestra thrown in.

The theatre is supported by the State, and all the

THE HOLY CITY OF THE HINDOO. BENARES.

See page 265.

CANE BRIDGE. DARJEELING.

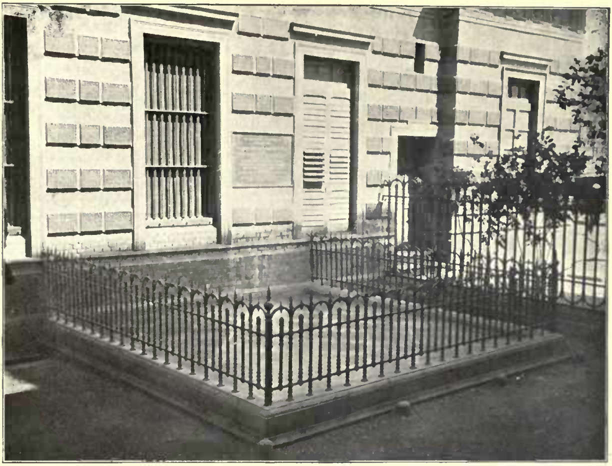
See page 265.

visitors have to do is to pay for their bill-posting, and give ten per cent to the city as a tax. Nowhere else have I experienced such splendid conditions. Of course the audience was largely French, but they thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment, and we were hospitably received. The orchestra was superb, consisting of over sixty, and they are sent out by France, together with an opera company and others, to help to relieve the monotony, and keep their people in far-distant places in touch with home—an idea that might well be copied by other nations. Although Saigon is closer to Hong Kong than Singapore, there is very little communication between the two, shipping facilities are very meagre, and very few people seem to have any inclination to go there. I for one am glad I went.

In due course we secured passage, and putting up with a few discomforts, we finally reached Hong Kong, the city of the hill and the harbour. The latter was crowded with ships from everywhere; the former dotted with splendid residences, reached either by rail to the Peak, where a magnificent view of the city and shipping opens out before you, or by being carried in a sedan-chair by coolies over roads lined with tropical foliage. And I can assure you the roads are well made. A friend of mine told me, who helped to make them. John Binns, of Binns & Binns, who has played for me in orchestra, played with me on the stage, and whom I have met in many different countries, told me that he helped to build those roads, and he told it long before I had any idea of going there; so as I was carried over them, in my imagination I could see my old friend looking through the foliage saying, "I helped to make it possible for you to ride in comfort." So John had my thanks, as he has always had my friendship.

There is a heat produced in Hong Kong that will stand comparison with any place where I have ever been. It is moist and sticky; and while you would like to take a long breath, something seems to stop you half-way. It is muggy but magnificent. At every town in the Far East I was strenuously warned not to go to Manila, and they worked up such a curiosity that I had to go there and see for myself. What they did not say about Manila would be easier to tell than what they said; but I must admit that I never heard any one place abused as much as was Manila. After two days' journey on a ship that ought to have been a submarine, for then it would be washed once in a while, we entered a harbour, and for twenty miles we revelled in a sunset that would be hard to beat; and yet each day during our stay Nature seemed to put forth fresh efforts, for just about six o'clock each evening banks of clouds raced across the sky, and then Nature's artistic hand, wielding a brush, commenced to paint, and for an hour at least the soul rejoiced at each change.

Now let us see what there is of interest. First there is the old Spanish city. This is an ancient walled city, and might be a bit of Spain that had been transported on a magic carpet to the East. Formerly this was surrounded by a moat, kept in such a condition that it was a veritable cesspool and breeder of disease. This has been drained and filled in, and now is part of a magnificent park and playground. The business portion of the city lies along the banks of a river, and both the streets and the river are busy. There are any number of



THE BLACK HOLE. CALCUTTA.

See page 265.

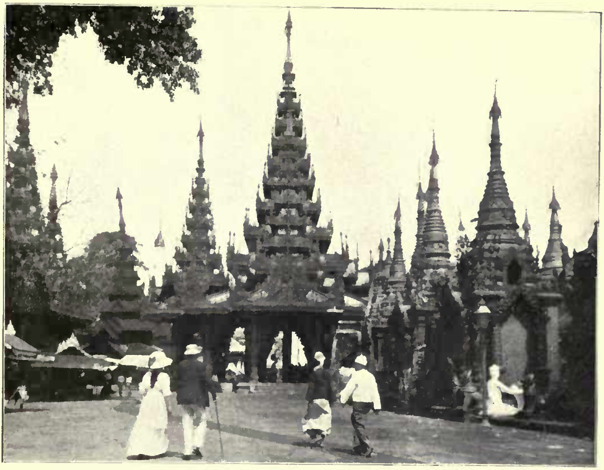
MR. STEVENS' COLLECTION OF CHINA.
Finest in India.

See page 265.

theatres, and an excellent system of tram-cars. Children are clean and neatly clad all going to school; an utter absence of beggary. Splendid sanitation, both in the American quarter and the native. A superb roadway leading to Cavite. Bands play nightly in the Lunetta, a splendid park situated on land reclaimed from the sea and torn from the grasp of disease.

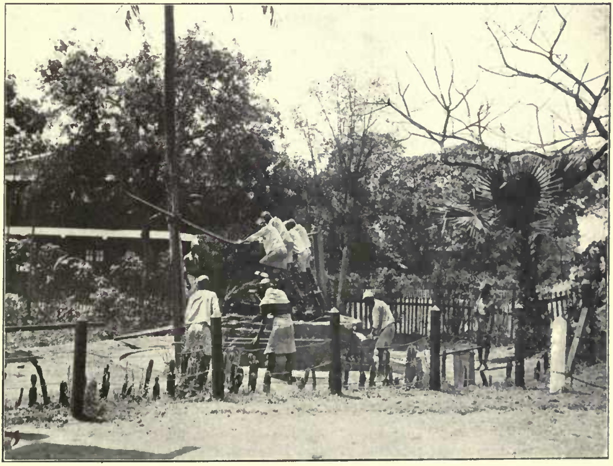
The Army and Navy and Elks Clubs compare favourably with any in the world, and opposite is to be found the Manila Hotel. We had the pleasure of eating the first meal ever paid for in that hotel, and I can safely say it would hold its own in the West End of London either in decorations, menu, or service. The Hospital is noted through the East from Colombo to Yokohama, and although America may not be a coloniser in the true acceptance of the term, she certainly improves the mind and the bodies of those under her control, and they have turned a plague-ridden city into a health-resort in this land of the palm and the pine.

Nothing could be further from the sanitation of Manila than Careless Canton. Still I must say that Canton possesses an interest that cannot be duplicated in the whole world. Canton is a city, in fact it is two cities—one on land and the other on the water; and both are so overcrowded that they seem to be tumbling over the sides. On the river there are more different types of boats, with more methods of propulsion, than can be found in all the rest of the world put together. There is one in particular where there is a wheel at the back of the boat, and from eight to a dozen men are kept climbing a never ending and constantly revolving set of steps; and they literally trample the boat to its journey's end. We of the West owe a great debt to the designers of junks and sampans—for to China we owe the rudder, the sail, the mariner's compass; and the safety bulkheads that we are now adopting have been in sampans and junks for over a thousand years.



SHWE DAGON PAGODA. RANGOON.

See page 267.



THE TREADMILL. BANKOK. SIAM.

See page 268.

CHAPTER XXI

Richard finds China interesting, and discovers some facts concerning its phlegmatic but intelligent people; Adam—as the Chinese know him.

SHAWMEEN is occupied by the Europeans; it is situated on the river and beautifully shielded with trees, and is connected with the Chinese city by means of bridges. When once the bridge is crossed, China is before you. The streets are narrow and rather dirty, while the city possesses an odour that is peculiarly Chinese; but believe me I have seen streets in Western cities of Europe and America that were just as offensive to the eye and nose as those of Canton. The streets are narrow, decidedly so, for they run from five to six feet in width, while the avenues sometimes reach eight or nine, and if one opens out to ten or twelve feet it is considered a park or a square fit for a temple. One could very easily be lost for days, for there is a sameness to the streets that is misleading. Some of the streets have very practical names. One was called the Street of Heavenly Peace. When I was there the revolution was on, and in that peaceful thoroughfare most of the fighting took place. Canals are to be seen everywhere; they link up the central districts with the main waterway.

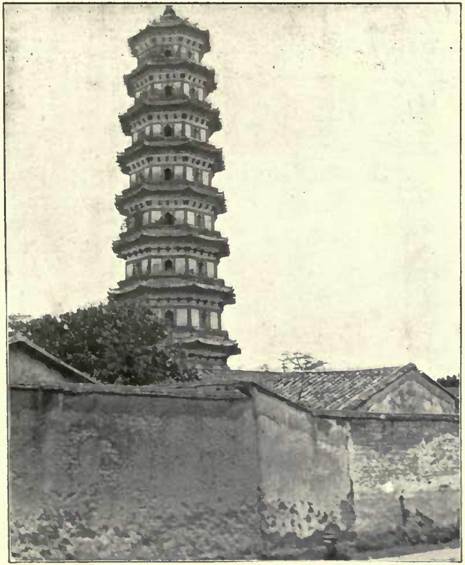
We were entertained while in Canton by Dr Sun Yat Sen, and also by Mr Thompson of the Canton and Kowloon Railway; and our experiences were delightful. The famous Chinaman presented me with a Chinese silver dollar, the first one coined for the new Republic, and we found him a well-educated and above all a most interesting man. We lived with Mr Thompson, who just loaded us up with all the good times possible. Imagine a supper in Shawmeen after the show; then a motor-launch to carry us up the river through the shipping, with a clear sky and a lovely moon overhead; then the arrival at the station, the rest of the journey made by hand-car, and a good night's rest in the open country, where the fields were dotted with stone mandarins and tombs of ancestors, cared for in a most careful fashion—for I really believe that the tomb of a dead Chinaman is more looked after than the home of a live one. The population of the river is estimated at about five hundred thousand, and it is asserted by people who ought to know that at least one half that number are born, brought up, marry, raise large families, and die without once having both feet on dry land at any one time in their lives, except when they are going to the funeral of one who has died.

We left Canton on one of the most up-to-date steamships we have ever journeyed on, and the joy of that trip was not lessened on account of Mr Mena Silas, who not only induced us to go but made all the arrangements, introduced us to Mr Thompson, and on top of it all sat down at the piano and played the entire show, with the exception of my own "turn," which was always cared for by Mrs Knowles. Silas was a good fellow, an excellent pianist, and wanted to join the company; but his father was opposed to it, so he acceded to the parental request, much against his own wish, and although it was contrary to our ideas, we admired him all the more for his renunciation.

On our way north let us pay a visit to Soochow, for this is the educational centre of China. The city owes its being to Wu Tze Soo, who lived before the time of Confucius. History tells us that Wu prospected the land, examined the heavens, tasted the water, and finding all to his liking founded the city. It is surrounded by a wall, and within the wall the first census that the world ever knew was taken. And yet, strange to say, they do not know the number of people who live there to-day, but they do know the number of families; and right here the trouble commences, for to describe a Chinese family requires considerable effort, to keep track of the individual members is an impossibility. Let us take one and analyse it. The father and mother have three children, all boys. They grow up, marry, and all three bring their wives to live with father and mother. They in turn have children, and that is one family. The city of Soochow numbers over one hundred thousand families, and now you must do your own figuring as to the number of people who live there.

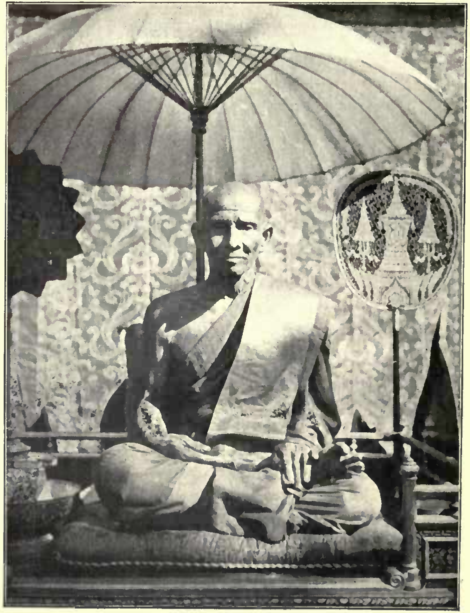
Much of the beautiful jade that is now so popular comes from Soochow, and it is also the great market for artistic needlework; for in this city there are over twenty-five thousand women employed on embroidery work alone. There is a wonderful collection of pagodas to be found scattered over the city, and among them is the largest and another the oldest in China, together with the ugliest and a pair of the handsomest, known as the "Twins." In the grounds surrounding the largest is a memorial-stone said to be the oldest carved stone in existence. Whether that is the case or not I do not know; but if it is so, it is testimony that cannot be denied as to its wonderful lasting qualities. The streets are narrow, far from clean, and as a rule badly paved. There is a story told of a wealthy widow who graded a street in memory of her dead husband. At the opening of the thoroughfare she said, "Let the people who helped to make my husband rich walk in comfort over these stones, and it will be a fitting memorial to a worthy man." Would that all our wealthy widows thought the same; there are many improvements they might introduce, and thus add to the comfort of those present, while it would take nothing from the fame of those gone before.

The public library in Soochow is called the "Beamless Temple," and is the oldest fireproof structure in the world. It has withstood Time's attacks for over two thousand years, and presents a noble front to those interested. It is built of brick, stone, bronze and reinforced concrete—another of the up-to-date ideas we have borrowed from the Chinese. Carefully guarded within those walls are religious manuscripts and literary gems dating back to an age almost uncountable, and certainly unthinkable. I chose one or two passages that were translated for me by a Chinese student. One was an inscription over a gateway leading to a beautiful forest: "May your journey through life be as beneficial as your walk through this wood, and furnish you with the same contentment." Another contained a word of advice as well as wisdom: "This is a bridge. Gaze upon it, admire it, walk across it, but do not build upon it. Remember the river rises in the spring." There was one translation in particular that should be found as



THE FLOWERY PAGODA. CANTON.

See page 274.



A LIVING BUDDHA. PENANG.

See page 267.

a warning on the walls of every legislative chamber on the face of the earth: " Blessings shall not follow the sons of men who get rich too hastily, and whose public accounts have not been audited." This is said to be over four thousand years old, and yet how appropriate it is for the conditions of the present day.

Nanking is not far from Soochow, and as it was once the capital of China, let us glance at its history. The treaty of peace terminating the opium war was signed in this city. The Tai-fungs captured it in 1853, and they used it as their capital for eleven years, when the Imperialists wrested it from their control and held it until 1911, when it fell before the assaults of the Republican forces, and the attack was carried to a successful issue by the " Dare to Die " brigade. Five hundred volunteers were called for, five thousand responded, and only forty succeeded in reaching the top of the heights surrounding Nanking; but they held on until they were reinforced and the city fell. The building used for their first congress is a European structure, and while not a very imposing edifice, it gave birth to the first laws passed by the new Republic. It is now the property of a German, and used for the sale of lager-beer and sausage.

The rice fields in this vicinity produce a large quantity as well as a fine quality of rice. The planting is carried out on a peculiar principle. A basket is carried above the head, and being slightly tilted, the grains trickle out and are carried by the breeze. After the field has been gone over, then they turn on the water, which is held in check by clay dykes or banks. As quickly as the shoots grow through the water they are pulled out, the top is cut off, and each root is planted separately. Great care is taken that the water is kept continually covering the field until the last stage is entered upon, then it is drained off and the ground is kept dry until the cutting. Everything is done by hand, and the threshing is accomplished by the women, who place a frame of bamboo rods over a tub, then they beat the sheaves on the rods, and the grains of rice fall into the tub and the sheaves are put to one side, for nothing is wasted in China.

The city of Nanking is situated on the banks of the Yang Tse Kiang—or "Son of the Ocean," as it is called by the Chinese—which is one of the greatest rivers in the world, and the largest in China, being navigable for over six hundred miles from its mouth. After that it is dangerous but beautiful, varying in scenery with every mile travelled. Majestic mountains rising sheer from the river, which is swift flowing; and great rocks at times fill the channel, and the water is torn asunder and hurled in every direction. The river rises in Thibet and travels over three thousand miles to reach the sea, which rebels and sends back a tidal wave, called a bore, rising sometimes to a height of fifteen feet, and sweeping everything before it; and the strange sight is seen where the river in the middle is higher than on either side and flows up stream instead of down. The mouth of the river is quite close to Shanghai, which is the business city of the East.

The European quarter stretches itself along the bund or river front, while the native quarter lies at the back; then comes another portion devoted to the residential quarter of the Europeans, so the city to a certain extent resembles a sandwich. One of the first things noticed by the stranger is a small park with a large sign, which announces the fact that dogs and Chinese are not admitted. I wonder if the Chinese leased ground in our countries for a certain number of years and then put up such a sign, what we would say about it.

In the vicinity of Shanghai are a number of cotton mills, and herein lies the real "Yellow Peril." In the first place children work at whatever age the parents dictate; there is no restriction as to hours devoted to work, so both sexes and all ages work for the common good. The children are taught that work is a game, and they play it pleasantly. Someone said the Chinese live economically, work joyously, and act honestly, and above all they have the saving sense of humour; so one can easily see with machinery from Manchester, cotton from America, labour such as I have described, there is only one finish. Producing as good cotton much cheaper, and being able to produce so much more of it, they will naturally absorb the cotton trade of the East, and that is the great market of the world.

The most noticeable thing in Shanghai is the great number of wheelbarrow men. Now the wheelbarrow in repose is as inoffensive as a lamb, but in action it is a menace to the neighbourhood. It has its uses without doubt; but in its leisure moments it is worse than war, and almost as bad as death. It is a curse and a shock to true dignity, and no man is secure unless he has a wheelbarrow on its back with its legs sticking up in the air, a firm hold on the handles, and is sitting on something else; and that means an ordinary barrow with a small wheel. What can be said of the Chinese wheelbarrow with a large wheel?

In the hands of a European it acts like a wild animal suddenly gone mad. As you take hold of the handles it runs and plunges, and you are dragged forward well on your toes; then it backs up and actually kicks out at you with one wooden leg. As you dodge, it backs you up against a wall, turns you completely over with a half-Nelson lock, and you are prostrate. You may take to drink and recover, but once you acquire the wheelbarrow habit you will stick to it until death; but the wheelbarrow will always gain the battle on points. Well, the Chinaman has tamed this rearing and plunging combination of cussedness, and forces it to do his bidding; and not only that, but forces it to let him push great loads through the streets upon its back. Those men are wonderful, and actually have been known to push a barrow with loads averaging seven hundred and fifty pounds for days at a time.

Wages are small in Shanghai; they receive tenpence per day. In the country districts, half that sum. I never found out why the country wheelmen drew only half the wages and pushed even heavier loads; but they are permitted to go to work earlier in the morning, and have the privilege of labouring later at night, and that may be the reason of the reduction. I am told that the coolies hoist a sail on the barrow, set it, and it catching the breeze helps them on their way. I did not see this, but if it is so, as the wheelbarrow is like a demon ordinarily, it certainly must raise the devil under full sail.

Kiaou Chaou is Chinese by right; was German by lease and Japanese by capture, but to be again Chinese under promise. But the international waste-paper basket is filled with "scraps of paper," and a

THE WILLOW PATTERN PLATE DESIGN.
A Tea House in Shangai.
See page 281.

GATEWAY TO RESIDENCE OF DR. SUN YAT SEN, CANTON.
See page 274.

few broken promises more or less seem to be soon forgotten. When I visited Kiaou Chaou, it was a splendid town; but what it is like now after its bombardment and surrender, I cannot say.

Chefoo is the headquarters for pongee silk, and is as thriving as it is odoriferous. The silk is bought by the pound; but the odour is free, and so full that there is a certain relief in going to sea in a storm. Along the coast there is a type of fishing that is very peculiar; it is called cormorant fishing, and the cormorants are ugly birds, looking like vultures and as greedy as can be, and as they are always hungry, one wonders how they can be used for fishing purposes. It is very easily explained. The fisherman first ties a string around the lower part of a rather long neck, then it is passed under the wings and tied again. Each bird is on an individual string and can be kept at any distance by the fisherman, who takes his place in the boat. The bird dives down, catches a fish, and swallows it with a great deal of satisfaction, until the fish reaches the part of his throat contracted by the string. Not only does this jar the bird, but he is disappointed, returns to the boat, is relieved of the fish, thrown over, forgets his disappointment, courts another, and keeps on being alternately disappointed and relieved until the work for the day is over; and I will say this for the fishermen, that they invariably feed the birds before they cook their own meals. This trade, like many other things in the Far East, is in the hands of the Japanese, who are thoroughly disliked (perhaps on account of their success); but as I did not go to Japan, I cannot express an opinion on their habits or industries.

I have at various times met Japanese companies in the music-halls, and invariably they have been courteous as well as clever. I played a whole season in America with the Tagaragawa troupe of jugglers, and they were a splendid success with the public, and great favourites with the other members of the company; and I can assure the reader that never have I experienced a thrill in conjuring like that given by the Tenka troupe when they turn themselves into a human fountain, and it still thrills. They are a wonderfully clever race of people.

The interest of this portion of the voyage was whether we would get across the bar in time to land that evening; but the captain made it, although in doing so he stirred up considerable mud. But we got there, and no matter how big the fire when the wind rises, the smoke is blown quickly away.

Tientsin is a port of importance on the Pei-ho River, and its principal industry is timber, which comes down the river in great rafts and is exported in bulk, or cut up to suit the customer. To see the coolies along the shore handle great logs of teak, shoulder it, and climb a steep bank without more than an occasional grunt would be an object-lesson to Jimmy Pearce and his workers in the Liverpool docks; but our men are trained differently, and that is the wonderful part of it all, for with the most primitive tools the Chinaman accomplishes so much with such apparent ease that it is surprising. I really believe that a rickshaw boy in Northern China could win any of the Marathon races if he were allowed to drag a rickshaw with a passenger seated in it. Their knowledge of leverage is beyond all belief, and it was proved in a most striking fashion.

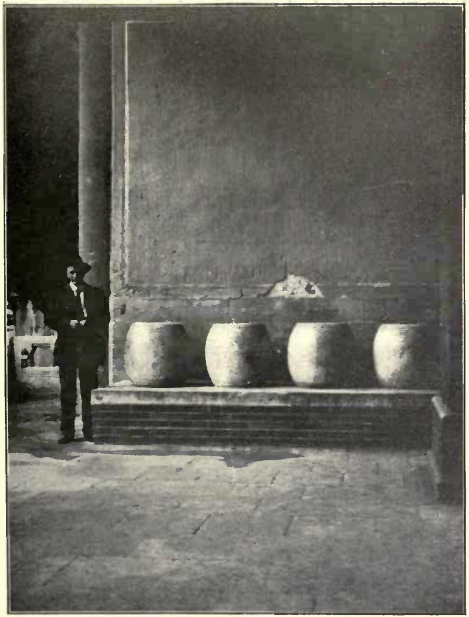
A large crane (the first of its sort) was sent out from the West, and as there were no smaller cranes to put it in its place, it lay there for weeks just as it was unloaded; no one could put it in place. Finally they approached an old Chinaman, who agreed to put it up. Being asked how long it would take him his answer was, "One month." "But supposing you do not have it up in that time, how much will you forfeit for every day over?" was the query. "Just the same amount that you offer as a premium for every day gained under the month," was the answer. The agreement was made, and the crane was in its place in fifteen days; and the only tools used were innumerable wedges of teak-wood, with a loop of string running through a hole bored in the thick end of the wedge.

Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman, lived in Tientsin, and there is an ancestral temple to his memory that is a great tribute to a man who was universally admired. But in Tientsin he was loved devotedly. In his hall of private audience was signed the treaty of peace after the Chino-Japanese War. This is a building with one great hall, a number of retiring-rooms and passages, and a balcony on three sides so beautifully carried out that it looks like a stage setting, with this difference: here all is real—there is no tinsel.

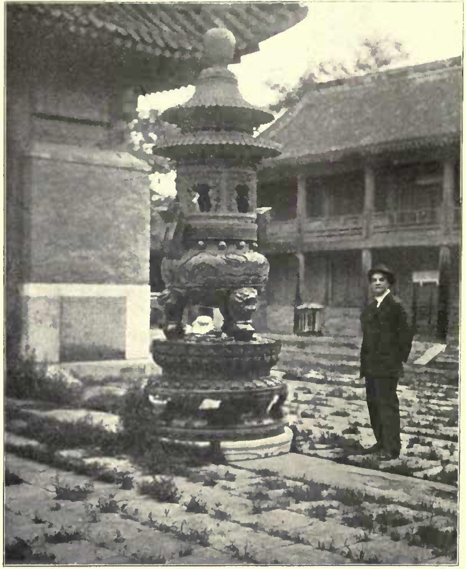
We played ten days in this city, and I had a rickshaw boy who understood a lot and spoke a little English. I engaged him by the day, and always gave him an extra amount for himself; therefore he was ready to go anywhere at any time, and almost instinctively knew what would interest me. He carried me to the station in his two-wheeled vehicle, and after I had secured tickets for Peking I suddenly discovered that I was out of change, so told him that I would pay him when I came back to Tientsin. He laughingly agreed, and I thought no more about it until I had left the train at Peking, and walked through the water gate to reach the Wagon-lits Hotel, when who should I see but my boy from Tientsin cavorting around in the shafts, and asking how I liked my horse. He had just put the rickshaw in the luggage-van, and come along. I asked him what he was going to do in Peking, and he blandly informed me that he was there to take me anywhere and everywhere. I told him he did not know the places I wanted to see. He said, "I will find out"; and he did. And he knew the places to put in groups, so that we did not have to retrace our steps; and he assured me he had never been in Peking before. The amount of money he saved for me more than recompensed me for his cost.

At all the temples there are certain conditions to be complied with. First we are given in charge of a priest, and everything looks smooth sailing until we arrive at a door; then follows a wait until you open your heart and your purse, and get out ten cents. After you have handed that sum over, the door is opened, and you find yourself in the hands of another priest, whose sole mission in life is to find another door. There are many doors and just as many priests; but like all doors in all countries, they swing open easily when well oiled.

We visited the Temple of Many Hells, where we found the first memorial-stone, erected in the year 351 B.C. in honour of a man who gave his skin to save the life of his Emperor. Skin grafting in 351



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS. STONE DRUMS, 1147 B.C. PEKIN.



LHAMA TEMPLE. PEKIN.

B.C.—which brings to our notice the fact that we have always paid the doctor to cure us of our illnesses, while the Chinese pay the doctor to keep them from being ill. We also are coming to that, living up to the idea that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

One of the most curious of the many temples is called "The Drum Tower," not because it looks like a drum, but because it contains three great drums of bronze; and the peculiarity is that at nine o'clock each evening there are one hundred and five strokes on these drums. This is done to inform the people that it is time to go to rest. At one o'clock a.m. there is another session, in which the assault is repeated on the drums. I never found out what this was done for, so I came to the conclusion that it was to waken the people up to find out if they were resting comfortably.

The Temple of Confucius and the Hall of Classics are the two most famous, and strange to say one gateway is used to enter the grounds in which they are situated; but once you have entered, both have their own particular doors and priests. The most beautiful thing to be seen in the Temple of Confucius is the five-dragon stone which divides the steps leading to the main building. This is of marble, wonderfully carved to represent five dragons; it is about twenty feet high, six feet wide, and about three feet thick. It was originally in one piece, but it is cracked into two pieces, but still retains its beauty. The most interesting feature are the stone drums shaped like beer kegs cut out of solid stone, a sort of black marble; and cut into the stone are the first ideographs that gave their language to posterity.

They are said to date back to the year 1100 B.C. The Hall of Classics contains the chair that was used by Confucius, exhibited with pride mingled with veneration. It is said that in the year A.D. 1400 there was to be found on the shelves of this library the first encyclopædia, running into thousands of volumes. The colouring of these temples run largely to reds, greens, and blues; and they are restful to the eye, although somewhat gaudy in appearance.

There still stands on the walls surrounding the Tartar City the observatory, said to be the first known; and strange to say no one knows how old it is, but when Marco Polo, the great Venetian, visited the court of Kublai Khan in A.D. 1294, he discovered they were very much in advance of the rest of the world in astronomy.

Peking is a city of cities, starting with the Forbidden City, surrounded by a wall, and on three sides there is a moat. In this city the Manchus reside, for although the Emperor was deposed he was not murdered but is pensioned, as are the other members of the family, and to a certain extent are prisoners, for their freedom of action is confined to the Forbidden City. The Imperial City also has a wall and is separate and distinct from the others. The Tartar City again has a wall, and this is the city where the Legation quarter is situated.

The Chien Men is the principal gateway connecting the Tartar with the Chinese City. This gateway is magnificent, and on one side is a huge structure, using the wall (which is about sixty feet high) for a foundation. It stands out a striking feature; built of timber, there is not a nail or screw used in its construction. The wall here changes its course to form a square, on the other side of which is to be found the other portion of the Chien Men. This opens on the Chinese City, which is the business portion of Peking, and of course is provided with another wall; and the most interesting sight in this part of the city is the Temple of Heaven. This consists of a series of buildings and altars situated in a beautiful, wooded district surrounded by its own wall, which is three miles in length.

The first structure that we visit is the Temple of Abstinence. In December of each year the Ruler of China comes and passes the night in prayer and contemplation. In the morning he arises at an early hour and makes his way through a lovely path in the woods, accompanied by the priests, until they reach a great open space in the centre of which is to be found an open-air altar surrounded by braziers. The altar is circular in form, rising in terraces. At the base it is two hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and narrows to ninety feet at the top. Beautiful marble steps carry you from one tier to the other. Upon reaching the top, there is a circular stone, and that is called the centre of the universe. A marble pathway ornamented by p'ia lous or gateways leads to the Temple of the Moon. No one is permitted to enter except the Ruler and the High Priest.

We continue our journey to the Temple of the New Year. It stands on a marble foundation similar to the open-air altar, and is circular in shape, with one roof and two additional projections jutting out at regular intervals. The tiles on these roofs are of a blue that looks more like Crown Derby china than anything else I can think of. Here all the world may come on New Year's Day, which is in the month of February, and listen to the Ruler, who prays for prosperity and peace and abundant crops and goodwill to all mankind.

I saw a funeral in the Chinese City near the Temple of Heaven that was interesting. In the past gunpowder (which was first invented in China) was used to frighten away the evil spirits at funerals, but that has been changed now; they scatter small money—called cash—which is supposed to buy the right of way into paradise.

The Chinese declare that to be happy in life one should be born in Soochow, live in Canton, and die in Foochow. In the first are the handsomest people, in the second the most prosperous, and in the last are the finest coffins. A Chinaman lives all his life thinking over the joy he will give his neighbours in seeing his gorgeous funeral. In fact he lives an economical life so that he can have an extravagant funeral after death; and as we are on that subject, let me relate the legend of the Creation from the Chinese point of view, for they had a first man just as our story goes. Theirs was Pwang Ku, and he was made when sea, land, and sky were all jumbled up together (a fairly good idea of chaos), and he worked with a mallet and chisel for eighteen thousand years to make the earth more shapely; and as he toiled and struggled, so he grew in strength and stature until he was able to push the heavens back and put the sea in its proper place. *Then he rounded out the earth* and made it more habitable; then he died. But he was greater in death than he was in life, for his head became the mountains, his sinews the surface of the earth, his voice the thunder, his breath the wind, the mist, and the clouds. One eye was converted into the sun, the other the moon, and the beads of perspiration that had gathered on his forehead crystallised into the scintillating stars; his hair and beard were the forest and foliage, his teeth and bones the minerals, his blood the lakes and rivers, and when he turned to dust, and the particles were blown hither and thither, they were converted into living and breathing people. There is a scientific as well as poetic side to the legend, and it has been traced back almost five thousand years: at that time they knew the world was round; so we owe the East much, more than they owe us.

CHAPTER XXII

Brings Richard, finally, to late events; a few hitherto unpublished stories of the Great War; au revoir!

THE Summer Palace is situated about eight miles from the city, and is unlike anything I have ever seen. There are innumerable gateways, bridges, ponds, summer-houses, palaces, and temples, and there is a house-boat of pure marble, built on a marble foundation on the lake, that would prove somewhat of a surprise at Henley, and would call for more admiration than all boats of that class in any one country in the world. The Summer Palace lives up to its name in every way; and to live there must be to pass a very sunny existence.

The Ming Tombs break the journey to Nankou Pass; and to reach the thirteen earthen mounds where the Ming Emperors lie buried, one must pass through an animal avenue where all sorts of mythical animals guard the entrance. At the start is a beautiful gateway of five arches, built of marble, and over the centre arch is a beautiful inscription: "Rest the Spirit." Between the gateway and the avenue stand two handsome monoliths splendidly carved.

And now we pass on to the great wall of China, which starts at Shan-hai-kuan—at the sea—and then creeps and crawls like a dragon with a thousand heads over the northern boundary of China, until it reaches

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH. PARIS.

See page 295.

ONCE THE HOME OF CHARLES DICKENS, NOT FAR FROM THE FIRING LINE. FRANCE.

See page 300.

the Gobi desert; and although Mrs Knowles and I travelled for a considerable distance on this great barrier, we did not go the full distance, which is fourteen hundred and fifty-one miles. Time would not permit. Still I should dearly love to have done it. The wall climbs the highest of mountains, and crosses ravines and precipices, also rivers, and it was built hundreds of years before the advent of Christianity, and is one of the seven wonders of the world. The Chinese admit that it obliterated one generation altogether, for one out of every three people in the Empire worked on it, and over five hundred thousand soldiers were used to guard the labourers while at work; and just think that the yellow man is looking over that wall and watching the Christian nations of Europe tearing each other to pieces, and perhaps he is wondering why so many missionaries are sent to China when the fare is so much cheaper to all parts of Europe.

The Wall is so unique that I will venture to give you the dimensions. It is about twenty-three feet high, and is twenty feet thick at the base, narrowing to seventeen at the top. At every few hundred feet there is a tower, which is thirty by forty at the base and rises from forty to sixty-five feet in height.

I had the extreme pleasure of meeting the President Yuan Shi Kai through the instrumentality of the British Ambassador, and I shall not forget the kindness and courtesy of either. I managed to secure a couple of photographs of the Forbidden City, and was presented with embroideries and robes that are a delight to the eye; but the most treasured of all Mrs Knowles's collection is a coat worn by the late Dowager Empress of China, a mandarin skirt and jacket belonging to a Manchu prince, the Coronation robe of the late King of Siam, together with several panels and friezes representing untold wealth and a sentimental value indescribable. My favourites are an Indian carved chair and a gong that once adorned the Temple of Heaven.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese statesman, is also a humorist, and we had a few very nice experiences. I was introduced by the secretary of the Y.M.C.A., a very charming young man and deeply interested in his work; and the organisation is a very great success, for they teach the students English and do not try to make converts of them, believing that they are entitled to their own religion, which by the way is worth considering. Wu, as he is affectionately called, was Ambassador at Washington, and was also a general favourite and a great observer. His description of European ideas were rather good, and decidedly funny. He said: "I like the Europeans; they are so public spirited, so virile, so strong, and above all so generous. They always want to divide something with you, and it is generally your property they want to divide; and they have such a nice way in doing it. After they have backed you up against a wall, they say divide. You ask how; they say half and half. Then you give them one half; they take the other and tell you that you are not treating them fair." He brought his family on several occasions to see our entertainment in Shanghai, which is his home. He questioned me about the stage in America; and strange as it may appear, he was deeply impressed with a very great friend of mine, Andrew Mack, a man whom I think would please the British public immensely.

I am writing this portion at the home of the manager who presented (I think that is the word) " A Pair of Jacks," in which we both appeared before coming to England; and we have been invited to partake of a good home-cooked dinner. So you will have to excuse me while we go to enjoy a meal of that description; and the only regret I have is that you will not be able to join us and at the same time become acquainted with Mr and Mrs Will O. Wheeler, for no nicer people can be found out of captivity.

The streets of New York at this period teem with war interest, and my oldest actor friend, P. C. Foy, who by the way is a Liverpool Irishman, is beating the Kaiser daily to large and delighted audiences; for Pat can sing, Pat can talk, and Pat can act, and being an Irishman, Pat can fight. But Pat is sixty-four, so he can't shoulder a gun in this war; but he can beat the Germans arguing, so what does it matter. Pat is still able to talk them to death—and thus another victory comes to the Allies. And as the war has crept in, it is quite possible that I may have a few experiences and stories to tell of it that will not only be new but also come under the heading of news.

I was playing in Sheffield for a week preceding the declaration of war, and Mrs Knowles was in Paris. I was troubled but not seriously concerned, and I left London on August the second to join my wife in what has come to be known as the Gay City. My old-time friend, Charles Warren, who represented Witmark & Sons in London, had secured my ticket, and all sorts of French money from sous to hundred-franc notes. He advised me to stop in

London. I laughed at him and said I was going to Paris to rest; and I did rest. I am a peaceful man and did not realise what war meant, but as we landed at Boulogne I began to take on a new vision. Troop trains were going in all directions. Cavalry, artillery, and infantry filled the roads; there was an air of determination on every face. Porters carried packages with a military stride, and saluted when given a tip. Women who tried to sell fruit called the purchaser " Mon General." Little children were formed into companies, and were carrying out their ideas of a campaign.

After a long, tedious ride we arrived in Paris, just twelve hours late; and at six o'clock a.m. I was met at the station by my wife, who had managed to secure a cab driven by the quaintest-looking creature, and the horse looked as though he was laughing at us for thinking he could make the journey.

The yard at the Gare du Nord and the streets adjoining were filled with soldiers asleep and awake. As we threaded our way through these little groups, we were greeted with many quaint remarks, but the *cocher* was good-natured and called all the soldiers " My children." On our way to the hotel he told us his story, how he fought in 1870 and how he killed the Germans, and illustrated it by hitting the horse, who looked around with an injured air. Then the driver told how three sons had already gone, and what they were going to do. He again illustrated on the horse, and this time the horse stopped dead and looked around. The driver forgot everything but the war, and gave us a description of how the French would enter Berlin. That finally landed us on the pavement, where he continued the story until he had backed the horse on to the roadway; and that horse walked every inch of the way not at all interested in his surroundings.

I believe I made mention of the fact that I went to Paris for rest. Well, I got it. I found the city closed up, the shops shut up, and the theatre nailed up. The tram-cars stopped running at six-thirty p.m., and I had to be in bed at nine. Oh—I rested. I rested so much that I have been tired ever since. But there came a relief. We were invited to attend the memorial services at the "Madeleine" for a regiment of cuirassiers who were cut up in the war of 1870, many of whom were buried within the walls of the church, one side being devoted almost exclusively to them. The services were conducted by a Jesuit priest, closely shaven but still the beard was prominent; and that man prayed so eloquently for the souls of those dead soldiers, that there was not a dry eye in the congregation. As he rose to his feet, he dashed the tears from his eyes, and his chin stuck out. The priest was left behind, and the fighting man was before us. "The call to arms has come" —with a sweeping gesture of the arm he took in the part of the church where the cuirassiers were buried —"and we call upon you, our dead, to arise in your ghostly array and hover like winged legions over your sons and grandsons, and watch them reclaim the lost provinces and see the regeneration of France."

The congregation leaped to their feet with upraised arms and clenched fists. A maddened roar swept over the church. At that moment, from out of some nook, there stepped an old cardinal weak with age. The people swallowed a sob as they watched him climbing the steps to the pulpit; and as he ascended, so he grew in stature until when he reached the top he was young again. Then he spoke very slowly but very distinctly. " Never have I witnessed such a scene in a Christian church, but never have I listened to such eloquence. And all that we can do is to bless those who have gone to the front to fight for us and offer up their lives so that the world may be better." And as he started down the steps, so he shrunk and shrunk, until when he reached the bottom he was just a little old man again with palsied hand and faltering steps.

We filed out of the church, and as we had been seated near the pulpit we were near the last to leave. As we reached the steps we saw the others wending their way down the Rue Royale; and as we stood in the sunshine there came to our ears the swish of the feet of marching men and the low singing of the " Marseillaise." A regiment sprang into view. The cardinal and priest both gave a silent blessing with the fingers raised. Hats came off; the singing grew louder then died away, the sound of footsteps drifted out of hearing, and we knew then that war, with all its terrors and privations, was before us. I told this story to my oldest newspaper friend in London, Henry George Hibbert, and he insisted that I should put it in the book; so here it is. If you do not like it, I am sure he will accept the responsibility.

Now came a period of two weeks when Paris was peculiar. There was the smashing of windows and the looting of shops, which culminated in the shooting of some of the looters. Since that trip to Paris I have made trips to the Western fighting fronts, and I have talked with wounded soldiers of all the nations participating, as well as with the prisoners; and up to the present time I have not found one who knew what they were fighting for or what caused the war. It seems it was in the air, and Europe certainly has gone mad over it.

I think this little story will give the real reason of the war. A mother had left her children with the maid, and when she returned asked the maid if the children had been good, and wanted to know how they had behaved. The maid said, "Oh yes, Madam, all through the day they were perfect angels, but in the evening they fought like devils." "Good gracious, why did they fight?" asked the mother. "To decide which was behaving the best."

Another one is a literal figuring out of "Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also." This had been drummed into the head of a small boy, who one day came into the house crying. Being asked the reason, he replied: "A boy hit me." "Well, did you turn the other cheek?" "No, I couldn't." "Why not?" "He hit me on the nose."

Swift's definition of war is: "That mad game the world so loves to play." Montesquieu says: "If Europe should ever be ruined, it will be by its warriors." Again Shakespeare gives us something to think about:

"A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds."

All these quotations have a bearing on this war; but one tells of the cost in an odd way, for Henry Richard says: "Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud; I will build a school-house on every hill-side, and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace; and the chimes of joy would be heard clean around the earth." And he could safely add to that, that he could feed the hungry and cure the sick.

There are ludicrous stories of the war, and there are sad, as well as heroic. Nothing could be more humorous than the account of the Irishman who could not stop in the trench, but who leaped up and down cursing the enemy, using all sorts of epithets, and shouting: "Shoot, ye, murderers, shoot." At that moment a bullet went through his cap. "Too high, too high," he shouted with glee. The next one tore the heel off his shoe. With scorn he shrieked, "You're too low, too low." The third one hit him in the ribs. He leaped in the air and shouted, "Good Lord, am I the only man in this war?"

A different type was told me by a young Scotsman. He had been wounded by a German shell which had torn his scalp off. When he recovered consciousness he saw an artillery cart coming straight for him. The wheel of the gun carriage passed over both feet, and just as he was dropping off into no-man's-land he heard the driver release himself from a string of good old Cockney oaths. Later when the Scotsman came back from dreamland he started a soliloquy: "The Germans have blown the top off my head; the British have taken my feet off; what in the name of Glasgow will the French do to my middle?" I asked him what impressed him most during those trying moments of consciousness, and he told me that there was one thing he saw just as the wheels struck him that he would never be able to forget. He had seen a horse leaping a stream without a head; it had been torn off by a shell while in the act of jumping.

An heroic bit in which the characters are two Cockneys and a German. In the weaving to and fro of the battle the same trenches have been taken and retaken several different times in a single day, and at the close of the day one trench was occupied by the two Cockneys and the German all unknown to each other, for they were all unconscious—the German mortally wounded, the other two seriously injured, but not fatal. All three recovered consciousness in the cool of the evening, and the remarks of one Cockney asking the other for a drink were heard by the German. As neither of the two friends had water they naturally turned, when they heard a slight voice and saw the German feebly pointing to his canteen. One of the men crawled over, unscrewed the top, and was just about to take a drink when his mate said, "Give *him* a drink, Bill; it's his water." Bill offered a drink to the German, who refused. Then Bill crawled over to his pal and gave him a drink. Each revived, and once more the Cockney suggested that they try the German again. Bill made the journey back, but just as he offered the drink the German stiffened and was dead. As darkness was closing in it was the chance for the two wounded men to crawl within their lines; but instead of taking advantage of that, they dug a little grave and laid the German to rest, found two pieces of wood and tied them together in the shape of a cross, stuck it at the head of the grave, and one of the Cockneys tore a leaf from a dirty notebook, wrote an inscription, and tied the piece of paper at the junction of the cross. The inscription was A1.

There is a quaintness about a situation where a soldier in a trench was asked if he wanted anything badly. His reply was "You bet I do. I want to know who's winning, and where I am."

The saddest sight of all is in the hospital, for as you enter the rooms, as the door opens, rows of eyes gaze intently at the visitors; there is scarcely a sound, and when the doctor stops, the eyes seem to ask the question that the lips refuse to frame. But there is always hope. Science has furnished the tools of destruction, but Science has also come to the aid of the wounded, to cure the wounds which she has caused; and no words of praise are too great for the splendid self-sacrifice of the doctors and that noble body of women who are aiding, whose emblem of office is the Red Cross, and the nations of the earth might do worse than strike one more cross to be worn by the women who have dared all to help the wounded.

Some of the patients are full of hope, even when they have lost their limbs. I asked one man how he lost his leg. He said, "I didn't lose it; it went away from me. The last I saw of it, it was chasing a

German; I stubbed my toe on a shell, and when I came to I was in the hospital and my leg had eloped with the shell."

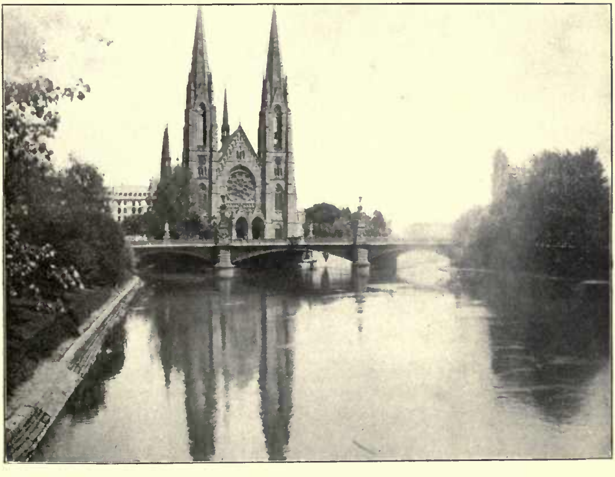
The roads of France are dusty, and the dust is of a colour between white and French grey, and ordinarily they look quiet and peaceful; but since the war you find an overturned bus that once was rushing madly through London streets, carts in ditches, parts of motor-cars, and all sorts of rubbish. But the dust remains; and I know of nothing sadder than to see a number of ambulance wagons making their way back from the front. There is as much care given as possible, but there are conditions that cannot be overcome, and at times all sorts of vehicles are used; and as they travel along, one notices little bubbles, white-coated from the dust of the road, and a great feeling of sickness comes over one, for although you do not admit it to yourself, you know what it means, and one is careful not to tread on them. But when the ambulance stops for some reason, and the drops become bigger and are finally converted into a pool, and there is not dust enough to cover it, then the horror is so great that one almost takes refuge in flight. As the ambulances pass by on their way to the rear, the feet of the wounded are seen protruding, and are so expressive of the pain-racked body within. Never would I have believed that such stories of torture could be so clearly expressed by feet; but when there are no feet to show the pain, the tears come and relieve the pain of the beholder; but alas nothing can relieve the pain of the poor boy within who may never walk again.

And then our thoughts race back to a picture-gallery, where we find the walls decorated with battle pictures where death is made to look peaceful and graceful—the flashing sabres of the mounted men, the gaudy uniforms all clean, everything bright; and we are led to believe that war is like that. That is merely the imaginative artist, whose colours are as bright as his imagination; but let him see soldiers in the trenches, let him paint the tools of war as they really are—the pick and the shovel. War is work, and we always think twice before we go to work; and yet we rush thoughtlessly to war. War *is* work—the hardest work, the poorest paid, the greatest risk, and no insurance. Nations promote war. The capital is life, the shares men, the shareholders women and children, and the only dividends paid are the tears of the widows and orphans; and when peace comes in as the receiver to wind up a bankrupt concern, the only available assets are wrecked constitutions, unhappy homes, disease, and death. And the only thing that will be proved by this war is that courage still lives and is not the monopoly of any nation in particular, but is a human possession; and let us hope that this great struggle will be the last, and I wish I could write of its finish as gladly as I now write

THE END

WHERE THE BATTLE RAGES. FRENCH CHILDREN.

See page 300.



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